THE GREAT MASTERS IN THE LOUVRE GALLERY

SECOND VOLUME

NEW YORK : D. APPLETON & CO.

PARIS : GOUPIL & CO., ART PUBLISHERS

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Sandro Botticelli.

Giovanna Albizzi and the Three Graces.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

THE LOUVRE GALLERY.

THE ITALIAN PRIMITIVES.

In the pursuit that has been going on during the last half century between the art museums of the old and new world for the acquisition of Italian masterpieces, the Louvre has the advantage of the priority of its efforts. Long before the National Gallery, at London, the Royal Museum, at Berlin, or the Metropolitan Museum, at New York, had coveted and obtained the works of Mantegna, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi or Signorelli, the venerable Collection of the Kings of France, placed first in the Fontainebleau Chateau and afterwards in the Palace of Versailles, included a splendid series of paintings signed by masters to whom modern art is indebted for its renewal or for its greatest triumphs. From the very beginning of the sixteenth century Francis I. succeeded in obtaining a respectable number of masterpieces for the Crown Collection. If the works by those artists more specially designated as the Primitives were not numerous in this early collection (we may mention two small Peruginos), the champions of the Golden Age at least—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Sebastiano del Piombo and many others—made a brilliant figure.

In the following century this courteous and hospitable tradition towards the leaders of the Italian Renascence was maintained for a time by the enlightened taste of Cardinal Mazarin, an Italian who had become a Frenchman. Seconded by M. de Bordeaux, he was enabled to secure for France, in 1653-54, the principal gems of the art museum formed in England by the unfortunate Charles I. These paintings, placed by the Cardinal in the collection already at the Mazarin Palace, were bought after his death by Louis XIV. Among the number were many Italian works of the first excellence: two Mantegnas, several Raphaels (a *Saint George* and *Saint Michael*, *Portrait of a Young Man Leaning on his Elbows*), the *Triumph of Titus*, by Giulio Romano, three Correggios and several perfect works by Titian: the *Madonna with the Rabbit*, the *Entombment*, *Jupiter and Antiope*.

Mazarin's pupil, Louis XIV., much more of a Spaniard than a Frenchman in his aspirations, felt obliged, by his position, to stock with masterpieces of the Italian Renascence the artistic menagerie that he flattered himself to have created at Versailles. Was he favoured by chance, or did this very representative potentate, prompted by the great Colbert, take the initiative? At all events, during his reign, the royal galleries were enriched by a Mantegna (on account of administrative changes during the First Empire this piece was allotted to the Mayence Art Museum), by three Peruginos, one of which perished in 1870 at the burning of the Strasburg Museum, while the other still figures honourably in the Caen Museum, by the superb *Portrait of an Unknown Man*, for a long while attributed to Francia, and finally by the *Madonna with the Scales*, of the Leonardo da Vinci School. Perhaps there were also one or two paintings by artists of the Bellini School.

Still, to draw up the statistics of the acquisitions made by the successive governments in France would be to call to mind the evolutions of French taste, or even European taste, because French taste has so long ruled over Europe. We should find Louis XV. and the eighteenth century disowning the faithful and inspired masters of the Renascence and becoming enamoured of degenerate artists, such as the Bolognese, for instance. Furthermore, one of the brightest writers of that time, President de Brosses, author of "A Journey in Italy," sparkling with fancy, has edified us upon the tendencies of his epoch. In visiting Florence he actually wrote this appreciation: "What is most curious here in this way is to see the first works of art manufactured (?) by Cimabue, Giotto, Gaddo Gaddi, Lippi and the rest, largely developed and perfected little by little." As for the skilful engraver Cochin, who, in 1746, accompanied to Italy the Marquis of Marigny, Director General of the King's Edifices, he ignored even the names of the leading Primitives, and made the "Ancient Florentine School" begin with Michael Angelo! Is it surprising that Voltaire's century added so few paintings of lofty inspiraration to the artistic treasures of France?

With the Revolution and the First Empire an incomparable administrator entered upon the stage: the Baron Vivant Denon (born in 1747, died in 1825), who was at the same time artist, man of letters and diplomatist. As artist he has left hundreds of fine engravings. No doubt or hesitation is possible (and how has such a phenomenon escaped the penetration of my predecessors?): it is to Vivant Denon that the Louvre owes its most ingenuous and limpid Italian Primitives, to say nothing of the masterpieces belonging to the Renascence of the sixteenth century. It is unquestionable that during the period of the imperial epopee it was not requisite for whoever had the honour of superintending a French art museum to secure a large appropriation of public money in order to fill its galleries: it sufficed to send to the Secretary of War a list of the paintings that were suitable for confiscation in Italy, Flanders and Germany. In this matter Vivant Denon was better qualified than anyone else. We ought certainly to condemn, and even energetically stigmatise such a proceeding; but we must also recognise that in the midst of the pseudo-classical period, in the height of Louis David's artistic sovereignty, Denon showed a clairvoyance that I do not hesitate to qualify as diabolic in the

Cimabue (Giovanni).

The Virgin and the Angels.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

choice he made of the booty to be taken from the vanquished or allied peoples. Sent to Florence in 1810, he carried off, by right of the stronger over the weak, *The Presentation in the Temple*, by Gentile da Fabriano; the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Fra Angelico; *The Nativity*, by Fra Filippo Lippi; *The Visitation*, by Ghirlandajo; the *Madonna and the Magnificat*, by Botticelli; the *Madonna Glorified by the Saints*, formerly attributed to Cosimo Rosselli, and many other superb pieces. Denon was a precursor; he was the first person in Europe who appreciated the sincerity of the Primitives, the solidity of their handling and their constant charm. By his omnipotence, Cimabue, Giotto, and even the Van Eycks took possession of the Louvre; and when the hour of restitutions struck, in 1815, this king of diplomatists succeeded, by skilful shrewdness, in keeping in France the best part of these delicate paintings, which were then so slightly valued. All he had to do was to offer in exchange some degenerate Bolognese, and, presto, he was allowed to keep the Fra Angelicos, Mantegnas, and even the Paul Veroneses. Let me hasten to add that the transportation of these last-mentioned paintings would have cost too much. Raised in the severely classical ideas of a Canova, the Italian Commissioners, although eager to obtain all they could, were incapable of justly estimating the sincere and strong works of such men as Gentile da Fabriano, Ghirlandajo, Fra Filippo Lippi, Perugino, Cima da Conegliano and Carpaccio; they willingly gave them up to France for a very slight compensation. *Felix culpa!*

The Restoration, which did not defend with sufficient energy or ability the incomparable Napoleonic Museum, forgot, or nearly so, to repair these ravages, although there had been a revival of the taste for the Primitives. The Italian paintings contributed to the Louvre by Louis XVIII. are of slight importance; rarer still are those acquired by Charles X.

The July Monarchy also displayed indifference or indolence. I find but little else than the acquisition of Perugino's *Nativity* to place to its credit. Louis Philippe, who was very lavish when it was a question of purchasing works by modern, living artists, had no time to occupy himself with the dead.

With the Republic of 1848 a reaction began. We must congratulate the Romanticists; their propagandism, although at times excessive, brought about this success. If we have only the purchase of a Madonna by Perugino to register for this period, the signal at least was given.

The task of pursuing the work already commenced fell to the Count of Nieuwerkerque, the active Superintendent of the Fine Arts under the Second Empire. Through the initiative of this worthy successor of the Baron Vivant Denon, the Louvre acquired the *Annunciation*, by Agnolo Gaddi; the *Battle*, by Paolo Uccelli; a Madonna by Mainardi, another by Giovanni Bellini, the *Circumcision*, attributed to Borgognone; the *Portrait of a Condottiere*, by Antonello of Messina, and many other sincere or feeling works due to the Italian trecentists or quattrocentists.

The purchase of the collection of the celebrated Marquis of Campana, that Roman grand seignior whose passion for the Primitives came near sending him to prison, gave to the Louvre, in 1862, a still more precious series. It is unfortunate that on account of certain conflicts, or out of spite (the purchase, it is said, was made by direct order of Napoleon III. without consulting the curators), most of these rare paintings were arbitrarily dispersed to the four corners of France, to Caen, Marseilles, Nancy or Rheims, without the possibility of at present following the trace of so many waifs. Gathered once more at the Louvre they would constitute an excellent and valiant series of painters, contemporaries of Ghirlandajo or of Botticelli and precursors of Raphael. Even supposing that they would not add much to what we know about the manner of the Primitives, what a lot of new ideas they would reveal! We should see the timid attempts made by these honest Florentines, Ferrarese or Paduans to stammer the language of Pagan mythology suddenly revived before the eyes of astonished Europe. Here they would exert themselves to ornament wedding coffers or the objects destined as gifts to recently-delivered women; they would paint scenes calculated to encourage virtue, such as the *Life of Lucretia*, or to give comfort to the suffering. Now, let us have the courage to declare that it is precisely this intimate and familiar corner of the art of the fifteenth century which is so much lacking at the Louvre; our learned curators have attached more importance to style than to subject. I will recall simply the joy aroused among the fervent admirers of our great national art museum by the bringing to light of a small painting, the *Rape of Europe*, coming from a wedding coffer, and for a long time relegated to a room closed to the public. By the freedom of its execution it looks like a modern rough sketch (perhaps it has been slightly repainted), and for this reason is amusing and charming. I will say as much for the *Judgment of Paris*. Art was everywhere in those blessed centuries; it ennobled even the most modest events of family life.

The Third Republic, in its turn, has secured a splendid series of Primitives: a *Crucifixion* by Fra Angelico, the two frescoes and the *Portrait of a Young Man* by Botticelli, the *Portrait of a Princess* by Pisanello, the marvellous little *Apollo and Marsyas*, beneath which Raphael's name deserves to be inscribed; a *Saint Sebastian* by Perugino, and the large *Madonna* attributed to Piero della Francesca.

Such are the efforts, rapidly recounted, that the different governments of France have made to bring together in the old Louvre Palace—enlarged by Philip Augustus, continued by Charles V., Francis I., Henry II., Catherine of Medici, and finally finished by Napoleon III.—the marvels of Italian art, these marvels in which are incarnated the most vibrating emotions, the supreme triumphs of intelligence, courage and beauty in short, the masterpieces of the Giottos, the Mantegnas, the Peruginos and all the great painters of the Grand Renascence.

The first in date among the Italian paintings at the Louvre take us back to Tuscany and to

Giotto.

Saint Francis of Assisi Receiving the Stigmata.

Negative by Braun Clément & C^ie^

Florence, the antique cradle of painting, such as it has been manifested for the last six hundred years; by this I mean a natural, living and dramatic painting, endeavouring to encompass nature as narrowly as possible. Therefore, it is by Tuscany and Florence that we will begin our review of the Italian masterpieces preserved at the Louvre.

If we wish to appreciate the gigantic progress realised in these places between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, let us take the Florentine School at its beginning, in the time of Cimabue (born about 1240, died about 1300). The whole of Italy was then under the yoke of the Byzantians, and whatever may be said, Cimabue represented the last glimmer of a flame that was about to become extinguished, and not the dawn of a new era. In the classical Madonnas left by this master in the church of Santa Maria Novella and the Academy of Fine Arts, at Florence, and in the *Virgin* at the Louvre (the authenticity of which has, however, been called in question, although it came from the church of San Francesco, at Pisa, and was already signalled by Vasari), the attitude is as though stereotyped: head uniformly leaning towards the right, doleful expression, regard directed we hardly know where, a want of interest in the child seated on the maternal lap, who, in his turn, looks straight ahead, stupid, without any common action uniting these two beings which ought, however, to be closely associated. Nevertheless, I readily acknowledge that the Virgin's face indicates a particular sentiment of grandeur, an inexpressible and continual charm and lofty conviction; but how hieratic all this is! And what can be said of the colouring? It is still in its infancy. Cimabue does not even surmise that two tones can, by opposition, give a reciprocal value.

To break the Byzantine form, incarnated in Cimabue, it needed the appearance of a man of genius, whose efforts were seconded by the immense work of displacement and renewal accomplished by the French Gothic architects and sculptors. This man of genius, Giotto di Bondone (1276-1337), was the renovator of painting. Everything has been said concerning this great artist, the sincerity of his observation, the richness of his imagination and his dramatic power. If we now examine the material execution of his frescoes or his easel-pieces, we find a clear, transparent scale of colours, sometimes a little crude, having lost the compactness of the Byzantine painters and their imitators, but still wanting the delicacy, warmth or brilliancy that will be given by the great colourists of the Renascence. The science of light and shade had not yet been discovered; on the other hand, what

naturalness in the figures standing out boldly in relief upon the blue background without the sacrifice of any detail! When a composition requires only one or two grounds, Giotto's science as a colourist suffices; when the scenes are more complicated the artist tries to graduate his tones, but does not succeed because he is still ignorant of linear and aerial perspective. In addition, his types are defective by the protuberance of the jaws and the winking eyes. Let us be courageous and say that however interesting may be the altar-screen of *Saint Francis Receiving the Stigmata* (upon the predella, among other subjects, is one showing this Saint preaching to the birds, a simple and lively composition in which there are at last real birds and real trees), we must not judge such a giant by one or another of his easel-pieces, where his great exuberance would be cramped; we will reserve our admiration for the splendid series of Assisi, Florence and Padua, at the same time felicitating the curators of the Louvre on having at least secured this precious autograph of the renovator of painting.

Whilst the Florentine School grew and extended its influence by its methodical labour—we are almost tempted to say scientific labour, because the positive sciences, perspective and anatomy, formed a large part of the task—the Sienese School, infinitely less skilful, delighted its contemporaries by its zeal and also by the warmth of its colouring. The artists of this school were not such fertile inventors as their neighbours on the borders of the Arno, and were less powerful dramatists as well as more defective draughtsmen. Still, their enthusiastic faith and an indescribable temperament as colourists (colour is the soul of a painting when it is not its heart), touches us deeply after so many centuries; thus, these candid intelligences and very clever colourists continue to make a good figure in our day by the side of the great and powerful Florentine School.

An extremely delicate and brilliant fragment, *Christ Bearing his Cross* (the companion pieces are in the Antwerp Museum and in M. Pacully's collection), shows us with what charm as a colourist Simone Martini, also called Simone Memmi, knew how to add to the tenderness of his types and expressions. Religious emotion is not wanting, either, in this little picture, which is as highly finished as a miniature; the Holy Virgin indicates as much grief as Christ shows resignation. As for the headsmen, they are hardened criminals, such as Leonardo da Vinci will have had the pleasure of painting a century and a half later on.

The Sienese Primitive School has at the Louvre more than one other piece, but they may be passed over rapidly. Here is a *Crucifixion*, gloomy, black, dull, thoroughly Byzantine; it gives the impression that nevermore will a ray of tenderness or joy shine upon art or humanity. Elsewhere is a *Virgin and the Child*, by Turino Vanni, a painting of Byzantine aspect. Like *The Presentation in the Temple* by Bartolo di Fredi, or the *Saint Peter* by Taddeo di Bartolo, neither one nor the other adds anything to what we already know about the Sienese School. We shall not allow our admiration for the Primitives to become a fetichism, because we do not forget that even in their time there were very indifferent painters, lacking inventive power and having no agreeable quality in their colouring, and it would be doing injustice to the really superior masters to waste our attention upon fourth or fifth rate works.

If the paintings of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries are remarkable for their general effect, those of the quattrocento period, with few exceptions, are distinguished by careful finish in all their details. At first glance this new era does not seem to furnish, at least at the beginning, varied work, all the paintings being religious subjects. But the necessity of remaining in a limited sphere excited the ardour of so many competitors that they finally elaborated the fresh, graceful and inspired type, the highest expression of which will be found in the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. Every

Fra Angelico.

The Coronation of the Virgin.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

time that the subject admitted it in the minutest possible manner—for example in the scenes taken from the Old Testament—their imagination exercised itself in a thousand ways, and they lavishly produced the most familiar episodes and the most picturesque costumes.

Undoubtedly, in comparison with antique art, that of the fifteenth century ran a greater risk of

becoming monotonous. Instead of painting isolated figures—statues of Venus, Apollo, Jupiter—which tire less as they have less pretension, were not the artists condemned to execute complicated compositions, such as those that are so frequent in Italy under the title of "Holy Conversations," with their obligatory train of angels and saints grouped around the Virgin and the Christ Child? Besides, the sculpture or the religious paintings of the fifteenth century admit of only mild and tender sentiments. Donatello alone devoted himself to more pathetic scenes, Michael Angelo reserving the right to surpass him. During the time that the artists of Flanders, France and Germany showed a partiality for "Stations of the Cross" or "Martyrdoms," their Italian contemporaries rarely ever abandoned idyllic subjects.

It is interesting to observe the gradations of these artistic sentiments: Giotto's contemporaries were

contented with dramatic compositions (and those who cannot, even in the middle of the nineteenth century, admire these sublime impulses, are hard to please!); then, as faith grew feebler, Giotto's successors had recourse to all sorts of artifices to increase the illusion of reality (are we not impressed by what is nearest to us?). Hence the realism that was substituted for the strong and sober syntheses. To reanimate and warm the hearts chilled by riches and the scepticism which follows, the faithful were to be persuaded that they had simple mortals like themselves before their eyes, and not supernatural beings; the result was portraits that owe their interest to private human actions and not to public events.

However independent and palpitating, these great artists and poets were influenced without their knowledge by the religious, political and intellectual surroundings in which they lived and worked. Each school—and Italy then had at least one for every province, if not for every town—developed and incited distinct qualities. By turns they prided themselves on having the richest, the most harmonious, the warmest or the most amber colouring. Nothing resembles so little the scale of the Umbrians as that of the Venetians: the one have all the splendour of the Byzantians, the other the sweetness of honey. To these triumphs of colour, other schools, such as those of Padua and Mantua, opposed the science of drawing, effects of perspective and foreshortening—real feats and veritable still-life deception—purity and stateliness of outline and attitudes worthy of their Greek and Roman prototypes. Other schools, like those of Ferrara, endeavoured to conciliate and combine the progress realised by their various neighbours. They delighted in tones as fiery as burning lava, in models having all the relief and firmness of sculpture and in types that had become savage by dint of asceticism. Their saints, by turns lugubrious or ecstatic, have nothing to envy in the most sombre or radiant evocations of Spanish art. We here feel all the austerity and ardour of religion in a torrid climate. As a proof of this we need only examine at the Louvre the *Pietà* or the *Monk* by Cosimo Tura, the leader of the Ferrarese School.

If the handling has become freer, more flexible and more delicate, this progress is due to the efforts of the Primitives; it is only after having learned to spell that pupils are able to read, and it is only after having learned to read that they succeed in properly expressing their sentiments or putting their ideas into definite shape. There is, moreover, a curious experiment to be made with the paintings by the Primitives, compared with those by their successors of the sixteenth century: submit the first to the formidable test of photography and it will be quickly seen how well a Gentile da Fabriano or a Pisanello comes out. This is easy to understand, for the originals are clear and distinct. Later on, however, the paintings in which the artists have sought the chiaro-oscuro by using bitumen, especially the works by Leonardo da Vinci and his group, all fail before the object-glass. Nothing equals the solidity of the execution and the spring-like freshness of the distemper paintings; they are as distinct, transparent and brilliant as they were the first day; the unfading enamel could not be better preserved. Was not, perchance, the discovery of oil painting — which becomes so quickly impaired — a misfortune, at least for Italy? And did not those artists who employed the new method think more about their contemporaries than about posterity?

The opening of the fifteenth century is represented at the Louvre by a fragment of the splendid altar-screen, the *Adoration of the Magi*, which an Umbrian, Gentile da Fabriano, painted in 1423 before the eyes of the astonished Florentines. In the course of those daring annexations where Napoleon I. disposed of works of art with the same liberty as he did of peoples, the First Empire did not hesitate to detach from the principal work at Florence this little accessory episode, which has all the value of a large picture. There is in this fragment a singular mixture of hierarchism (the group of the Virgin) and realism: one of the young women wears a turban of the latest style of 1423!

Paolo Uccello.

A Battle.

Negative by Braun, Clément & C.

And how well the two beggars were copied from life! This is because Gentile was at once lively and tender, humorous and mystical.

Another painting by the same master is the Virgin seated, holding the Child Jesus, who blesses the microscopic donor, Sigismond Pandolfo Malatesta, Seignior of Rimini, kneeling before the divine couple; this work is impregnated with a mystical perfume and juvenile freshness that leave nothing to be desired from the Cologne School. In the background the artist has accumulated a series of hillocks upon which are planted strongholds bristling with towers. The picture lacks air; it must have been repainted in part, and perhaps the colours have changed. But let us not be too exacting; it is no small matter to have put so much sentiment into such a little space.

A painting made by an artist of Gentile's school, a series of the *Life of Christ*, contains, if not high pictorial qualities, some traits frankly copied from nature and some smart physiognomies; they are pictures of manners and customs rather than devotional pieces.

Gentile's rival, the acute and impulsive Veronese who responded to the victorious name of Vittore Pisanello, had the good luck to enter the Louvre with a masterpiece, the portrait of one of the princesses of the House of Ferrara. The profile is superb, sincere and candid, unattenuated by any artistic scruple. It is evident that this princess is not a professional beauty, for her silhouette is nothing less than classical. Such as she is, with all the poverty of her physiognomy and the richness of her costume, she defies the wear of time, thanks to the skill with which her portrayor has fixed her upon the panel. The accessories—brilliant-coloured butterflies and flowers upon a background of foliage, etc.—add to the charm of this agreeable and unaffected painting.

What a sharp contrast between Gentile da Fabriano and Pisanello, these two representatives of such opposite tendencies: the one gentler and more experienced, the other livelier and more ingenious! And yet they are not without certain resemblances. Both executed their pictures like miniatures. Pisanello, besides, in his Virgin in the Church of San Fermo, at Verona, seems to have taken

his suggestion from the Virgins of Gentile da Fabriano in the art museums at Berlin, Perugia and Pisa, as well as from his *Adoration of the Magi*.

It is not at all unlikely that Pisanello was also acquainted with the German or Flemish painters, as many of the northern artists sojourned in Upper Italy, at Padua, for instance. At all events, the analogy between the German-Flemish manner and that of Pisanello is so striking that we are inclined to believe in a deliberate and methodical imitation. Some of the drawings of his saints resemble so closely those by Martin Schongauer that it is easy to be mistaken when looking at them.

To complete Pisanello's physiognomy, even the Louvre offers us some valuable information: is it not the lucky possessor of the collection of the Veronese artist's studies from nature and his impressions? It is impossible to pass by in silence this marvellous series, which is known as the Vallardi Collection, from the name of its former owner. To give an idea of its worth, I need only say that until within the last few years it was thought to be the work of the great Leonardo da Vinci. In fact, Pisanello has put into these studies a frankness, penetration and freedom that leave nothing to wish from the illustrious chief of the Milanese School. His portraits, sketches of animals, plants and warlike implements are so exact and full of the unforeseen that they seem like instantaneous photographs. The management of the Louvre has recently organised a special exhibition of these marvels, which will still further increase in the eyes of posterity the fame of the incomparable draughtsman named Pisanello.

Let us return to Florence. In presence of the *Coronation of the Virgin* by Fra Angelico, we experience the sensation of a flight towards the celestial regions; the earth seems far away, gray, miry and obscure. Here, we are enveloped in a severe atmosphere tinctured with a vague perfume of incense and rare flowers, such as grow only in paradise. What supernatural inspiration guided the hand of the pious dominican painter and thus enabled him to find these dreamlike shades, these limpid blues, these flesh tones taken from rose petals? The bodies are absent; the long garments with chaste draperies cover simply the souls of these blessed ones, of whom there remains nothing human but the head with its golden halo. What finished work, besides, in these garments ornamented with precious stones and embellished with trimmings embroidered with love! This angelic painting has retained, in spite of the centuries, all the purity of its marvellous colouring; it is soothing and, as Peter de Corlay has so well said, "a very sweet joy to unite for an instant with the pious inhabitants of the heavens, to associate with them in the triumph of their sovereign, the well-beloved Mother, whose apotheosis they are celebrating."

There are several other paintings at the Louvre by this master whose brush had such real tenderness allied to such consummate science; if he was ordinarily pleased with bright and crude colours, like those of a miniature, he also understood how to compose a warm and harmonious scale, as we see in his grand fresco of *The Crucifixion*. To his deification of the Virgin, where all is joy and ecstacy, he offers in the drama of Golgotha a contrast of profoundly poignant emotion.

Benozzo Gozzoli, the favourite pupil of Fra Angelico, and the incomparable decorator of the Campo Santo, at Pisa, generally has the honour of being considered as the author of a "Holy Conversation" that was formerly in one of the Fiesole churches. If this attribution be correct, Gozzoli would appear, in this instance, to be the fervent disciple of the pious Brother: his Virgin is agreeable, but the holy personages that accompany her already have these too sharp silhouettes and these too prominent jaws, the repetition of which finally renders monotonous these creations of this master narrator, which are otherwise so spirited and picturesque. A second painting, which is unquestionably authentic, the *Triumph of Saint Thomas of Aquinas*, is more interesting by its subject than by its execution; it is an agreeable occupation to make out the faces of this chosen assembly, in

Antonello of Messina.

A Condottiere.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie

which the artist has certainly given a place to more than one portrait of a friend or customer.

A colleague of Fra Angelico, who had also taken holy orders, but who better understood how to provoke scandal than edification, Fra Filippo Lippi, joined to a lively and poetical imagination genuine qualities of draughtsman and colourist. He was profuse with his touches of a vernal freshness, but knew, also, how to harmonise a largeness of style with a perfect science of foreshortening. Examine, in *The Nativity* at the Louvre, the lizard that runs along the old wall, the goldfinch that is taking it easy, the donkey that brays, the dog that watches over the troop confided to his care; and, for the style and foreshortening, the two superb angels that hover above the humble cattle-shed. The principal personages in this scene are less attractive: the Virgin is of the same thin, sharp and melancholy type that Fra Filippo made a specialty; the child is old and puffed; as for Saint Joseph, he is entirely wanting in nobleness and dignity. In a second painting, the glorious Virgin, conscious of her station, advances with a proud step towards the holy personages kneeling before her; she is no longer the humble woman sprung from the people who, without pride, adores the new-born, of whom she remains the subject: she is the Queen of the Heavens in the midst of her cortege of angels. We may well admire the rare delicacy of Fra Filippo's brush; the artist attacks his theme as a master in minor mode, so dear later on to Leonardo da Vinci.

If any one knew how to escape the contagion of the harshness characteristic of the Florentines at that epoch, it was surely this gifted and frivolous monk. His refractive colours, full of mellowness, are in marked contrast with those of his compatriots, whose scale is always dry and hard. But the defects inherent in his manner are none the less visible; if his colour is flowing and agreeable, his drawing is unmistakably incorrect, especially in the heads, nearly all painted from memory, with their flattened skulls, irregular contours and crushed chins. The architecture and ornaments already

belong to the Renascence style, but to a Renascence weakened and without dignity. In *The Nativity*, which is infinitely less easy of execution, the artist has detailed the landscape, which is the principal attraction of the composition, to such a point that the figures are, as it were, lost or drowned. This extreme minuteness causes confusion. There is, besides, a good deal of effort in the colouring. Joseph's cloak has that disagreeable yellow tone which will reappear so often in Ghirlandajo's work.

While the idealism of the Middle Ages shed its last ray at Florence with Fra Angelico, some bold and restless minds in the same city endeavoured to renew by realism an ideal that was henceforth exhausted. To imitate nature more closely by the aid of perspective and anatomy, to represent the costumes of the time and not costumes more or less conventional, to give to the personages of holy history the features of such or such a contemporary instead of clinging to traditional types; finally, and above all, to substitute the research of character for the research of beauty, was the complex programme adopted by the young school under the auspices, not of a painter, but of a sculptor, the great Donatello.

If the gifted and unfortunate Masaccio, who died at the age of twenty-eight years, after having made an ineffaceable mark, moderated these too scientific tendencies by the amplitude and stateliness of his figures, by his supple ordonnance and the harmony of his colour, one of his contemporaries and fellow-citizens, Paolo Uccello, pursued their realisation without allowing himself to be deterred by any consideration of taste or intelligence. At the Louvre, his *Cavalry Combat* (a companion piece to those in the Uffizi Gallery, at Florence, and in the National Gallery, at London), shows his realism in all its frankness, but also in all its insufficiency. The colour, which, to crown all, has turned black, is as coarse as the movements of his figures are improbable. Uccello had surely observed these horses that kick and rear, but as he did not give the synthesis of their motions by a patient work of assimilation, he simply produced a pretentious, incoherent and unshapely picture, which excited the hilarity of the public of his time and has not ceased to cause gentle merriment to all who have since examined it. Nevertheless, this painting marks a point in the history of art, and reveals, besides, a real artistic temperament; this is more than enough to justify our reproduction of the picture.

It is difficult for me to believe, with the learned curators of the Louvre, that the small *Saint John the Baptist in his Youth*, in profile, condensed and delicate as a Greek cameo, comes from the same uncultivated brush. M. Venturi attributes the work to Bianchi Ferrari. Let us admire it all the same; if it is somewhat wanting in expression, the fault is due to Donatello, who, the first to give to his youths an inexplicable, sluggish appearance, created a type that all his compatriots felt obliged to imitate.

In the work of another Tuscan, a contemporary and co-religionist of Uccello, Piero della Francesca, the realism is tempered by some exquisite qualities of colour; no one in that golden century had a keener vision or blended a finer and blonder scale. Born about 1416 at Borgo San Sepolcro, a little town near the sources of the Tiber, he died in 1492, almost blind. Piero is one of those suggestive masters who formed more pupils than he left masterpieces. His frescoes in the Church of San Francesco, at Arezzo, and his portraits in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, show us types, attitudes and costumes that are really original, having been made according to no pattern; this master is, besides, eminent by the lightness and transparency of his colouring. But the anecdotal painter, skilful in fixing a portrait or a more or less strange accoutrement, triumphs in all his works over the painter of style who knows how to give a flight to his visions.

Is the *Madonna* that the Louvre has recently purchased for the sum of 130,000 francs, really the work of Piero della Francesca? The doubt is permissible. Some connoisseurs have claimed it for Alesso Baldovinnetti, and others for Pesellino. The essential point is that it has all of Piero's qualities and sums up all his aspirations: compact although delicate modelling, transparent yet thick-laid colour,

Mantegna (Andrea).

The Virgin of Victory.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie

a detailed and picturesque landscape of the Arno plain furrowed by the blue ribbon of the stream and intercepted by blackish clumps of trees, the whole giving an exquisite effect. One single particularity is surprising, the soft and serene features of the Virgin, for this is unusual with Piero. Ordinarily he seems to delight in rendering his faces hard and impassible, even to sullenness. For once, supposing that the *Madonna* at the Louvre were painted by him, he condescended to smile. In this case our Madonna would be the sister of the one who figures in *The Nativity* at the National Gallery at London, which also belongs to a less austere type. What a misfortune it is that the Child Jesus, lying at its mother's feet, should be so scanty! It would be more in its place in one of Giotto's paintings than in the work of a master living by the side of the Filippo Lippis, Pesellinos or Ghirlandajos and breathing the same air.

Shall I publicly confess that a whole series of masters of the Florentine School of the middle of the fifteenth century, and not the least important ones, are worthy of great esteem, but at the same time wearisome? The tension of their mind is so severe that we sigh for artists who are less learned and more impulsive. They evidently perform acrobatic feats in order to astonish their contemporaries and afterwards posterity. Their figures, as disjointed as a jack-pudding, seem to move by the aid of a system of brass wires; the features of these figures make the same grimaces as actors who lag superfluous on the stage. And what glaring colours! how many discords in the ill-assorted tones that no "leit-motiv" unites one to the other!

Leaving aside these laborious artists, whose services I am far from denying, I will confine myself to two really great masters: Ghirlandajo and Botticelli.

The Louvre posseses an altar-screen and a portrait by Domenico Ghirlandajo, the incomparable composer who has retraced in the choir of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, the animated and picturesque episodes of the *Life of Saint John the Baptist* and the *Life of the Holy Virgin*. The altar-screen has a representation of *The Visitation*, a piece which was formerly in the Florentine church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, and which is passably pretentious. The types are still too humble and puny;

the colouring lacks harmony: the orange-yellow of Saint Elizabeth's robe contrasts badly with the dark-blue of the Virgin's robe and with the light-blue or red robes of the two angels. But what a gem is the portrait in which the artist had the courage to associate with the charming little boy of eight or ten years a kind old man disfigured by a monstrous infirmity, a pimpled nose having lost all shape! Here is a spirited bit of painting, boldly brushed, rich in a combination of vibrating tones. With what a passionate movement of tenderness the child throws his arms around the neck of his poor old grandfather!

If *Bearing the Cross* by Benedetto Ghirlandajo, Domenico's brother, repels by the hardness and monotony of its woodeny figures, *The Glorious Virgin* by Sebastiano Mainardi, Domenico's brother-in-law, charms us by its gravity. The most fascinating of the Florentine quattrocentists, Sandro Botticelli, might be more poorly represented than he is at the Louvre; he there presents himself as a religious painter, a mythological painter, an allegorical painter and probably as a portrait-painter. His *Virgin and the Magnificat* is a replica of the masterpiece in the Uffizi Gallery; the *Virgin in Profile* is not universally admitted to be authentic, and the *Venus*, also, is considered as a work by some artist of his school. These pieces have for companion his splendid fresco, *Giovanna Albizzi Tornabuoni Received by the Graces*, a very agreeable composition, although artificial, and rich in delicious discoveries of gestures and combination of tones.

It is in Botticelli's company, perhaps in his studio, but certainly at his suggestion, that was created the delicious *Portrait of a Young Man*, reproduced herewith. It is a fine and slightly tormented physiognomy, but, above all, jagged and affected, yet an affectation that disarms criticism. It is perfectly drawn; as for the impasto, it is of a rare transparency, with all the imaginable delicacy of brush work.

For a long while a serious and interesting painting at the Louvre, the *Appearance of the Virgin to Saint Mary Magdelene and to Saint Bernard*, was attributed to Cosimo Rosselli; but the inexorable modern critic has claimed this brilliant piece for Andrea Verrocchio, or some one of his sect. We find, in fact, in the Virgin and her son, the poverty of features characteristic of Verrocchio's work. Nothing could be more scowling than the Christ Child with his turned-up nose. On the contrary, the artificial angels that bow before their sovereign, these curly-haired angels who regard the spectator a little too much, recall the models created by Botticelli. Whoever may be the author, the work captivates us by the conviction it displays, no less than by the richness of its colouring, in which predominates a superb vermillion red, lavished upon the Virgin's robe and the cherubs' wings.

Luca Signorelli is the painter of the spiritual *Life of Saint Benedict*, in the Mount Oliveto monastery, and the dramatic *Last Judgment*, in the Orvieto cathedral. It was at Cortona, half-way between Tuscany and Umbria, that he painted the *Birth of the Virgin*, the *Adoration of the Shepherds* and a group of seven personages standing. All these later works belong, unfortunately, to an epoch when the artist was already aged; like his contemporary, Perugino, he committed the unpardonable offence of living too long. There are some real qualities of execution in these paintings; the colouring is rich, and sometimes throws out gleams of burnished steel. In the *Birth of the Virgin* the figures are proud and ungainly, like those of Michael Angelo. The *Adoration*, notwithstanding the want of air and the contrast of certain colours has also a noble appearance, but we no longer find in it the freshness of impression or the abundance of inspiration that characterises this transcendent realist, whose frank observation and vigorous intelligence have often revealed so many pathetic accents.

Still further on, in the heart of the pious and mystical Umbria, at Perugia, Perugino shines by

Mantegna (Andreà).

Parnassus.

Negative by Braun, Clément & C

the firmness of his contours, by the richness of his colouring, where the bright red forms such an exquisite accord with the apple-green or the Prussian blue. By instinct, for he was not specially bright, he gives relief and brilliancy. And what sympathetic faces—the graceful outlines of the chin, the artless regard and dove-like eyes! What a pity it is that he did not vary his models! When we have seen one of his virgins or one of his saints we have seen half a dozen.

There are several paintings by Perugino at the Louvre: Madonnas, Holy Families and an allegorical composition representing the *Struggle Between Chastity and Love*; this last-mentioned work, which is insipid, was painted for the Marchioness Isabella of Mantua. Still, notwithstanding the importance of these pictures, it was difficult to appreciate in our national museum all the richness of colour of the chief of the Umbrian School before the acquisition of the *Saint Sebastian*, which came from the Sciarra Colonna Gallery. The youth, with his nervous and frail body not yet hardened by the fatigue of boyish pranks, offers himself ardently to the darts of the cruel and liberating arrows; he gives up everything, his youth and purity, for the conquest of the heaven to which he aspires. The clear, cloudless landscape is bathed in a pure and light air that could not trouble the vital spark of a soul that is passing! The sincere and luminous toning of this picture is admirable.

Concerning the Peruginos at the Louvre, here is a curious observation by one of the profession. After stating that the drawing of the Umbrian master had acquired its greatest perfection (?) that it is

of a purity(?) and truthfulness which cannot be surpassed, the author of a recent work on "Researches on the Perspective of Colours" adds that Perugino's paintings have the aspect of a scene which takes place before a blue tapestry curtain. It would seem from this observation that we are in a theatre, the stage of which is occupied by the foreground; behind there would be a wide ditch, an empty interval, an immense abyss where there is nothing; then, suspended vertically at a distance, a painted canvas in blue camaieu.

Let us give a glance, also, at the small *Saint Sebastian*, presented to the Louvre in these last years; it is as amber-coloured as a Perugino, as fine and well perceived as a Raphael.

It is between these two names that we hesitate in presence of the jewel from the Moore collection, *Apollo and Marsyas*. The colouring has all the warmth of the Umbrians, but the lines of the composition have another bearing and the figures quite another distinction.

Perhaps it is also at the confluence of the Umbrian and Florentine Schools that we must seek the author of the superb half-length *Portrait of a Young Man*, standing and looking straight ahead, buried in his thoughts if not in his spite. The name of Franciabigio has lately been suggested as the painter of this luminous and profound piece.

What horizons are opened to our minds by the sight of such or such a fragment, apparently without interest, that has entered the great French national museum by chance, or thanks to the patient suppositions of some zealous curator like Reiset, Tauzia or George Lafenestre? To appreciate the extreme importance of a detached link of a long chain, it is particularly necessary to know all the ins and outs. This knowledge of the surroundings is, I presume, possessed by the public that does me the honour to read my studies. Here, by Bernardino Pinturicchio, the amusing and frivolous co-worker with Perugino, is the *Virgin Seated between Two Saints* and holding the Child Jesus, who is writing. For every visitor not versed in art, the picture would appear to be poor in invention and crude in colour; but for those who have visited the Dome Library at Siena and the basilicas of Santa Maria di Ara Cœli and Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome, and especially the splendid Borgia apartments in the Vatican, opened to the admiration of the artistic world by Leo XIII., the picture at the Louvre—which is, after all, a secondary piece of work—evokes the souvenir of an extremely anecdotal and vivid painter who, in mingling touches of manners and customs and contemporaneous costumes with biblical stories, has succeeded at once in captivating and edifying his spectators. Press this electrical button, and there will immediately resound within us a strong and ringing echo: the parallel between the picture at the Louvre and the Perugino is overwhelming. The types of the Virgin and the Christ Child are poor and without elevation; as for the two saints, the precursor and the Pope (possibly the portrait of Sixtus IV., who was Pinturicchio's patron), they are entirely lacking in amplitude and fervour.

It would be idle, after having conversed with the chiefs of the Umbrian School, to question the minor masters, such as Spagna and Manni, or even Niccolo da Foligno, who, in his painting at the Louvre of *The Passion*, appears to have especially endeavoured to create particularly uninteresting figures, perfect caricatures of the superb youths or of the angry headsmen whom he borrowed from his compatriot Signorelli. We have a better use for our time; let us pass on to more transcendent works.

With the Umbrian School is connected the Bolognese School, such as it is exemplified by Francesco Francia, equally distinguished as a painter, engraver and goldsmith. The *Crucifixion* by this master may not be appreciated by those refined amateurs who require strong feats. My opinion is that it is extremely touching and pathetic, to say nothing of the solid qualities of its execution. In the centre, upon the high, ignominious gibbet usually reserved for slaves, the Son of Man is expiring, simply and calmly, as in the paintings of the Middle Ages. At the foot of the cross the Virgin stands overpowered by grief, her eyes fixed upon the ground, while Saint John the Evangelist is sobbing,

Rosselli (Attributed to).

The Glorious Virgin.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

with one hand upon his heart and the other outstretched as though appealing to entire humanity. Extended naked upon the soil, one arm raised and the other sustaining the weight of his body, the patriarch Job consoles himself for his own trials by the sight of a more poignant anguish, and utters these words: *Majora sustinuit ipse.* Nothing could be more pathetic than this scene: it has still the profound sentiment of the works of the trecentists, and adds to the eloquence of the movements that of warm and luminous colouring. Another work worthy of attention is a fine small *Nativity* by Francia, and a good picture by one of his imitators, *The Virgin Holding the Child Jesus* standing.

If the chief of the School of the Romagnas, the brilliant Melozza da Forli, inimitable in the sketching of ample and stately draperies, is not represented at the Louvre, his preferred pupil, Palmezzano, has a *Dead Christ* supported by two angels, one of which is of a pronounced Mantegna type, that is to say with a very small mouth. Mantegna's influence is also indicated in the cloth thrown over the sufferer's knees. In this picture Palmezzano was evidently preoccupied with a foreshortening effect. The entire work is serious and concentrated, but without stress.

In remounting higher towards the north we find a new evolution in Italian painting. Here are the Ferrarese, who add their block to the monument raised by the different schools of the Italian peninsula in that time of splendid labour called the First Renascence. Their paintings are few in number but well chosen: to the strength, and sometimes the harshness of the Florentines, they unite a more flexible if not warmer colouring, and a religious conviction that did not hesitate before any means calculated to strike more energetically the mind of the faithful.

Let us select by preference the *Pietà* and the *Monk* by Cosimo Tura, the chief of this school. The first piece is full of animation and tenderness, with a little too much of something like a grin on

the faces. The Virgin seated and overcome with sorrow, holds the divine sufferer on her lap; around her the traditional weeping witnesses of this painful scene are eager in their attentions to the martyr. This is a splendid piece of painting! As a consummate virtuoso, Tura passes from one tone to another, freely lavishing light and shade in such a manner as to obtain a relief that creates illusion. The true-born painter—with no interest in literary effects, and seeking only the pure triumphs of the palette and brush—shows himself, besides, in the precision and masterly skill with which he has modelled the Virgin's drapery. Fifty years later, Leonardo da Vinci will not do any better; as a proof of this, look at his drawings in the Louvre. In this fragment, so characteristic, notwithstanding its small dimensions, Tura demonstrates his ability to model with flexibility and steadiness; there can be no doubt that he owed this art of giving relief to the teachings of Piero della Francesca, whose shadow hovers over the entire Ferrarese School.

A strange whim of one of the most charming and learned princesses of the Renascence, Isabella of Este, Marchioness of Mantua, will serve as a transition from the Ferrarese School to the Paduan School. This lady had the idea one day of confiding the decoration of her study, her "studiolo" in the Mantua Palace, to Perugino, Lorenzo Costa and Andrea Mantegna! She was herself the first to feel the variety of such a fancy (she was obliged to blame Perugino for his want of sincerity and finish), the *Struggle Between Chastity and Love* not being able to sustain a comparison with the paintings by Mantegna that serve as companion pieces. Costa's composition, the *Court of Isabella of Este*, is equally inadequate; the artist did not even succeed in catching the likeness of the persons who posed for him, and nothing could be more shabby than the manner in which the work is executed.

On the other hand, her regular painter, the great Andrea Mantegna, put superior work into the two pictures he painted for the "studiolo": *Parnassus* and *Wisdom Victorious over Vice*. As much as there is of tenderness in the Umbrians, there is of exact observation, powerful deduction, pride and dignity in the Paduans and Mantuans, personified by this illustrious artist, who was the greatest draughtsman of all those who preceded Raphael. The works by which he is represented at the Louvre, in addition to the two just mentioned, are a *Crucifixion* and *The Virgin of Victory*. They show us the broadest intelligence of the Renascence; a stimulating mind, feeling strongly, and knowing how to render the liveliest passions in bold, striking and sublime traits; understanding how to express the vibrations of the soul while at the same time fixing with a demoniacal precision the exterior phenomena of light, atmosphere and perspective. Examine in the *Crucifixion* the movements of the holy women or those of the soldiers playing at dice, of the two mounted warriors, of the two thieves, or of Saint John writhing in agony and clasping his hands. Let us salute especially his *Virgin of Victory*, a precious masterpiece for political history as well as for esthetics. It is, in reality, a votive offering, which Mantegna's patron, John Francis Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, and General-in-Chief of the Italian armies called to repel the invasion of Charles VIII. of France, had painted as a souvenir of the Battle of Fornovo (1495), in which he miraculously escaped death. We have the right to congratulate ourselves on having acquired this memorable work illustrating one of our most striking victories, and still more so on having enriched the Louvre with this noble piece of painting. It is useless to say that the composition lacks atmosphere and that the colouring is not brilliant. Nothing could be more grandiose than this assemblage, beneath a smiling arbour of foliage intermingled with fruits and flowers, of such august personages filling their parts with so much conviction, eagerness and eloquence: the Virgin on the throne, the Christ Child standing upon her lap, the General kneeling before the Queen of the Heavens, with his Oriental rather than Italian features (short nose, protruding lips, frizzly beard, olive complexion), but transfigured by gratitude; then, Saint Michael, Saint Andrew,

Ghirlandajo (Domenico).

The Visitation.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Saint Elizabeth, little Saint John, Saint Longinus, finally Adam and Eve, in camaieu, joining in the exultation experienced by the donor, not for having beaten the enemy, but for having miraculously escaped from the terrible lances of the French Knights, from the arrows of the Gascon archers or from the Swiss cross-bows. It would be difficult to express in words the quantity of ideas and sentiments that the grand artist has put into these figures, created all of a piece, and these types

destined to inspire long generations of imitators; the young Saint George in his gorgeous armour is as beautiful as a Giorgione.

How can we also worthily appreciate in *Parnassus* the indefinable rhythm of the Muses dancing in chorus upon Mount Helicon before the eyes of Mars and Venus who stand in a grove of orange flowers, Apollo seated above them, Mercury leaning upon Pegasus, and finally Vulcan? The perfection and variety of the movements of the nine goddesses dancing their sacred round are such that neither

Raphael, Poussin nor any of the sovereign masters of drawing and ordonnance has ever been able to eclipse them.

How agreeable it is, notwithstanding their defective placing, to warm ourselves beneath the rays of so many serene, limpid and eloquent works, all impregnated with the breath of classical antiquity! For us Parisians who have been raised in their intimacy, they form part of our intellectual life; but what foreigner can fail to experience in their presence a beneficial emotion?—I was about to say commotion! They teach us to disengage from the mass of vulgarity and ugliness that constitutes our every-day life truly noble and beautiful ideas, as well as a firm faith in all reparation and progress; by these works, as in Plato's time, art becomes the auxiliary of morals.

A passion for archæology, restrained with Mantegna, overflows in the works of another master of the Paduan Primitive School, Gregorio Schiavone. In his highly-finished little *Virgin and the Child* seated under a portico, the figures are crushed by the richness of the variegated gems and marble: it is a shrine rather than a picture.

Venetia, which was so completely foreign to the renewal of architecture and sculpture, plays a preponderating part by the side of the Florentine School in the renascence of painting. It could not be otherwise, for the realistic elements natural to that region were sure to prevail in an art which was free from all classical tradition. In fact, neither the Greeks nor the Romans left any frescoes or paintings that could inspire the painters of the fifteenth century, while the ruins or traces of antique sculpture could be counted by hundreds.

The first in date of the Venetian paintings exhibited at the Louvre have the dryness and stiffness much more than the brilliancy of the Byzantine works; the asceticism in them predominates over art. The *Saint John of Capistrano* by Bartolommeo Vivarini, has nothing to envy from the *Saint Bernardine of Siena*, by Carlo Crivelli. How was it possible to make anything out of the yellowish-gray costume worn by the two monks?

While these masters endeavour to throw off the yoke of the Middle Ages, the mysterious painter who brought from Flanders to Venice the new discovery of oil-painting, Antonello of Messina, executed his marvellous portrait of *A Condottiero*. It is a work at once bold and skilful, audacious and almost cynical, in which the author overcomes all difficulties. The thoroughness of the execution is equalled only by the vigour of the touch. How could it be possible to render better the troubled, valiant, bold, savage and unscrupulous soul of this mercenary chief, half bandit, half soldier, hard upon himself and upon others, as proud as a General sure of victory! Thanks to his portrayer, Antonello, he has not ceased for the last four centuries to defy the most distant posterity as he did his contemporaries.

Here are the two Bellinis, Giovanni and Gentile, who were the first to give shape to the confused aspirations of their compatriots. Both names figure in the Louvre catalogue; but the authenticity of the paintings ascribed to them is not at all certain. First of all, the portrait in which they are thought to have painted themselves has surely nothing of their manner; the execution, flaccid and puffed, is in marked contrast with their precision and strength. The *Reception of the Ambassador Trevisan by the Sultan of Cairo, Canson Ghoury, in 1512*, attributed to Gentile, cannot be by this master, since it is dated five years after his death. It is, nevertheless, a very interesting and curious ceremonial picture.

I shall be less positive about a painting ascribed to Giovanni Bellini, the Child Jesus upon a balustrade between the Virgin, who holds him, and Saint Peter with the keys. The personages are evidently lacking in expression and the colouring in warmth; nothing could be more disagreeable than

Perugin (called Pietro Vannucci).

Saint Sebastian.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

these yellowish carnations! But who does not know how unequal Giovanni Bellini was in his work, sometimes copying Byzantine models and sometimes creating strong, personal and animated pieces. In doubt, I will abstain from deciding, contenting myself by declaring once more how idle are all these questions of authorship. The essential point is whether a work is superior or not. If it is superior, we should try and discover what master deserves to be honoured for its execution; otherwise, let us leave this care to minute critics who have no other amusement than such Chinese puzzles.

In exchange, what emotion and life in the *Madonna* painted by Giovanni Bellini's pupil, the tender, sweet and lyrical Cima da Conegliano! The work, done at a single stroke, is full of effusion and, what is better, complete as a picture, wonderfully arranged, rich and vibrating in colour. Seated upon a throne behind which hangs an oriental carpet, the Virgin, slightly inclined, anxiously regards the superb child resting upon her lap. Lower down, upon one side of the ground, is the youthful Saint John, his arms folded across his breast, and on the other side Mary Magdalene, penetrated with faith and enthusiasm, offers the vase of precious perfumes. In the background, there is a delicious landscape, made to repose the eye and soothe the mind. This is the idyllic poesy in which excelled the Venetians, who were great contemplative poets. To dream suited them better than to recount. Upon their canals, where flows a water that is rarely ever ruffled, upon the borders of their marvellous Lido, sheltered from the tempests, they lost themselves in infinite contemplation and bathed their personages in a serene, moist atmosphere, warmed by the first or last rays of a sun that has the splendour of the Orient.

Although the origins of the paintings at the Louvre are better certified than those of no matter what other art museum, the breath, or tempest, of suspicion and scepticism that blows upon all the works of ancient art has not been spared them. What does it matter that such a painting was

bought direct by Francis I. from the artist whose name it bears? that another—and this is the case with the Cima da Conegliano—has an autograph signature? That makes no difference; the modern critics, or hypercritics, distrust everything except their own clear-sightedness. Upon a simple suspicion, a simple crotchet, they substitute one name for another; this may be an excess of scientific honesty, but it is also an excess of presumption. Happily, most of these connoisseurs have taken the trouble to refute one another, and in presence of their contradictions the surest way will be to hold to the ancient titles, except when the proof of their falsity has been irrefutably demonstrated. At all events, this is not the place to discuss the subject of attributions more or less hypothetical. My task is to help the reader to understand and love so many pathetic, strong and sublime works, and not to involve myself in irritating questions of genealogy. Therefore, with all due deference to the anarchists of the history of art, we will maintain that Cima da Conegliano painted the masterpiece which bears his signature at the Louvre.

Cima's lyricism is in strong contrast with the great abundance of his rival, Vittore Carpaccio; this artist's unfailing fancy accumulates without repetition the most sympathetic personages, the most picturesque costumes, and architectural backgrounds with infinite outlines. In addition, his palette is charged with the richest tones, among others a gooseberry-red that is worthy of all our esteem. The painting at the Louvre, *Saint Stephen Preaching at Jerusalem*, is equal to the masterpieces preserved at Milan and Venice: *Saint Mark Preaching*, the *Life of Sainte Ursula*, the *Life of Saint George*. This is the highest praise.

The chief of the Vicentine School, Bartolommeo Montagna, is represented at the Louvre by an *Ecce Homo*, of a heavy touch and brownish colour, and by three charming angels playing on instruments. Immediately, by a sort of telepathy, these pieces carry us back to the masterpieces left by this precise draughtsman and bold colourist in Italy, especially at the Brera Museum, in Milan, where his *Virgin Surrounded by Saints* astonishes by its mingling of elevation and ardour.

The Primitive masters of the Milanese School are few in number, and, strange to say, there is no certainty about the paternity of any of their works. Nevertheless, we have at the Louvre several strong pieces, worthy of true artists.

Such a painting is *The Circumcision*, attributed in the catalogue to Ambrogio Borgognone, and claimed by other critics for Zenale. This sincere and well-nigh austere work, gray in tone, connects certain reminiscences of Mantegna's school (for instance, the figure of Saint Anne, Christ's grandmother, and the savoury garlands of fruit), with some signs that already suggest Leonardo da Vinci, I am almost tempted to say Bernardino Luini: the Child Jesus with his winking eyes, thick-lipped mouth and small double-chin. In addition to these characteristic marks there is the thick and generous impasto of the Milanese Primitives before the arrival of Leonardo, their taste for stylish ornaments, and finally a somewhat gloomy toning, equally distant from the glaring colour of the Florentines and the brilliant flourish of the Venetians. Under the name of Borgognone the Louvre also exhibits a shutter representing *Saint Peter Martyr* standing beside a kneeling woman. To whatever brush this painting is due, it is worthy of esteem; I hardly know which most to value in it, either the inexorable precision with which the artist has fixed in a thick, grayish layer of colour, the hard, emaciated features of the woman, or the skilful surety with which he has modelled the saint's head.

Still better favoured than the Milanese School—I speak of the one that developed without Leonardo da Vinci—is the school that worked in Genoa and its vicinity. The series illustrating this small and hardly yet known school that has been gathered for the Louvre, is due to the rare sagacity of the Baron Denon. In 1814, after the fall of the Empire, he bought *The Annunciation*, attributed to

Cima da Conegliano.

The Virgin and the Child

Negative by Braun, Clément & C.

Justus of Gand, for the low price of 240 francs, and the triptych by Massone. To-day it is denied that *The Annunciation* is due to the mysterious artist called Justus of Germany, or Justus of Ravensburg (not to be confounded with Justus of Gand, who worked at Urbino). In an article published in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," in 1896, Mrs. Logan made a claim for the Nice painter, Louis Brea. Without taking part in the debate, we may admire the agreeable and tender types, the silver and blonde scale of colours, notwithstanding the profusion of gold, and the impressive seriousness of the whole composition.

In that happy time, when each province understood how to contribute its personal note, and when a grand current of invention and inspiration sustained even the painters lost in the obscure villages, it is not surprising that artists whose names no biographer has mentioned should have produced interesting works. Such a piece, for instance, is the triptych by Giovanni Massone, of Alexandria, *The Nativity*, with Saint Francis and the Pope Sixtus IV. on one side, and Saint Antony of Padua, and Cardinal Julien della Rovere on the other. The work is slightly impersonal — the portraits of the two donors were certainly not made from life—but it is solidly painted, with a colouring at once warm and sombre.

Another picture, painted by a Lombardy artist settled in Genoa, Pier Francesco Sacchi, *The Four Doctors of the Church*, seated at a table and writing, reading or sharpening a pen, recommends itself to our admiration by its somewhat heavy but well-laid colour, a profound sentiment, and at the same time solid qualities of workmanship.

How many other paintings there are before which we should like to linger for a long while if they were not so poorly hung, squeezed together like herrings in a keg, as though in a grand national art museum such as the Louvre it were a question of economising every square inch of space! Does it not seem as if we were dealing with the modern architect who performs the feat of

erecting upon one of the Parisian boulevards the largest amount of frontage on the smallest lot of land! All that would be requisite at the Louvre, however—in case it be desired to give a little air and appropriate surroundings to each masterpiece—is to increase the number of wall-panels in the large galleries bordering on the Seine. In dividing this immense tunnel by the aid of moveable partitions it would be easy to gain the necessary space for bringing into better view so many masterpieces that are now sacrificed! The hour of their rehabilitation will strike late for them; but it will strike all the same. *Tarda tamen respexit inertem.*

In the second part of this study of the Italian paintings at the Louvre, I shall endeavour to show how the germs of beauty sown first by Giotto, Masaccio and Fra Angelico, then developed by Mantegna, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli and Filippino Lippi, were transformed by time into resplendent flowers; how this work, as revolutionary as it was productive, was finally consummated as much by the continual force of principles as by the appearance of a group of extraordinary artists, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Upon this impression I take leave of the Italian Primitives gathered at the Louvre. Their successors belonging to the Golden Age will have greater amplitude, more flexibility and eloquence; I mean learned and oratorical eloquence. But will they offer us as much simplicity, tenderness and spring-like freshness? Without solving the problem, let us endeavour to admire at once both those who recall Floreal and those who announce Messidor.

EUGENE MÜNTZ.

THE LOUVRE GALLERY

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Florentine School (Fifteenth Century).

A Man's Portrait.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Bellini (Gentile).

Men's Portraits.

Bellini (Giovanni).

The Virgin between Saint Peter and Saint Sebastian.

Bianchi (Francesco di).

The Virgin and the Child.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Borgognone (Ambrogio Stephani da Fossato).

The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple.

Sandro Botticelli.

The Virgin, the Child and Saint John.

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Sandro Botticelli.

Lorenzo Tornabuoni and the Liberal Arts.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Vittore Carpaccio.

Saint Stephen Preaching at Jerusalem.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Piero della Francesca.

The Madonna.

Vittore Pisano (called Pisanello).

Portrait of a Princess of the House of Este.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Gaddi (Agnolo di Taddeo).
The Annunciation.

Mainardi.

The Virgin and the Child Jesus.

Mainardi.

The Virgin and the Child Jesus.

9/12

THE

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THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

SECOND VOLUME

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Tintoretto (Jacopo Robusti).

Susanna Bathing.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

LEONARDO DA VINCI and Raphael will serve us as a transition from the Primitives to the Golden Age. Both, in fact, have still one foot in the fifteenth century, while with the other they take possession of the sixteenth; both remained faithful in their youth to sincerity, candour, precision and an indefinable timidity, in short to all those charming defects that characterise the artists of the quattrocentist period, while, in their ripe age, they became the champions of the new style, the style distinguished by freedom, amplitude and eloquence. I may add that both count at the Louvre a rare and striking collection of masterpieces, worthy of provoking the envy and discouragement of no matter what other public collection.

In the front rank is the small *Annunciation,* which the most competent judges now ascribe to the inimitable Da Vinci, and which was long attributed to Lorenzo di Credi. This little painting gains by a close examination: the more we look at it the more qualities we discover in it. What delicacy in the pose and in the modelling of the hands, what animation in the two faces, what poesy even in the depths of the rocks! Notwithstanding the scantiness of the panel, the painting was executed without a break, and its style is free and delicious. It is, however, to be regretted that

the trees were painted so black. Still, this juvenile work shows all of Leonardo's characteristics, and, what is better, is worthy of him.

When the spectator is before one of Leonardo da Vinci's authentic paintings — unhappily too rare — he feels a particular impression. What he experiences is not a sudden shock which by its violence forces from his soul a cry of admiration, as often happens when we are in the presence of strikingly splendid pictures; it is something more intimate, like an impressive charm, which slowly penetrates the soul like soft music full of phrases modulated *sotto voce,* whose subtle caress ends by intoxicating it. In the mysterious ambient air in which live the beings created by Leonardo da Vinci, the form is idealised and the dream becomes tangible.

This is the case with *The Virgin with the Rocks,* begun, perhaps, at Florence, but at all events finished at Milan, as is proved by completely authenticated documents. In this work the first and permanent inspiration makes us forget the inferior quality of the material employed, which has, unfortunately, deprived this masterpiece of its early freshness. The delicacy of the half tones, the surprising relievo of the modelling, obtained by the gradual and almost imperceptible softening of the light, the expressive variety of the physiognomies and attitudes, the strangeness of the landscape, so savagely wild and mysterious in its original manner of execution, and the almost perfect finish of the smallest details render this essentially personal work one of those revelations in which the artist's science is shown in the mastery of a thousand difficulties. Mary, at once aristocratic and tender, charms us by her somewhat timid grace, and by her lowered eyebrows, whose long lashes cast a virginal shadow upon which an enigmatical smile of the lips places a living brightness. The kneeling angel is of a noble beauty that does not belong to the earth. His features, vigorously stamped in their disquieting suavity, indicate a haughty unconcern, and if he watches over the divine child, devoutly fulfilling his part as a celestial servitor, he would certainly not deign to become human outside the glorious family of his sovereign. What delight Leonardo must have experienced in modelling the delicate blond flesh of the Child Jesus, full of dimples! he scarcely allowed his brush to graze the rounded outlines, the torso with its plump wrinkles, the chubby little arms; he formed with a light touch the artless pout by which is marked the attention of a childish mind that is awakening and wishes to understand. And little Saint John, who is so naive in his admiration, which is already ardent! The boldness of the foreshortenings, the profound harmony of the colouring, with its attenuated shadings, add to the charm of this masterpiece, which is, perhaps, too perfect. Mannerism has not touched the candid Madonna or the beautiful angel with his curly hair; the grand artist has known how to remain refined without falling into affectation.

The *Saint Anne,* in its turn, is a complete poem of charming familiarity. What could be more touching than this picturesquely expressed filiation, transmitted from the grandmother to the child, and from the child to the humble creature that is still more feeble than he, to the timorous little lamb?

In the presence of *Saint John the Baptist* the imagination ardently strives to solve the enigma of the directing idea, which at first seems to be confused and buried beneath hazy vapours, out of which it has slowly risen in an indefinite yet luminous form; shades as soft as caresses have modelled it little by little until they have created the body of this youth with features whose smilingly ironical expression recalls in such a strange fashion that of the exquisite *Gioconda,* for whom the artist experienced at least an ideal passion. By what strange error have certain critics attempted to pluck this brilliant jewel from the master's crown in order to ornament that of some obscure imitator! By the mingling of smiling and even piquant grace with mystery, Leonardo here opens the way to Correggio, but how much he excels in elaborating the form!

Luini (Bernardino).

Salome Receiving the Head of John the Baptist.

Near by the *Saint John* is its kinsman *Bacchus*. The young and proud divinity is seated at the foot of rocks sheltered by a clump of trees, in an easy posture, his legs crossed, and with a joyous expression on the face as though lighted up by a secret voluptuousness, insolent in his

profane beauty, and all but perverse with his countenance like that of a sensual woman, his nude body with its full-rounded and youthful muscles, his whole being overflowing with ardour and the wild enjoyments pursued by all his fellow divinities.

Two portraits are included in the marvellous collection of Leonardo's historical paintings : one is *La Gioconda,* before which centuries of admirers have exhausted all the forms of praise, so that it is needless to analyse this work once more ; the other is the pretended *Belle Ferronnière.* Does this portrait really represent Lucrezia Crivelli, the mistress of Louis the Moor, Duke of Milan ? This point is of no consequence ; the work is exquisite, and the model would surely merit, even if she did not obtain, the passionate admiration of a prince.

Here I must make a digression and speak about the real *Belle Ferronnière,* an obscure canvas, which was mistakenly catalogued as the portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli. In this portrait the model is seen in profile and is not at all attractive ; therefore it has nothing in common with Leonardo da Vinci's work. The long brow, which denotes a complete absence of thought, the bulged nose, puckered mouth and weak chin constitute the personification of insipidity. The arrangement of the hair in a flat headband and the choice of a broad-brimmed hat with plaited edges are not calculated to set off the physiognomy. There can be no doubt that this portrait is the work of one of the very indifferent French painters who imitated Leonardo and the other leaders of Italian art.

Such jewels need a proper setting, and the curators of the Louvre have had the good fortune to be able to compose one as rich as it is harmonious with paintings inspired by the master and penetrated by the radiance of his genius. Yet Leonardo seems to have acted like those over-intense focuses, which consume everything that comes too near them and fertilise only those germs placed at a certain distance. It would appear that his disciples gain in compass in proportion as they are removed from him. Andrea Solario was surely not one of his intimates ; while consulting the subtle and capricious founder of the Milanese School he profited by the lessons of the Venetians. Thus, how much superiority he shows over what we may call Leonardo's usual associates : Boltraffio, Marco da Oggiono, Salaino, Melzi ! It is the same with Luini, of whom we shall soon speak, and of Bazzi, commonly known as Sodoma, who, unfortunately, is not represented at the Louvre.

Let us take Giovanni Antonio Boltraffio ; he is the personification of mediocrity ! Nobody could be more laborious than this school-boy too familiarised with his master's way of working but too much of a stranger to his tendencies. He has no vital spark, nothing that resembles talent or even real sentiment or emotion. His technical skill is alone good and solid. And what a singular triumph for the works of the obscure Boltraffio : they have remained limpid while those of the immortal Leonardo have become dull and crackled. Boltraffio's *Virgin of the Casio Family,* at the Louvre, is wanting in feeling, its conception is poor and insipid, and all the personages have enormous crooked and swelled heads, worthy in short—and we cannot say more—of Lorenzo di Credi. Let us have the courage to look things squarely in the face, without any foregone conclusions, and pronounce the definite judgment.

The same reproaches may be applied to *The Holy Family* by Marco da Oggiono, one of Boltraffio's fellow-students. But it is quite another matter with Andrea Solario, who associated with Leonardo just long enough to familiarise himself with his intelligence but not enough to be absorbed by him. Solario was, like Leonardo, the guest of France for awhile. Cardinal George of Amboise, the favourite minister of Louis XII., employed him for several years in the decoration of his splendid mansion at Gaillon, near Rouen. Nothing has been preserved of these works, and it is to be regretted. On the other hand, Solario's pictures at the Louvre, painted before or after his sojourn in France, are perfectly beautiful, interesting and worthy of a born painter.

The Crucifixion, which dates from 1503, belongs to what we may call Solario's pre-Leonardesque period ; Da Vinci's influence is scarcely visible in this scattered and episodic composition, the colouring of which is somewhat variegated. This influence is shown, on the contrary, in the dissevered head

Titian (Tiziano Vecelli).

The Entombment.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

of *John the Baptist,* painted in France in 1507, which is pale and yet so noble. Finally, *The Virgin with the Green Cushion,* by the spontaneity and richness of its colouring shows the master freely interpreting the teachings of Da Vinci, from whom he has borrowed, among other things, the attitude of the child lying upon its back and holding one of its feet in its hand. This little masterpiece can be criticised only in one particular : the Virgin's head is too small. Not less worthy of admiration is the *Portrait of Charles of Amboise :* it is solid, vivid and limpid, equal to the best Primitives.

Of the two indirect disciples of Leonardo da Vinci, one, Sodoma, inherited his habits of grand seignior and the superior distinction of his style ; the other, who, perhaps, received the better part,

perpetuated his tendencies and suavity. But little has been said about Luini's personality. The reason is that we have scarcely any facts concerning his life; but if the man has passed unnoticed, the artist has not ceased to impress and delight for nearly four centuries. His composition is so natural, his colouring so soft, and his figures possess so much soul that the spectator does not even feel the force to analyse such a marvellous combination of qualities. Although thoroughly restored and retouched as they have been, his frescoes at the Louvre have an immanent charm, limit our horizon and prevent us from wishing further progress. They satisfy and absorb my whole desire, and I could pass weeks in contemplating and admiring them. How well inspired was Puvis de Chavannes, who was occasionally such a great poet, in taking Luini as a model, in borrowing his beautiful vision, so picturesque and so harmonious, and in adopting his splendid honey-colour scale ! I can never help evoking the recollection of the exquisite Milanese painter when I contemplate some of the scenes of Puvis de Chavannes's *Life of Saint Genevieve,* or the fine winter landscape that he painted for the Paris Hotel de Ville.

Although not directly receiving instruction from Leonardo, Luini represents, nevertheless, the most harmonious emanation of his genius. No one has better understood how to imbue himself with the master's spirit and to continue his tradition by such a mingling of devotion and independence. Luini's nature is, above all, healthy, happy and smiling; less taken with refinements than Leonardo he gives himself up to the joy of living and creating. When we stand before his frescoes of the old Litta collection—*The Nativity,* the *Adoration of the Magi,* the half-length *Christ* and the *Two Children,* which, by a miracle, are well hung in the hall where they occupy the place of honour—we love to contemplate and enjoy. What a pure and charming talent, what poetical vision and what a real artistic temperament!

Many other marvels in our national museum proclaim the fascination of this indefatigable painter. Here is *Salome Receiving the Head of John the Baptist:* the young girl, who is of a most Luinesque type, with her straight and strong nose, melancholy mouth, thin lips, and hair half braided, half curled, turns her face aside, but without any emotion or trouble, while holding the platter upon which the executioner has placed the martyr's head dripping with blood, one of the most beautiful heads ever painted by this master, a head replete with nobleness and sweetness. Elsewhere we find the delicious *Young Girl's Head,* bequeathed by M. His de la Salle; with her mischievous smile, eyes sparkling with intelligence, her finger upon her lips, she is so full of ease and grace that she seems to come from Pompeii. Further on we shall find the mythological composition, of such piquant charm.

If Luini's work is thoroughly impregnated with the Leonardesque essence, the work of another representative of Upper Italy, Gaudenzio Ferrari, contains these qualities only in a feeble and diluted measure. However, in his *Saint Paul* there still remain some of the strong characteristics that distinguished the Primitives.

Let us now turn back some lustres in order to make the acquaintance of the representatives of the Pavian School. *The Virgin's Family,* by Lorenzo di Fasoli, of Pavia (1513), is a curious work, very crowded but too variegated in colour, which does not prevent the flesh tints from being too monotonous; the light, besides, is too scattered. This facile and effeminate painting shows the effects of Solario's influence.

The Virgin of another Pavian painter, Bartolommeo Bononi, is firmer in design, but the colouring, of a glazed blue tone is wanting in strength, and the whole work lacks emphasis.

The leader of a school the tendencies of which were quite the opposite, Raphael Santi da Urbino, although he has been sacrificed to Leonardo's genius, has at the Louvre half a dozen superior paintings, from the beginning of his Florentine period to the end of his Roman term.

The *Saint George* and *Saint Michael* take us back to the fortunate era when, abandoning Perugino's teachings, he adopted a freer manner, without, however, yet renouncing the solid execution of the Umbrians. The *Saint George* is a marvel of movement, life and warmth, the rider is so well in saddle upon his fiery steed, brandishing with so much steadiness the sabre which is to level the infernal dragon. And what a fine combination of tones, what a pleasure for the eyes!

With the *Belle Jardinière* the colouring begins to lose its warmth, but there is a lasting charm in this young mother, so perfectly beautiful with her candid regard, albeit not very intellectual, and in this chubby boy who looks so tenderly at the one that gave him life and watches over him.

The *Virgin with the Diadem* has already more solemnity; the handling, at least, has that firmness which his most gifted pupil, Giulio Romano, pushed to hardness.

Then there is the wonderful portrait of Count Balthazar Castiglione, the dearest of friends and

Titian (Tiziano Vecelli).

The Man with the Glove.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

the most suggestive of Raphael's advisers. Nothing equals the mingling of frankness and inherent nobleness of this masterpiece, light and silvery in the shadows, solid and powerful in the flesh tints, painted, as it were, in a breath.

Another portrait, that of *Jane of Aragon,* although Raphael did not paint it from life, but used one of Giulio Romano's sketches, combines with richness of costume a distinction that is not without artlessness. As a proof of this, look at the hands, which still have an inexperienced movement, such as we find in a Primitive ; nevertheless, they are charming, and the trace of the effort touches us more than skill accomplished by a feat.

Still, I assert that Raphael's glory would be enhanced if we withdrew from his list the *Holy Family of Francis I.* and *Saint Michael Overthrowing Satan.* These two compositions were, it is true, executed from his designs; perhaps he himself brushed them a little. But we must not forget that at the epoch when they were done, towards 1518, Raphael, become head architect of Saint Peter's Church and superintendent of Leo X's works of art, had no longer the leisure to paint important pictures. The only exception was *The Transfiguration,* which he painted in order to win a contest between himself and Sebastiano del Piombo. He was, consequently, obliged to leave to his pupils the care of translating his cartoons into pictures. To these pupils, therefore, we must doubtless attribute this colouring by turns too gray or too violent, the want of firmness and, above all, the freshness of the faces. With these restrictions we may admit that the invention and arrangement of the two paintings still show fine inspiration and consummate science. We feel in them the lion's claw.

Does it not seem that, beyond their own worth, these works here shine with a particular splendour because they were conquered for France during the life-time of their author by such a generous prince as Francis I.? An exchange of ideas took place between the artist and the sovereign. The latter was not contented with simply unloosening his purse-strings ; he also indicated to Raphael the subject to be executed, encouraged and inspired him. This is why *Saint Michael* and the *Holy Family of Francis I.* are doubly inseparable from our artistic patrimony.

Some of Raphael's lieutenants—and they form a legion, whatever may say of them a certain author who claims that they number only four or five—the Spagnas, the Giulio Romanos, the Polidoro Caldara da Caravaggios, the Bagnacavallos, do not fail to accompany their immortal master at the Louvre. The list of them is complete, or nearly so, but if it abounds in names it is poor in real

manifestations of art. What could be more vacant and hackneyed than Bagnacavallo's *Circumcision* or Caravaggio's *Psyche Received into Olympus?*

As for Giulio Romano, if at least several of his paintings lack suppleness, air and sometimes even expression, we are obliged, in others, to admire their bold drawing and sobriety bordering upon grandeur. With all due deference to the passionate admirers of colour, I cannot, for my own part, help feeling a real respect for the artist when I look at the *Triumph of Titus and Vespasian.* What bearing and manner, without speaking of the faultless science of drawing and ordonnance! It was no easy matter to make interesting ten personages all in profile and all formed in an epic conception. Did Giulio Romano profit by the lessons of Mantegna, who created the incomparable *Triumph of Julius Cæsar,* that jewel of Hampton Court Palace, and who was his predecessor at Mantua? However this may be, the dignity and conviction of his triumphal cortège inspire us with esteem. How all the actors, heroes or victims, perform their parts, even to the horses that pull upon their reins with so much spirit! The weak point in the composition is that it is too methodical, too studied, too artificial. Where Mantegna had scattered rays of genius, Giulio Romano shines only by dexterous combinations. But it is not possible to go against fashion, and towards 1520 or 1525, the date of the *Triumph of Titus and Vespasian,* the grand Andrea Mantegna himself would probably no longer have given it the freshness that he put into his immortal *Triumph of Julius Cæsar.* Giulio Romano's talent and science are shown at the Louvre in a series of paintings and tapestry cartoons, the *Life of Scipio,* so hard and yet of such grand appearance. *The Nativity* is serious and almost majestic, although wanting in emotion. The *Triumph of Titus and Vespasian* has a spirited expression. As for the splendid *Portrait of a Man,* in which some critics have thought they recognised the author's own likeness, although it is probably the effigy of the anatomist André Vésale, the artist put aside for awhile his epic inclinations and reproduced with simplicity and suppleness the model who sat for him.

One of the second generation of the Roman School, Federigo Barocci, who had the good luck to be born in the same city as Raphael, and the good taste sometimes to imitate his glorious fellow-townsman, is not wanting in skill, as is amply shown by his paintings at the Louvre, *The Adoration of the Shepherds* and *The Holy Family.* He invented without effort and sometimes brilliantly, grouped skilfully and shaded to perfection. But he lacked fixed resolution, without which there can be no art, had no strong convictions and ignored what constitutes clear colouring. Instead of the contemplation so dear to Raphael, he shows an indefinable factitious agitation. His *Glorious Virgin* is full of affectation.

In allowing Leonardo da Vinci to leave for Milan, where he went to found the Milanese School, and Michael Angelo to go and plant his banner on the shores of the Tiber, Florence gave up the sceptre of painting. And yet, thanks to a century of training, there still remained some valiant strugglers in this antique nursery of Italian art. But none of its champions shone in the first rank. Raphael himself, who became a Florentine for awhile by adopting the principles and technical processes of his new fellow-citizens, was not long in feeling the need of breathing a more generous air and of opening by his own efforts a wider horizon.

First of all, here is a series of painters nurtured in the tradition of the quattrocentists, scrupulous draughtsmen but without ardour and sometimes even without freedom. Several of them, each with different aptitudes, have painted the same subject, the *Coronation of the Virgin.* Ridolfo Ghirlandajo's work is conscientious but without warmth or spirit; that of Raffaellino del Garbo displeases by its insipidity. This is also the failing of the painting exhibited under Piero di Cosimo's name; Mr. Knapp, the latest biographer of this artist, refuses to ascribe the work to him. The

Titian (Tiziano Vecelli).

Alphonso di Ferrare and Laura de' Dianti.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

idea of this composition is commonplace, it is full of insipid, sugary, feeble, undeveloped types, and in nowise recalls the occasionally vigorous realist and often savoury colourist that painted the *Death of Procris,* which is in the National Gallery at London. The angels, especially, are stumped in the same fashion as those of the Cologne School.

In the meanwhile, Leonardo da Vinci's precepts, more or less moderated by this same Piero di Cosimo, had given rise to a swarm of colourists eager to sacrifice the line for the impasto ; in their eyes the ideal no longer consisted in giving a strong outline, after the manner of Ghirlandajo or Pollajuolo, but in drowning this outline in floods of light and in producing the illusion of an enveloping atmosphere that softened or dissolved the forms.

The pious and fervent Lorenzo di Credi, who had the honour of working beside Leonardo in Verrocchio's studio, was still moderate in his attempts, if we leave out of account the ugliness that characterises all of his Child Jesuses, which are simply grotesque figures with immoderately puffed heads. He succeeds in charming us by his brush-work, now thick, now smooth and transparent as enamel. And what sincerity, conviction, and sometimes poesy in the figures evoked by this laborious pioneer ! His *Virgin Between Saint Julian and Saint Nicholas* wins our sympathy by its noble arrangement and touching expression. There is still more vitality in his *Christ and the Magdalen.* To admire this fine composition, done at a single stroke, we do not need to compare it with the neighbouring paintings representing the same subject and executed by two other Florentines, Mariotto Albertinelli and Angelo Bronzino. Considered by itself, the scene is full of salutary emotion; it realises one of the most enviable objects of painting, which is to incarnate in a group a whole world of impressions.

Some contemporaries more advanced than Lorenzo di Credi recognised as leader the devout and sedate Dominican, Fra Bartolommeo della Porta. If, until then, the Florentines had too often stopped half way, contenting themselves with truth independently of beauty, Fra Bartolommeo brightened the eyes of his countrymen with a superior ideal. Thanks to his efforts the art of ordonnance, or the general disposition and appearance of a composition, was carried to perfection. No one had yet understood how to intermingle lines with such grandeur. On the other hand, simply from having passed through Venice this monk enriched Florentine painting with an extraordinarily vigorous colouring. Still, I must here confess, *coram populo,* that his types have the double defect of not being taken from

nature or from antiquity; they are conventional without belonging to any generally accepted formula. The artist shows himself thus, with striking qualities and marked omissions, in this *Annunciation* and in his *Holy Family*.

With stronger reason, Fra Bartolommeo's unequal co-worker, Mariotto Albertinelli, lays himself open to criticism in his *Virgin and the Child* and in *Christ's Appearance to the Magdalen*. The vigorous colouring does not wholly make up for the inadequacy of the types: their physiognomies are really thin, disfigured and scanty.

By his deplorable facility and want of seriousness, Andrea del Sarto appears to us as a false Florentine. There is very little or no drawing in his work, and as a colourist he seems to be under Sodoma's influence, knowing all the tricks of the palette as well as showing a conventional pathos. Among artists who were pre-eminently draughtsmen it was not difficult for him to set forth the rights of colour. "We should, perhaps, diminish the value of Andrea del Sarto," says Paul Mantz, "if we considered him simply as one of the first among the Florentines of the second rank. Therefore we must be careful not to judge hastily and classify this master, who is irresistibly a charmer. But, although we may be profoundly fascinated by this gentle genius, we must not forget the respect due to hierarchy and justice; we must acknowledge that Andrea del Sarto has spoken with exquisite grace a language that he did not invent." And yet, in spite of these judicious reflections, I cannot help feeling an invincible antipathy for Andrea del Sarto. His colouring, it is true, is flowing and delicate, a sort of mixture of strawberries and cream, whipped cream, but no emphasis, no generous or simply poetical impression is obtained from this blending of colours. How much superior, vibrating and warm is the palette of Sodoma, Correggio and the Venetians compared with that of Andrea del Sarto! Take as an example his *Charity*, which is at the Louvre. It is flabby and commonplace; the heroine's face personifies weariness, indifference and almost stupidity. The catalogue tells us that this picture, painted in 1518 for Francis I., has greatly suffered, that its transposition from the panel to canvas by the then new process, excited universal curiosity in the eighteenth century. But so many of Andrea del Sarto's works that are marvellously well preserved show the same defects that we have a right to ascribe them to the author and not to the restorer. Examine in their turn the two *Holy Families*, in one of which Andrea del Sarto is said to have represented the Virgin in the features of his wife, the famous Lucrezia del Fede; they both display the same finish and the same scantiness.

A series of historical paintings shows us the slow dissolution of the Florentine School after the disappearance of Andrea del Sarto, a dissolution that lasted for nearly two-thirds of a century. In Rosso's *Pieta* and the *Challenge of Pierus's Daughters*, in Angelo Bronzino's finished model of dulness, *Christ and the Magdalen*, and in Salviati's *Incredulity of Saint Thomas* we see the artists exerting themselves to produce an effect. Adieu henceforth to all sincerity and inspiration. It is still worse in Pontormo's *Holy Conversation*, which has no longer anything of the really plastic distinctness of the Venetian Holy Conversations; the personages are so crowded therein that they lack air enough to breathe. And what conceit and incoherence in these ungainly figures whose heads are so badly attached to their shoulders and whose faces—a compromise between Michael Angelo and Il Parmeggianino—are so vacant and poor! This is studied art, cerebral and without any intervention of the heart. Let us add that nothing could be more ungraceful than the attitude of the Virgin, seated upon Saint Anne's lap and of the Child Jesus, standing upon the Virgin's knees. There was, however, a model created by a certain Leonardo da Vinci!

The *David and Goliath* of another Tuscan, Daniele da Volterra, shows us Michael Angelo's influence operating at the right moment for finishing the Florentine School. In the hands of indifferent imita-

Giorgione (Giorgio Barbarelli).

A Rustic Concert.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

tors Buonarrotti's stately drawing was not long in degenerating into mannerism. The picture at the Louvre, in which, after all, the drawing is not too neglected or the colouring too dull, recalls to us the attention given to feats that were then so dear to the Italian masters; in addition, we have here an absolute wager, as is proved by Vasari's testimony. The Florentine critic, Giovanni della Casa, wishing to enlighten himself upon certain technical questions, employed Daniele da Volterra to make a clay model of a David, then to reproduce this statue in painting, once in front view and once in back view. The artist, as the painting at the Louvre completely demonstrates, did all that was possible to overcome the difficulty and render with the aid of a double painting all that sculpture can give.

Finally, *The Annunciation,* painted by the last of these decadent artists, Giorgio Vasari, calls up the remembrance of the conscientious and discerning biographer of the Italian artists, the skilful architect and perfect gentleman, but discourages us by its shaded colouring, expressionless heads and absolute want of character and temperament.

The Florentine School, now in irretrievable decline, kept up only by its portraits. The sentiment of accuracy and vigour of characterisation which had from the very beginning established its power, could not fail to have full play in work in which the intelligence has a greater part than the imagination.

At the head of these inexorable burinists shines Angelo Bronzino. The same as Lenbach, to-day,

he excels in incarnating a character in an individual. At the Louvre his *Portrait of a Sculptor* evokes one of those artistic figures of the sixteenth century, sedate, convinced, not without a shade of melancholy and with a stamp of indefinable distinction.

Pontormo also excelled in portrait-painting, and the one by which he is represented at the Louvre offers us a compensation for his *Holy Family*. The personage, an engraver of gems, seen at half length and nearly in front view, the right hand extended, is broadly painted and strongly modelled. It is, nevertheless, one of those disordered heads, so frequent at that epoch, in which a striving for effect has prevailed over the sincerity of the execution.

The *Viole Player,* by another Tuscan, Paolo Zacchia, of Lucca, attracts us by the amplitude and power of its characterisation, qualities that are strengthened by a superb colouring at once warm and transparent.

While the last Florentines lived too commodiously on the capital amassed by their glorious ancestors of the Middle Ages and the First Renascence, an extreme commotion reigned among the artists of Upper Italy. Unfortunately, there were only a few centres where these efforts resulted in the appearance of a really complete and superior artist.

Among these places was Ferrara. The most noted of the leaders of its second school of painting, Garofalo, whose works were long confounded with those of his compatriot and contemporary, Ortolano, has no less than five paintings at the Louvre. But we must not ask these works to give us an idea of the talent of this very distinguished colourist. I may say the same of Giovanni Dosso's *Saint Jerome ;* if the landscape pleases us by its moving masses and beautiful blue distances, we can only express our pity for the hero, with his reddish face and declamatory gestures. As for *The Virgin Between Saint Benedict and Saint Quentin,* whether it is due or not to the brush of Bianchi Ferrari, the presumed master of Correggio (M. Venturi attributes it to some imitator of Ercole Grandi), let us admire the freedom and mellowness of the touch, but let us also make allowance for the somewhat pale colouring, the too flat modelling and the too uniformly-distributed light.

The schools of Cremona, Brescia and Bergamo do not shine very brilliantly at the Louvre. The *Mother of Griefs,* by Bernardino Campi, although industriously executed, is artificial in conception. If Savoldo's two portraits of men attract our attention by an indefinable air of conviction they soon dishearten us by their brick flesh-tints and untransparent shadows. Finally, of the two incomparable portrait-painters, Alessandro Bonvicino, commonly called Il Moretti di Brescia, and Giovanni Battista Moroni, the first has only four indifferent Saints at the Louvre, while the name of the second does not even figure in the catalogue. What a misfortune that our national museum has not succeeded in securing, like the National Gallery at London, one of those half-length or life-size portraits so full of ease and distinction !

The masters of the Veronese School reserve higher enjoyment for us. A particularly delicious canvas, *The Virgin Surrounded by Angels,* by Girolamo dai Libri, combines the strength of the Primitives with a superb pigment, at once clear and amber-coloured, as well as with a large modelling. As for *The Holy Family* of Felice Riccio, the younger, surnamed Brusasorci, its facile execution and gray colour-scale, in which the reddish tones are skilfully contrasted, recall the most illustrious son of Verona, Paul Veronese, whose acquaintance we shall soon make when we study the Venetian School.

The leader of the Parmesan School, the exquisite Correggio, has only two paintings at the Louvre (not to speak of his two large gouaches, which have the dimensions of historical pictures), but they are splendid marvels. Who has not seen or heard of the radiant scene of *Antiope Asleep* and Cupid who watches—the sly dog—albeit his eyelids are closed ? In quite another manner is the *Mystical*

Raphael (Raffaello Santi).

Saint Michael.

Wedding of Saint Catherine. How can we fitly express the penetrating emotion that fills our soul when we contemplate this precious canvas in which the master reveals to us the mysteries of the marriage of a Virgin, a loving and chaste union of an artless heart with the Divinity itself?

The brilliant and frivolous painter Francesco Mazzola, more generally known to posterity by the name of Parmeggianino, serves as a set-off to his master Correggio; he counts at the Louvre two *Holy Families,* both very ordinary canvases, in which mannerism, the principal defect of the artist, has full sway.

According to tradition it is Primaticcio who painted the *Rustic Concert,* wherein a dozen women and children, more or less clothed, crowd themselves at the foot of a clump of trees in order to listen to one of their companions who plays the guitar, while a man accompanies him upon a tambourine. But do we really know to-day who was Primaticcio? M. Louis Dimier, who so ingeniously studies the history of the Fontainebleau School, will probably tell us one of these days. In the meanwhile the work of the famous sculptor-painter, who seems to have been eminent first of all as an impressario, is nebulous and not yet clarified. All we can say about the painting at the Louvre is that the personages and their attitudes recall the manner of Primaticcio, who himself took his inspiration from Correggio and Michael Angelo at the same time. These long, pale faces, these stiff and unnatural movements, and, in addition, the complete absence not only of all expression but of all signification, all reality, characterise perfectly the last followers of the Parmesan School. As the

Rustic Concert reproduces, with variations, one of the frescoes of the Henry II. Gallery at the Chateau of Fontainebleau, and as critics are unanimous in attributing these frescoes to Niccolo dell' Abbate, it is to him, or rather to one of his pupils, that we must finally ascribe the painting at the Louvre.

At Venice, in spite of the general decline, the art of painting was still further perfected, thanks to the efforts of Giorgione, Titian and Paul Veronese. Even after Raphael and Michael Angelo, their emulators of the Most Serene Republic extended in astonishing proportions a domain that was already vast. Paul Veronese, in particular, far from contenting himself with adding his prodigious colouring to the conquests of his predecessors, invented absolutely new effects of movement and grouping. With Paul Veronese, the painting in the last third of the sixteenth century reached its veritable zenith. Less learned than their brothers on the banks of the Arno or the Tiber, the Lagoon painters have given to their figures an unconscious nobleness and a grand appearance; their saints and martyrs belong to a race of gentlemen. What amplitude simply in the draperies, and how they were justified in reproaching the Florentines with the "parsimony of their tailors!" Besides, not having time to reflect they depended upon inspiration. With them, as Taine has said, "the eyes enjoy, that is all; the painting is merely the complement of the surrounding voluptuousness."

The secret of the unparalleled blossoming of Venetian art is first of all to be found in the admirable environment, in that society at once indolent and intellectual, attracted towards the adoration of every superiority. What preserved it in the midst of the general decay of Italy was the exuberance of life in an active, rich and joyous population. But we must also take into account the extraordinary appearance of a series of artists of genius—Giorgione, Titian, Paul Veronese—without whose aid, we must never forget, the most fertile soil would have remained barren.

The Venetian painters might have continued for an indefinite period to follow the path traced by Giovanni Bellini, had it not been for the arrival of a fiery innovator, Giorgione, who abruptly substituted an indefinable quality, but one that was incoherent and ungraceful, for the patient and sincere manner of the old school. Nothing could be less literary than the creations of this great and unfortunate artist. They are, as Theophile Gautier has declared, without subject and without anecdotes. But, as to conception and technical processes, the revolution personified by Giorgione has had great consequences. One of the first has been to substitute painted work for designed work; the outlines, which were formerly more or less stifled in the penumbra, were replaced by blended tones and by a sort of blazing of colours, *certo fiammegiare di colori,* as Vasari puts it. This innovation, if it offered incontestable advantages, also had serious inconveniences: it required the suppression of the modelling, which was so firm with the Primitives, and thus destroyed their exact and sincere rendering. Henceforth it was the semblance of objects that would be given, and not, as it were, the objects themselves; a pictorial conventionalism, almost a formula, was to succeed still-life deceptions. Was not Ingres thinking of the Primitives when he said that drawing was the probity of art?

Of the two paintings at the Louvre placed under Giorgione's name, one, a *Holy Family,* may well have been executed by another artist. It is, however, done in a warm and superb amber-colouring, but irresolute and poor in the types, especially that of the Child Jesus, which is scanty. The *Rustic Concert,* on the contrary, the authenticity of which has been equally questioned, although the most dauntless representative of the new critical school, M. Berenson, continues to ascribe it to Giorgione, reveals to us all the independence and amplitude incarnated in the young master. He brilliantly originates the pastoral style, so flourishing among the Italian poets long before the painters took it up in their turn. Nothing in this celebrated *Rustic Concert* betrays effort, and the rupture with the Primitive models as well as those of antiquity is complete. What unexpected discoveries in the costumes

Paul Veronese (Paolo Caliari).

The Disciples of Emmaus.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

and attitudes of the two men seated upon the ground! The work, however, is not perfect: it lacks air. Moreover, the nude figures resemble blocks of marble hardly roughed out; they are torsos of peasants and not of noble women.

The change operated by Giorgione was astounding; as late as 1506 Albert Durer designated old Giovanni Bellini as the prince of Venetian masters. Now, when Giorgione died, in 1510, Venetian painting had long flown with its own wings.

The powerful colourist who transplanted the teachings of the Venetian School upon the shores of the Tiber, without, however, forming a set of pupils there, Sebastiano del Piombo, is represented at the Louvre by his *Visitation,* which dates from 1521. According to Paul Mantz, Michael Angelo must have given the sketch of the entire group, including the two women who follow the Virgin.

Consequently, adds the eminent critic, the work has a supreme beauty, a grandeur of movement and force of expression that Sebastiano, reduced to his own resources, might have been powerless to give. The author of the "Masterpieces of Italian Painting" admires, besides, "the strong and abundant colouring, the draperies of such noble style, the heads of such a stern and grandiose character; the Virgin's two hands," he adds, "especially the one she advances towards Saint Elizabeth, are worthy of antique statuary." I find it difficult to ratify such praise. In my eyes, if the colouring is at the same time thick and vapoury, after Andrea del Sarto's manner, but with more warmth, the heads are poor and the attitudes commonplace.

But here is Titian, the undisputed leader of the Venetian School. If his paintings at the Louvre do not eclipse those at the Academy of the Fine Arts, at Venice, and at the Madrid Museum, they have not, moreover, to be compared with them. To the brilliant masterpieces overflowing with lyricism that are entitled the *Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple* and the *Assumption of the Virgin* are

added *The Virgin with the Rabbit, The Virgin with the Lamb,* the pathetic *Entombment,* the *Pilgrims of Emmaus* and the portraits.

If we examine well the double effigy of the Duke Alphonso di Ferrara and Laure de' Dianti, it is impossible not to see the progress that portrait-painting has made in less than two or three lustres. The quattrocentists would not have failed to place the two originals beside each other in an attitude more or less symmetrical and official. But now the idea even of pose has disappeared from collective portraits, which have become transformed into every-day-life pictures. Such is the case with the portrait in question, which was formerly called *Titian's Belle.* Seen standing at half length, with her face turned towards the looking-glass held by her adorer, one hand is occupied in stroking her hair, the other rests upon a perfume bottle placed upon the table in front of her. This young woman, with her tender and opulent grace, her soft regard and voluptuous mouth, has become the incarnation of beauty. She is not coquettish; she does not even have the idea of diminishing by any artifice of dress her too robust shoulders and breast, which do not harmonise well with the youthfulness and delicacy of her visage. Her body has never known the use of a corset. But observe what can be accomplished by subjectiveness in art: of this Ferrara hatter's daughter Titian has made an ideal Venetian courtesan, one of those superb and unintellectual creatures whose admirers ask only a smile from their sensual lips, a good appetite and gaiety. At Rome the members of the curia, "the curials," were more exacting: the beautiful Imperia was the paragon of all the sciences if not of all the virtues. At Venice, where Pietro Aretin had not yet come to teach fine manners and language to his seraglio, the patricians were content with the pleasure of the eyes.

Another portrait, that of Francis I., shows us what constitutes power of assimilation and warmth of colouring. Titian had never seen the French sovereign; he knew his features only by a medal, that is to say by a simple profile, a very ungrateful resource. And yet with what spirit he has represented him! This portrait has become inseparable from the victor of Marignan and the vanquished of Pavia; the poverty of the physiognomy—low and receding forehead, immoderately long nose and straggly beard—have disappeared, and in their place we have the synthesis of a distinguished, generous and chivalrous prince, the Father of Letters and Arts. This is what genius can do!

By their long sojourn on the banks of the Seine, the works of Titian—and I have not mentioned *Jupiter and Antiope,* the allegorical *Portrait of Alfonso of Avalos* or the *Man with the Glove*—have become like our own compatriots; they have influenced our education, they have taught us to see and to feel. Let us doubly render homage to these masterpieces of art and these national memorials.

Still more imposing, if possible, than Titian's work is that of another giant, Paul Veronese, who carries upon his shoulders, the splendid edifice of Venetian painting. With him drawing and general arrangement, too much neglected by his emulator, recover all their rights; he had not vainly imbibed in antique Verona the glorious milk of a classical education!

At the Louvre this great magician is peerless. In *Jupiter Confounding Crime* he equals Andrea Mantegna for the dexterity of his foreshortening and his ceiling effects, to which he adds a superb, fresh and savoury colouring. In *The Crucifixion* he has invented a grouping that is at once picturesque and pathetic. His *Saint Mark Crowning the Theological Virtues* is firm and powerful. If his *Holy Family* is more profane in conception and not exempt from affectation, what qualities, in exchange, of force, amplitude and movement; what passionate ardour in the kneeling donor who lays one hand upon his breast and extends the other as though in a state of ecstasy! As for the *Repast at Simon's House,* the light, although very limpid, gives to the picture an indefinable character of gravity.

In *The Disciples of Emmaus* Paul Veronese treats the same subject as Titian and wins a most striking victory over him. As a real dramatist he renders Christ's fervour when regarding the heavens

Paul Veronese (Paolo Caliari).
The Wedding Feast of Cana.

at the moment of giving his blessing, and the violent shock of the two disciples recognising their master. Let us continue this parallel between the two paintings preserved at the Louvre. With the exception of the three figures, Veronese's composition is quite as profane as that of Titian; we see reappear in it not only children playing with dogs, but also a crowd of personages that have nothing to do with the subject and show no interest in the scene. It is evident that Veronese, who was not a master portrait-painter for nothing, wished to please his parents, friends or acquaintances by introducing their effigies into this solemn spectacle; he has even given a place to a fat, gossiping woman carrying her new-born babe in her arms, while her little son and daughter are crouched at her feet. This is not the only mistake made by the Verona painter. Look at the head of the cook-woman who

is standing near the door, behind Christ : it is a third larger than that of Christ, who is, however, placed much nearer the spectator !

But here is a magical book that opens itself before our eyes ! In a single page it contains the ample matter of a powerful and admirable production, and we can pass enchanted hours in deciphering the abundant lines, clear, witty, of high style, picturesque taste, broad thought and proud flight which the master-hand of Paul Veronese has traced for the joy of our eyes. *The Wedding Feast of Cana* is simply a title, a friendly concession made to the religious scruples of the monks whose refectory had the glorious privilege of furnishing a like scene.

Paul Veronese understood how to give a common inspiration to all the numerous actors of this scene as well as to individualise even the smallest supernumerary. The picture offers us striking testimony as to his skill as a portrait-painter, in the half-length figure of a woman, front view, a clenched hand resting upon her hip, the other held out to her son, a little urchin, with woolly hair like that of

a negro. She has a calm, assured physiognomy, a firm regard and a slightly disdainful mouth. Everything in this fine likeness, face, attitude and costume, is sincere and harmonious; it enlightens us upon what remains of ingenuity and even naturalism with the brilliant Paolo Cagliari !

Who can doubt that Tintoretto, the rival of Paul Veronese and Titian, had a powerful imagination, a vibrating soul, animation and facility of execution ! His drawing is hasty and careless, his colouring muddy when it does not resemble ink patches, the expression given to his personages is vulgar and their movements are exaggerated even to dislocation !

Let us take at random one of his canvases at the Louvre, *Susanna Bathing,* for example. Could there be anything less attractive? If the heroine's robust figure, with its torso scarcely shaped, recalls, with a vulgarity superadded, the type created by Giorgione in the *Rustic Concert,* Tintoretto's pitiable facility is shown by numberless deficiencies. The heads of Susanna's two attendants, one of whom is occupied with a very prosaic detail of the toilette—and long before Rembrandt—are too small, and one of them is badly foreshortened. As though to correct these imperfections, inseparable from his habit of doing everything in a hurry, Tintoretto made every effort to over-finish the accessories. What patness in the two toads that are hopping about in the luxuriant grass !

Twenty artists of talent form the cortège to the sovereign masters of Venetian painting. Here, in order of date, is Lorenzo Lotto. The same as Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, he is astride the quattrocento and the cinquecento periods. If his *Saint Jerome,* with its strong and compact handling, is still related to the traditions of the Primitives, his *Woman Taken in Adultery,* while revealing some reminiscences of Northern art, is already empty and pompous. Finally, his *Holy Family,* with its greater finish and its blue, lifeless colouring, announces the advent of the Bolognese School.

Although a contemporary of Lotto (both having been born, it is affirmed, about 1480), Palma Vecchio did not, at the beginning of his career, give any such pledges to archaism, or, later in life, make any sacrifice to such degeneracy. There is perfect unity in his style. His painting at the Louvre, *The Annunciation to the Shepherds,* seems to have been done at a stroke, it is so warm, luminous and spirited; the young shepherd, particularly, is full of genuine zeal.

The Bonifazios, on the contrary, appear to us as exhausted Palmas or Titians. They no longer know little else than a spiritless and decorative painting. All religious sentiment has disappeared from their *Holy Families* and *Adorations;* if the eye can still find some pleasure in these blending of tones, the mind, on the other hand, seeks in vain for any aliment.

Paris Bordone, at least and in spite of everything, still belongs to the race of grand painters. What distinction and charm in the half-length figures of his *Vertumnus and Pomona !* What savoury firmness in his *Portrait of an Old Man and a Child,* both resting their hand upon a globe ! Another portrait, that of Jerome Croftt, a German, in three-quarter face and seated in an armchair, shows the model in a familiar pose, while the colour, except in the face, is rich and abundant.

I hesitate to attribute to the Venetian School another portrait, that of a woman in front view, with a glove in one hand and the other playing with a gold chain; it ranges between the Primitives and the champions of the High Renascence. I will begin by declaring that the work is not at all pleasing : to the exactness of the Primitives it unites an indefinable affectation and shabbiness. The woman's sharp features, pinched mouth, inelegant and pretentious costume betray a laborious and unintelligent artist. This unsuccessful portrait is ascribed in the catalogue to the Venetian School. Should we not get nearer to the truth in seeking the author among the masters of the Milanese School, the Ambrogio dei Predis or the Bernardino dei Contis? The costumes also seem to me to be Milanese rather than Venetian.

The close of the sixteenth century was disastrous for Italian painting, except at Venice, where, because they entered the lists late, the artists preserved their strength much longer. But, can we deny

Primatice (Francesco Primaticcio).

The Concert.

that the opening of the seventeenth century promised a requital and authorised the most brilliant hopes? Leaving out of account for the moment the Bolognese School, of which we shall shortly speak, we have to do with masters such as Michelangelo da Caravaggio, Pietro da Cortona and Salvator Rosa.

Whatever may be said, at that moment Italian painting began to revive, and this revival was shown in the reaction against the deplorable frivolity and facility of the schools of Florence, Rome or Parma. The reason is that notwithstanding all the causes of decline, Italian art, which rested upon such a broad and rich base, was hard to kill. Renan was right in saying that Italy, even in 1600,

"preserved something of its life of the time of Leo X., a life so complete, so free, so full-blown." Some superior works at the Louvre, in the absence of any other documents, suffice to prove this. Thus, in the middle of the seventeenth century, in the days of Mazarin, two of its representatives, Grimaldi and Romanelli, were not afraid to face in Paris the French painters, become so redoutable, while Luca Giordano was called to the Escurial at Madrid to cheer by his prestidigious fancies the morose court of Spain.

In spite of all, the "ultramontanes," thanks to the severe discipline of the Carraccis, had become reconciled with this sincerity in art that is called drawing. And moreover, they had behind them such a legacy of glory to expend! Henceforth, the fantastical artists, who had at least put vivacity into their work, were obliged to count with the realists on one hand and with the academists on the other.

At the head of the first category stands the wild and original Michelangelo da Caravaggio. In

the invention of scene and personages he is second to none in independence (see, for instance, his *Fortune Teller,* which is, besides, disgustingly vulgar), and he excels in contrasting light and shade. He is as much preoccupied about relief as were Leonardo da Vinci and Giorgione, but in a harder, more opaque and less iridescent note. His *Death of the Virgin* is a beautiful, grand and pathetic masterpiece; he has flooded it with light and given, like Rembrandt, the impression of depth and space. Notwithstanding her masculine type, the Virgin's figure is superb, and the hands are marvellously posed and modelled. The only reproach that I should make to the Magdalen would be that the contour of the nape of the neck is too strongly marked. As for the *Portrait of Alof of Wignacourt,* Grand Master of Malta, 1601, sheathed in armour, standing and holding in his two gloved-hands the staff of the Order, it is of noble appearance. What a pity that it is so black!

It needed a good deal of courage less than thirty years ago to criticise the Bolognese School, and to-day it requires still more fearlessness to say a good word in its favour. I accept this ungrateful task, without, however, concealing from myself all the imperfections and all the shortcomings of an art that is evidently in its decline. Everything has been repeated concerning this need of exaggerated generalisation which takes from the figures their emphasis and individuality, this heavy and ordinary style, these artificial and insipid conceptions, and, as Anatole France calls them, in his "Lys Rouge," these "blue cloaks shaken by a motionless tempest." It is because the paintings of the Bolognese School express no healthy or generous sentiment that they ought to be condemned. Could there be anything more wretched than a picture by a Guercino, anything poorer in expression than his *Abraham and Hagar,* so extravagantly praised by Lord Byron? And has any artist ever carried affectation as far as Domenichino in his *Saint Cecilia,* at the Louvre? There is no longer any naturalness or any sentiment that was not calculated.

And yet, the reform operated by the Carraccis, that academic reaction, was indispensable in order to give some solidity to painting. Has the reader any idea of the shocking facility and vulgarity of the Zuccheros and the Vasaris? It was necessary to restore equilibrium if not contemplation to artistic minds and to bring back sincerity in the execution of their works. This was the task attempted by the Bolognese School. If the Bolognese had no real qualities of workmanship I should not have the courage to seek to defend them. Therefore, all the Bolognese paintings should not be expelled from the Louvre, as some critics demand, but simply those indifferent and insignificant works that give no idea of the capacity of their authors.

The Carraccis, those great reformers of the seventeenth century, were fully persuaded that in art it is only necessary to have the will in order to have the ability; that simple talent, which is an easy and brilliant conception, can replace temperament and be capable of carrying an artist on independently of the ambient atmosphere. The Bolognese School was certainly not wanting in knowledge, taste and inclination, but was this sufficient? Without a fertile soil, a warm sun and a beneficial shower at the right moment the best germs remain unproductive. Moreover, we must not judge the Bolognese masters solely by their works that have been placed at the Louvre. Think of the superb series of frescoes by Annibale Carracci in the Farnese Palace at Rome, the *Aurora,* by Guido Reni, in the Rospigliosi Palace, Domenichino's frescoes in the church of Saint Andrea della Valle, in the same city, and those at the Grotta Ferrata.

At the Louvre the Carraccis are very poorly represented; the *Pieta,* by Annibale, to mention only this one, is full of inharmonious lines and dull colour. As for his *Virgin in Glory,* it abounds in violent and inflated movements.

Among these Bolognese artists, whose existence was so agitated and dramatic, so rich in intellectual incentives, in strokes of good and bad fortune, in intrigues and snares, no one more than Guido

Correggio (Antonio Allegri).

The Mystical Marriage of Sainte Catherine of Alexandria.

Reni experienced to a great degree the intoxication of glory and supreme humiliation. Still, up to extreme old age he was able to doubt everything except his talent. But now, even this talent is questioned by modern critics. After having so long lauded Guido to the skies, posterity feels the need of covering him with opprobrium.

Who would suppose, in looking at his *Abduction of Helen,* that this picture had inspired more

sonnets and poems than no matter what other masterpiece at whatever epoch? Let us avoid such excess while rendering justice to the ineffable mingling of sorrow and resignation in another painting at the Louvre, the *Ecce Homo,* and recognise the solid pictorial qualities of the *Abduction of Dejanira,* with its rich impasto and vigorous contrasts of light and shade. But what vulgarity in the types, and how artificial everything is in the idea if not in the execution! The subject interpreted by Guido has taken no root in his head or in his heart; he works by an effort of will and not by real inspiration.

The Louvre contains no less than twelve paintings illustrating all the aspects of the ability of Domenico Zampieri, commonly called Domenichino. Without denying his seriousness as an inventor and his science as a draughtsman, I feel indifferent before these canvases that were once celebrated; they now cause an insurmountable impression of weariness. Nothing could be more artificial or forced than his *Saint Cecilia,* notwithstanding the agreeable tone of the red robe; we vainly seek in this painting not intensity or emotion, but a little of that fluid which we call life.

Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, surnamed Il Guerchino, has at the Louvre eleven canvases, which show the disciple of the Carraccis and of Caravaggio painting subjects taken in turn from the Bible, mythology, Roman history, the Evangelists, the "Lives of the Saints," and also executing portraits. Such universal aptitude need not at once surprise or shock us. Was it not the same with the strongest, noblest and most generous talents, the Raphaels, Titians and Correggios? If Barbieri had lived in their day they would have had to be on their guard! Perhaps he would have equalled them. Envious destiny willed that he should come "too late into a world too old," as Alfred de Musset said. In spite of all his efforts the charm was broken, and where his predecessors had shown inspiration and harmony he displayed only intellectual effort and sometimes an unproductive discordance.

Francesco Albani did not possess a powerful temperament, but he was, all the same, a painter with a sentiment of ordonnance, picturesqueness and decoration. His chubby deities move about easily according to the laws of art, and not after the manner of the high-reliefs so dear to the second generation of the Renascence; their lines are soft and supple. Compared with his Bolognese townsmen, Albani is like a Prudhon set against a Louis David. The *Venus's Toilette* and *Diana and Actæon* show us some fine nude bodies with delicate lines and flesh, without, however, attaining the sovereign grace of a Correggio. *Cupids Disarmed* recalls the swarm of cupids by Titian and Rubens. I cannot bestow the same praise on *The Annunciation.*

The Florentine School, which had fallen so low at the end of the preceding century, did not, however, intend to disappear. It procured a semblance of vigour by strengthening itself in the neighbouring schools. Its principal champion, Pietro da Cortona—not to speak here of Dolci, Chimenti or Cigoli, the author of the touching and popular *Saint Francis at Prayer*—makes a very good figure when compared with the Bolognese or with the Neapolitans. His *Jacob and Laban, The Nativity, The Virgin and the Child, Romulus and Remus,* and the *Meeting of Æneas and Dido* are all light, animated and brilliant paintings, although lacking solidity. The brain that conceived them was, in spite of all, the vibrating brain of an artist.

The same as his master Pietro da Cortona, Romanello was essentially a skilful and brilliant decorator; we have as proofs of this not only the paintings in our national museum but the frescoes at the Louvre and at the National Library.

The Roman branch of the Carracci School counts at the Louvre two artists of merit, but whose works appear to be antiquated because we admired them too much in our youth; I mean those of Sassoferrato and Maratta. Leaving aside the religious works of these masters, as they are so well known, I will mention only Maratta's *Portrait of Madalena Rospigliosi.* It is a good human document, if not a transcendent piece of painting. Although the features are heavy, the bearing is natural and firm; as for the accessories, especially the lace, they are brilliantly rendered. The conclusion is that, even in the time of a Maratta, Italian painting was stronger than in the days of the Vasaris, Zuccheros and their accomplices in degeneracy; its workers still knew how solidly to render the image of their contemporaries.

To enrich the Neapolitan School, which had been for a long time so unfruitful, it required nothing less than the ardent action of the Spaniard, Ribera, who had, besides, received his own instruction from an Italian, Michelangelo da Caravaggio. Thus, Italian painting, rejuvenated in the fifteenth century

Guardi (Francesco).

The Doge's Procession to the San Zaccaria Church.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

by infiltrations from the North (I speak of the Van Eycks and their disciple, Antonello of Messina), was renewed in the seventeenth century by penetrations from the South. It received from Spain not only its vivacity, but, what is better, a warmth in conception and colouring.

Of the work of the most passionate representative of the Neapolitan School, Salvator Rosa, we will speak only of his *Battle*. Similar paintings had not been wanting in Italian art before this one was executed. Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Giulio Romano and Titian had left, I think, some striking models. But no artist had yet put into these subjects such a flexibility of drawing and warmth of colouring. We may also admire the art with which Rosa, without

sacrificing the episodes, each one of which indicates terrible obstinacy, fury or sufferings, dominated the whole of the struggle, and the precision with which he disposes the superb cavalry charges of the second and third grounds ; the water-colour draughtsmen attached to a War-Office would not have done better. As if the frenzy of the combatants were not enough, the elements themselves are made to intervene in this epic contest : the leaden, unpromising sky is preparing to pour down a waterspout upon this scene of carnage, the horror of which is still more increased by the ruined temple, the trees shaken by the tempest and the worn rocks in the background.

Another Neapolitan, who took his inspiration from Paul Veronese rather than from Ribera, Luca Giordano, signalised himself by his prodigious facility, whence his surname "Fa Presto." His *Mars and Venus,* at the Louvre, proceeds in a direct line from Veronese, with the exception of the richness in colouring. It is the real unsymmetrical composition so highly appreciated by the Venetians ; it has their opulent forms and even their sometimes vacant types. Examine particularly the two soubrettes ; they seem as if cut out from one of Veronese's canvases. Giordano, moreover, was not the only one to adopt these types : Rubens, and after him Watteau, did not fail to offer them a too cordial hospi-

tality. Giordano's imitation reserves us still another teaching : it reveals to us what remains of a Venetian masterpiece when its charm and colour have been removed.

What a lot more of brilliant inventors in that seventeenth century, to-day so decried ; how many masters of the brush who lacked only the misfortune of not having been born some hundreds of years sooner ! Let us not question their talent, or accuse the fatality that made them enter the world too late. At the Louvre, even, there might be recalled more than one name that was formerly celebrated : Bartolommeo Schidone, who balances between reminiscences of Correggio and the influence of the naturalists ; Giuseppino, whose productiveness was equal to that of his father, the Chevalier d'Orpin ; Domenico Feti, whose figure of *Melancholy,* bent over a death's head, is full of deep sentiment.

The Italian School had been silent for some time when suddenly the Venetians—the last who were called to this great struggle—roused up, renewed their ideal and once more imposed themselves upon the rest of the world. Rosalba Carriera triumphed in the very heart of Paris; Tiepolo was called to Wurzburg and to Madrid ; Casanova to Vienna. All of them remained painters to the end, and with what a variety of resources ! Some, like Tiepolo, as a genuine grandson of Paul Veronese, staked all their glory in imagination and brilliancy ; fantasy, even did not frighten them, as is shown by the boldness of their tangled arrangements and ungainly figures. Others, and to this class belongs Guardy, endeavoured to execute broadly and with warmth, as Giorgione and Titian had formerly done ; others, still, having Canaletto as leader, patiently studied, like their Dutch models, the effects of light, for which the Grand Canal furnished the inexhaustible theme.

With these masterpieces we take leave of the Italian School ; henceforth it definitely gives way to its younger brother, the French School. It had well earned the right to repose ; during six centuries it had accumulated the marvels that are still to-day the glory of the Louvre.

EUGENE MUNTZ.

Canaletto (Antonio Canale).

View of the Church of the Madonna della Salute and the Entrance to the Grand Canal at Venice.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Caravaggio (Michelangelo Amerighi da).

Portrait of Alof of Wignacourt, Grand Master of Malta in ***1601.***

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Correggio (Antonio Allegri).

Antiope.

Domenichino (Domenico Zampieri).

Sainte Cecilia.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Raphael (Raffaello Santi).

Portrait of Jane of Aragon, Wife of Prince Ascanio Colonna,
Constable of the Kingdom of Naples.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Raphael (Raffaello Santi).

Portrait of Balthazar Castiglione, Ambassador and Man of Letters.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Giulio Romano (Giulio Pippi).

The Triumph of Titus and Vespasian.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Solario (Andrea).

The Virgin with the Green Cushion.

Tiepolo (Gian Battista).

The Lord's Supper.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Titian (Tiziano Vecelli).

Portrait of Francis I.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Paul Veronese (Paolo Caliari).

A Woman's Portrait.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Leonardo da Vinci.

La Gioconda, portrait of Mona Lisa.

9/2

School of Memling.

TRIPTYCH.

The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. — The Resurrection.

The Ascension.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

THE PRIMITIVE FLEMISH SCHOOL

AND THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

THERE is at the Louvre a remarkable choice of Netherlandish works that are precious by their quality, diversity and significative value, as well as by their origin and excellent state of preservation. This collection, which is composed of a nucleus of ancient works to which have been added more recent acquisitions, enables us to make a precise and profitable general study of this admirable school.

The Louvre has a Jan Van Eyck that is important by its shape, style and the historical interest of the personage represented; of all the works of its author not remaining in religious edifices, this painting is unique by the perfection and charm of the landscape that forms the background. The personage represented belongs to French history: it is a Frenchman, a distinguished Burgundian, Master Nicholas Raulin, or Rolin, Councillor of Burgundy and Chancellor of Duke Philip the Good. Our old inventories show that this valuable painting has come to us from the cathedral of Autun. This is not surprising, for Cardinal Jean Rolin, the son of our donor, took the most active part in the repairing, embellishment and finishing of this monument of French art, which was his episcopal see. The Rolin mansion still exists at Autun and is used for the meetings of the "Æduan Society." The painting now at the Louvre is the same work that was in the vestry

of the cathedral in the last century, and thus described at that epoch: "An original painting upon wood representing Chancellor Rolin kneeling before the Mother of God. In the background, a perspective view of Bruges, with more than two thousand figures, whose various movements can only be seen by the aid of a magnifying glass." It is probable that many of the readers of this description have visited Bruges and can, by a simple comparison, easily detect the geographical error.

If the Louvre possesses the finest Van Eyck landscape that remains, with the exception of those of Ghent, it is also the richest museum in the world in unquestionable and important Memlings, leaving aside, of course, those at Bruges. This richness is, moreover, of somewhat recent date, and comes partly from gifts and partly from purchases. Of the six Memlings now in our possession, the two that first entered the Louvre were bought less than fifty years ago, in 1851, from Baron de Fagel, the Netherlands Minister, after having been in the collection of the King of Holland, William II. This *John the Baptist* and this *Mary Magdalene* are certainly the wings, or shutters, of a triptych, the central part of which has been destroyed or is still to be discovered.

The Louvre is, I believe, the only museum where Memling has thus far had the good fortune to have one of his diptyches reconstituted. Our national museum has, in this reverential work, benefitted by the liberality of persons at Paris well known for their intelligence and taste. A friend of Ingres, the late M. Edward Gatteaux, was the first to bequeath to us this delicious Virgin surrounded by saintes, *The Mystical Marriage of Sainte Catherine of Alexandria*. Some years later, Madame Edward André, in conformity with the last wishes expressed by her generous husband, continued the efforts to obtain the other half of the diptych in order to complete the Gatteaux gift. This other half, *A Donor in Prayer Under the Protection of Saint John*, had figured at the Secrétan sale, whence it passed into the hands of M. Stephen Bourgeois. We have thus been enabled to offer for the admiration and study of connoisseurs an extremely rare specimen of a "portable oratory" or "travelling altar."

The most important work of the fine Memling collection is *The Virgin and the Child Adored by the Donors*. This painting in addition to the four sacred figures of the Virgin, the Child Jesus and Saints James and Dominic, has no less than twenty-one personages in the foreground.

The angel is absent from our finest Memling, but we shall find it in an exquisite work executed during the master's last years, the *Saint Sebastian* triptych. We might have already signalled the angel's presence, somewhat effaced in the backgrounds of previous works that the logical fancy of the miniaturist has peopled with suggestive episodes and stories connected by slight and subtle ties to the principal subject. Thus, in *Mary Magdalene* we distinguish the blessed sinner transported by prayer above her grotto and sustained by two figures with long wings. We also see in the aerial heights of one of the sides of the Gatteaux-André diptych three little musical angels accompanying with their beaked flutes the harmony of the portable *rigabellum,* or small regal organ, played by Sainte Cecilia. In another shutter there is a guardian angel who saves a little soul, doubtless that of the donor, from the claws of the red dragon in order to place him in the protecting hands of his good sovereign, Our Lady. In the *Saint Sebastian* triptych the angel is no longer "the newly-born of midnight;" it has grown, risen, and belongs to a higher degree in the hierarchy. It obtains the honours of the group of the foreground in the central panel, "The Resurrection;" it has been judged worthy of removing the sepulchral stone to make a passage for the divine resurrected. Above this luminous apparition, the young spirits, the children of the Seraphic Father, spread and sustain the heavy, sumptuous garlands of glory under the mystical arch; they are here, for this time, brothers to the little pagan cupids, although they have not even their wings.

Cologne School (Fifteenth Century).

The Descent from the Cross.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Cologne School (Fifteenth Century).

The Descent from the Cross.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Before taking leave of the captivating master by whom we love to be retained, I must mention another one of his works, rare in all respects. I may even say that it is unique in its kind, for the *Sainte Barbara* by Jan Van Eyck, the celebrated painting of the Van Ertborn collection in Antwerp, is only a simple pen drawing set off by a few touches of water-colour, while the study at the Louvre, the *Head of a Monk, Reading,* is unquestionably a "painting upon paper," as it was called by our late colleague, M. Francis Reiset.

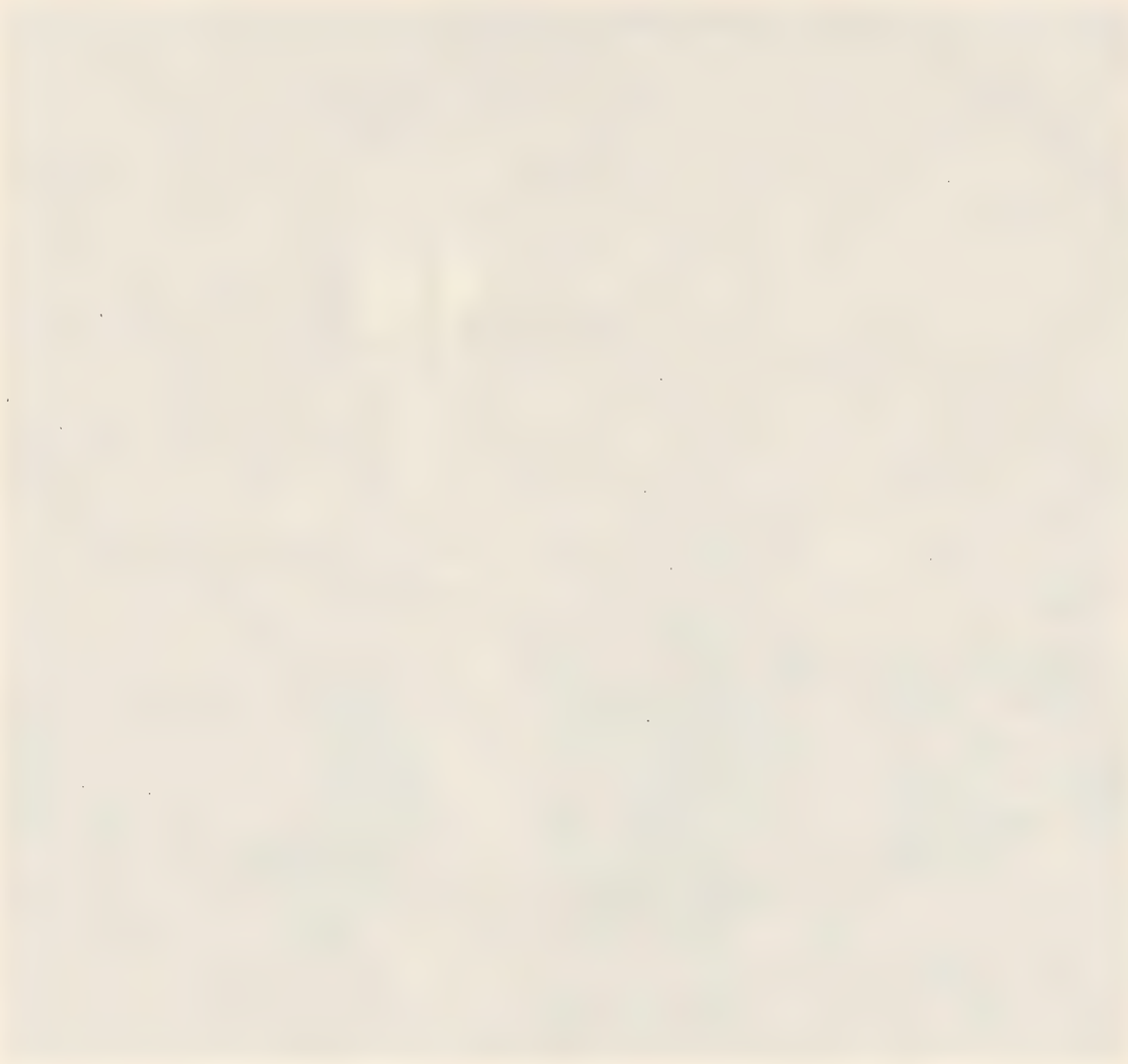
The narrow limits assigned to this study have not permitted us to speak more fully concerning the masters whose works we have just mentioned. On the other hand, we must add that we have thus far had to do with artists who are relatively well known. Their great merit,

the distinct character of their style, the abundance of the artistic and historical documents that we possess concerning them, all contribute to make them figures with definite features set in full light. Opinions are nearly unanimous concerning their personal action and the work left by them. Traditions, signatures, dates, inscriptions, are all so many witnesses who remain, who have not been challenged, and whose testimony has given rise to no doubt.

It is not the same for Rogier de la Pasture, commonly called Rogier Van der Weyden. The

name of the painter who has given celebrity to Tournay by his birth and to Brussels by his death remains as famous as his work continues to be obscure. Less than ever at the present hour it seems that no agreement can be reached as to the effective part to be attributed to him in this considerable amount of work of the Netherlandish fifteenth century, in which is revealed the tendency towards the pathetic and the dramatic and which had at first been grouped under his name with more or less discernment and too much complacency. From this shapeless mass it has been necessary to eliminate the dross, the coarse and valueless parts ; then, after sifting the choicest residue, to extract and separate in homogenious lots the diverse elements of similar appearance. It is in this manner that the anonymous artist was born and baptised in turn—according to the origin of the works judged as most important or most worthy of admiration among those that were to be attributed to him—the Master of Mérode and, more recently, the Master of Flémalle. Now, the larger part of these works, and the most remarkable, figured in the museums in the places of honour under the name of Rogier Van der Weyden, who thus found himself considerably dispossessed. The same case, besides, had already presented itself between Rogier and Dierick Bouts, of Harlem, as will be seen further on.

Among the Flemish paintings exhibited at the Louvre is one that offers the great interest of summing up several traits common to this important Brabant School, of which the masters we have just mentioned are fully qualified representatives. It is an *Annunciation,* or *The Angel's Salutation,* which came from Turin, where it was, very likely, in the last century, and is now classed among the "unknown," with the No. 2202. We have here the centre of a triptych that gives us the greatest desire to know and to find its wings. It is worth remarking that it is not common for such a subject to be treated in the central panel of a triptych; a secondary importance was attached to it in the Netherlands where, contrary to what took place in Italy, it was made to figure in the side parts, or even in the exterior grisailles. There are some celebrated examples of these two last manners at Dresden, Munich and elsewhere. The first mode is much less used in the northern schools ; we may cite the No. 114 in the Pinakothek at Munich, a conception worthy of Hugo Van der Goes, in which the Virgin is standing in an attitude full of dignity, with a poignant expression of painful presentiment ; this is another central panel for which the wings are wanting. But the most interesting example for us at this moment, and without doubt one of the oldest in date, is *The Annunciation* at Brussels, belonging to the dowager Countess of Mérode, and which had served, first of all, for the baptism of the famous anonymous master. Here we have a complete triptych of original conception ; the centre, provided this time with its wings, is devised in about the same proportions as our *Angel's Salutation,* that is to say, in a square form, or nearly so. The painting at the Louvre, moreover, can sustain a comparison with the corresponding part of the triptych, which has passionately interested the connoisseurs and seekers for many years. The realistic tendency, although manifested in our *Annunciation,* especially in the accessories, is less strongly indicated than in the Brussels panel. The types of the two personages, particularly the heads, are of a softer character. By its more compact composition, its more skilful balancing, its indefinite, uninteresting landscape, which is too impersonal and simply padding, our painting leans to the side of Van der Weyden; but by the deep research after luminous effects, by the minute and accurate study of the smallest details of the furnishings —rich hammered brass and, at the head of the curtained bed, this *tondo,* which by a prophetic and touching anachronism, offers us the image of Christ in the act of blessing—our *Angel's Salutation* bears the undoubted stamp of the Master of Flémalle. Petrus Cristus has treated the same idea in a manner still closer to that of Van Eyck; the upper part of the Berlin wing, upon



Flemish School (Fifteenth Century).

The Angel's Salutation.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

which his name is inscribed, has some striking analogies with our painting, and presents a most interesting subject for study and comparison.

It is still some episodes in the Virgin's life that are represented in two pictures which we must now examine, for each one bears the name of Rogier Van der Weyden. The first, a *Descent from the Cross,* or to speak like the Italians, a *Pieta,* was at the head of a lot of sixteen paintings bequeathed to the Louvre in 1871 by a generous artist. In preserving for this choice work, which had been damaged in some of its parts, the designation transmitted by M. Mongé Misbach, the curators respected the attribution of a donator while at the same time remaining within the limits of a relative probability. In fact, the master whose characteristics are recalled in the strongest manner by this *Descent* came at a given moment under the influence of Rogier. This master is Dierick Bouts, of Harlem, whose early life was impregnated with the Dutch tradition of Albert Van Ouwater, and who, settled later on at Louvain, at once connected himself with the Brabant School, where the influence of his contemporary, Hugo Van der Goes, of Ghent, counterbalanced the more ancient authority of the Brussels master. It would be difficult to say whether this panel is a centre or a wing; it appears to have been shortened and bevelled on the sides, from which the painting, perhaps in a damaged state, has disappeared owing to this operation. The landscape in all its details is pure Bouts, as can be seen by a comparison with the painting at Berlin of the prophet *Elias and the Angel,* which came from Louvain. As for the personages, Christ and the Magdalen thoroughly recall, and with a superior quality, the Christ and the Magdalen kneeling to the right in *The Entombment* that bears the name of Bouts at the Rudolphinum of Prague. Our *Saint John,* although the hand and the face have suffered and lost their expression, appears like the twin brother of the Saint John that figures in *The Lord's Supper* at Louvain; it has the same features, the same shape of face, the same bearing of the head, the same kind of hair and style of its special arrangement.

The second work at the Louvre that bears the name of Rogier Van der Weyden is, in its narrow dimensions, a perfect masterpiece. It is *The Virgin and the Child Jesus,* purchased in 1868 at the Germeau sale, and now exhibited in a corner of the Square Gallery. This painting figured in the catalogue of the Germeau sale without any indication of origin and under the name of Hans Memling, who was much in vogue at that moment. If the best connoisseurs at that epoch

did not hesitate, and made no mistake as to the value of this fine Virgin, the unanimity did not continue as to the authorship. Divergencies of opinion soon showed themselves concerning the name of the eminent master who had the joy of creating this marvel. For that matter, a revision of judgment is always possible, as each new generation has its special way of seeing things. I shall, therefore, be allowed to propose in my turn another name. After a prolonged examination and a profound study, all the details of which I cannot reproduce here and that I purpose to develop at the proper time and place, I have thought that the name of the author of this *Virgin and the Child Jesus* should be Hugo Van der Goes, of Ghent, the painter of the *Portinari* triptych at Florence. I will therefore confine myself to briefly calling attention to some points of comparison, which are: the Sainte Margaret of the Portinari triptych; the Virgin and the Child in the *Holy Family of the Franciscan* (No. 36 at the Brussels Museum); finally, the heads of Eve and Sainte Genevieve, in grisaille, in the diptych of the *Descent from the Cross* (Nos. 629 to 631 inclusive) at the Imperial Museum of Vienna. The *Descent* itself, in colour and technical methods, presents elements of resemblance. Our small and precious *Virgin* appears like the younger sister of all these noble and touching feminine figures that are not easily forgotten. But if I compare our Virgin with them it is not so much to show the organic structure—the shape of the face and cut of the hair, conformity of features, character of the hands and wrists, the particularity of the costumes and their adjustment, style of the folds, etc.—as to indicate the inimitable expression and very personal rendering of the most secret sentiments. What places Van der Goes apart is the incomparable gift he had of making appear and radiate across the faces, as though they were crystal, the flame of the interior life, now calm and pure with the fixed brilliancy of the diamond, now broken and agitated like a sombre outburst of passion and sorrow, but always intense. The supernatural union, the "mystical marriage" of the most chaste maternity with the most loving virginity, has never been better represented than by Van der Goes. Our *Virgin* offers us a striking example of this kind of miracle. Certainly, we should be obliged to already count this painter among the greatest artists if he had simply possessed the gift of the definite and the definitive in line and design, this power of concentrating the thought upon an essential point, this sense of the profound harmony in composition and of the perfect poetical and moral unity of an artistic vision. But he would not yet be the revealer of souls, of whom Carl Van Mander, raising himself an instant for the occasion above his usual tone and dominant state of mind, speaks in these singularly intuitive lines, which are a perfect commentary upon our painting at the Louvre: "There was a very fine little work by him hung upon a pillar in the Saint James's Church at Ghent. The centre represented the Virgin seated, in front view, and holding the Child Jesus. I have often contemplated this painting in admiring its delicacy. What is to be prized above all is the reserved grace of Mary's face, for this old master excelled in giving a pious dignity to his holy personages." And further on, speaking of *The Meeting of Abigail and David:* "We are never tired of studying the modest bearing of all these women, their sweet, chaste faces, which is a very salutary thing to see and one that the painters of our time would do well to give as an example to the women whom they take as models. David on horseback is full of dignity." I may add that an evident research for these same sentiments is to be found in a whole series of Virgins—Annunciations, Virgin Mothers, etc., at the Hermitage, at the Berlin Museum and elsewhere—which seem to at once belong in variable proportions to Van der Goes and Dierick Bouts. In this series I will cite in the front rank *The Madonna and Child Enthroned* (No. 774 in the National Gallery). This charming painting is attributed to Bouts by some connoisseurs. His Virgin offers some remarkable resemblances with ours. It is to this series that should belong the small Virgin "from the hand of Master Dieric," inscribed in the inventory of Margaret of Austria.

Van Eyck (Jan).

The Virgin and the Donor.

In this second act of the fifteenth century there was, therefore, a place to be taken after Van der Weyden and between Hugo Van der Goes and Hans Memling. Thierry* Bouts, of Harlem, and his sons took it, and the first-class work that we are about to study is a proof of this taking possession. The work in question is the panel of *The Fall of the Reprobates,* a recent gift of

the Duke and Duchess of Trémoïlle, née Duchâtel. This wing of a *Last Judgment*—the counterpart, the *Ascension of the Chosen Ones,* is at the Lille Museum under Bouts's name—cannot be attributed to Jerome Bosch, the humorous master of Bois-le-Duc, whose turn of mind was so personal, so imaginative, so little *real,* especially, and whose conception and execution cannot be confounded with those of any other artist, however great may be the number of his too often poor

* Thierry is the French translation of the Netherlandish name Dyrck *(Theodoricus* in Latin).

and stupid imitators. The wing of *The Fall of the Reprobates* also bears very distinctly all the serious and solemn characteristics of a work of the fifteenth century; on the other hand, notwithstanding its numerous "repaintings," it is unquestionably the work of a master in all his maturity, in the full possession of his talent. It cannot be the youthful work of an artist, whoever he may be; and above all it cannot be an early work of Bosch, this Japanese wandering upon the limits of the sixteenth century. Our precious wing of a triptych belongs to the Louvain School, which has thus far been kept unjustly in the shade, and of which Dierick Bouts, of Harlem, was the eminent founder, the chief too much sacrificed in favour of more celebrated rivals, and whose renown can only increase the more we study him, his sons and his pupils. One of his last works mentioned is a *Last Judgment* that was in the Louvain Town Hall in 1745. After 1543 the trace was lost of this painting, which needed restoring at the very beginning of the sixteenth century. A first and detailed study of it and of Bouts's work was published by me, in three articles, in the *Chronique des Arts* of April, 1899, to which I refer the reader. Here I can only call his attention to the nude forms and the monsters, which constitute the essential elements of our wing. The anatomical element offers some strong analogies with that of the *Martyrdom of Saint Erasmus,* at Louvain, and particularly with the *Martyrdom of Saint Hippolytus,* a remarkable painting in the Saint Sauveur cathedral at Bruges, which also belongs to the Louvain School and might well be by the same hand as *The Fall of the Reprobates*. As for the monsters, their forms reveal a profound study of nature, and most of Bouts's works offer numerous and surprising marks of this special gift of observation. Like the fascinating eyes of the monster at Saint Bernard's feet in the right-hand wing of the *Saint Erasmus* in Saint Peter's church at Louvain, those in Bouts's painting shine with the same hard and fixed brightness as the gems in the foreground of the panel at Lille. This beauty of colour also harmonises well with Bouts's special gifts in this matter, gifts that are common with him and his "Dutch" compatriots of all time, whether they be of Northern Brabant, Upper Limburg and the north of the Meuse valley or of Guelderland and Friesland, all propitious spots for colourists. The same remark applies to Bouts's study of the *skies*. Here, also, he distinguishes himself from most of his contemporaries except Hugo Van der Goes, from Rogier Van der Weyden and Memling at the head. With Bouts we constantly find the research of light and shaded colouring, strong or toned down, a careful study of the shape and hue of the clouds, effects of dawn and setting suns, and impressions that are sombre and tempestuous or limpid, calm and ethereal. The sky in our wing of *The Fall of the Reprobates* is a proof of this.

Thus far we have remained within the limits of the fifteenth century. We are now to find ourselves in presence of a new disposition. We come to the sixteenth century with a small *Holy Family,* a singular and enigmatical work that it is not easy to define and classify. It has been ascribed in turn to different artists belonging to very divers epochs, all of which would form more than a century; attributed first of all to Lucas of Leyden, engraved under Albert Durer's name, then designated as "the work of a pupil of Jan Van Eyck," it is now classed among the "unknown of the Flemish School." This is a sort of destiny that it shares with many other paintings. But where its fate becomes exceptional is that an agreement has not always been reached as to what the subject represents. In an inventory made at the beginning of this century this *Holy Family* is circumspectly registered among the "unknown" of the *German School* and thus described: "A Queen rendering homage to young Saint John." This error doubtless arose because of the kneeling of the Virgin, and on account of the beautiful crown that replaces the aureola; it arose also from the familiar and fantastical manner in which this sacred scene is represented in its entirety and in its details. In its conception the work closely recalls the turn of mind of Jerome Bosch and at

Weyden (Roger Van der).

The Virgin and the Child Jesus.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

the same time that of Quentin Matsys. Sainte Elizabeth takes the manacles from the Child Jesus very delicately, as though she were afraid of hurting him; she examines his little arm with the anxious and attentive look of a Sister of Mercy who is about to dress a wound in an infirmary. Was the Child Jesus scratched by some thorn, cut by a piece of broken glass while playing in the beautiful flower-bed, or was he stung by an insect? Considering the present state of the painting, which at a given moment was transported from the wood to canvas, it may be that a slight indication of a scratch or a rub disappeared in this operation. But remark with what a tender and doleful look the young mother, with her breast bare such as she was surprised while suckling her son, brings the babe to the lap of the good old cousin, who is almost a grandmother, and confides him to her long experience. It seems as though this dear cousin has a strong desire to scold the Child and its mother; but no, she has covered her knees with her soft, fur-lined robe, and holds him there with a cautious gesture that is quite maternal. In doing this she has uncovered the case of pocket pharmacy hanging from her belt; at her feet is a willow basket containing a pair of scissors and bundles of linen that bear testimony to her foresight. However, in the second ground some angels—I was about to say four chorister boys—sing the praises of the Lord with the serenity of a faith that could not be troubled by an accident to a God; they sol-far the liturgical music with the seriousness of the good little pupils of the *schola cantorum*. On the other side, Saint Joseph has left the bench and the jointer for the pruner, the grafting-knife and the hoe, and is gardening with thorough Dutch seriousness. In the background we see the reassuring vision of the divine group restored to its customary attitude, and this time under the vigilant supervision of two angels, who hasten to show kind attentions, while the gardener, with his broad-brimmed hat, imperturbably pursues the daily work and is exclusively absorbed by its importance. The execution of this exceptional work shows the manner of the miniaturist painter, and in its conception and handling borders upon the finikin. In the extreme background spangles and particles of gold brighten up the top of the bell-turrets, which are sometimes almost oriental. The mass of the edifices belongs to an advanced fantastical gothic style, the same as the blending of the tones reveals an artist who has made a decisive step towards modern taste.

This same conception of the blending of rare and rich tones is to be found in the *Portrait of a Man* (No. 2205 of the catalogue). It is the first time that we here meet with an isolated representation of the human being, a "laical" portrait. We have decidedly entered upon a new period. Art seems to gain at first, but it will become poorer afterwards; the detached branches of the trunk will appear to multiply and give forth more abundantly the beauties of the entire tree,

but in the end the sap will rise more slowly and circulate more rarely. Our portrait shows a personage with a mistrustful and almost anxious look, clasping with his left hand the head of a dagger while, by a piquant antithesis, he offers with the right a bunch of pinks. This flower once gave to this portrait a strange and easy attribution; the work was said to be the likeness of the Ferrarese painter, Benvenuto Tisi, called Garofalo—an Italian word signifying pink—painted by himself. It is true that Garofalo sometimes used this emblematical flower as a signature, but the portrait is thoroughly Netherlandish, we may even say a little "Dutch." To attribute it, therefore, to the Bouvignes painter, Henry Met de Bles, commonly called Civetta (owl in Italian) because a smaller portrait by the same hand (No. 624 in the Berlin Museum) has an owl perched upon a neighbouring tree, is only a step that we may well hesitate to take. I have often noticed the owl in works that could not be by the same hand or the same group. Whatever may have been the Protean nature of Bles, of whom there exists only one signed work and none that are dated, his facility in imitating, his suppleness of execution, his polymorphism in a word, have limits. The care that he took to once sign otherwise than by his ordinary signature proves that he must have been exposed to being counterfeited. Our interesting and remarkable portrait remains enigmatical as to its author and the person represented.

We shall have less difficulty with the fine portrait of "Messire Jan Carondelet, High Dean of Besançon in his age of forty-eight years." The personage is well known; president of the Privy Council of Charles V., he had, besides, the titles of Archbishop of Palermo and Perpetual Chancellor of Flanders. He was the second son of a Chancellor of Burgundy of the same name. More often even than his father's predecessor, Master Nicholas Raulin, whose acquaintance we have already made, his likeness was painted by the most important artists of his time at different ages. Two other portraits of him, equally and diversely fine and celebrated, are to be seen, one at Munich and the other, which came from the Duchâtel collection, at Mr. Havermeyer's, in New York. Both these portraits are, like our own, the work of the most qualified Netherlandish painters. But they do not have the same certainty of attribution as the portrait at the Louvre. Our portrait, in fact, is incontestably by Jan Gossaert, of Maubeuge, commonly called Jan Mabuse, who died at Antwerp in 1541, and the work was painted in 1517, shortly after his sojourn in Italy. It forms, with *The Virgin and the Child Jesus,* one picture, arched at the top, the space for hanging becoming more and more rare at that epoch; it is a "portable altar" with two leaves, one showing on the back the armorials, initials and mottos of the Chancellor, the other a death's head, an admirable still-life study that it is interesting to compare with those of the Antwerp painter, Marinus Van Roymerswale, and with all the school of Quentin Matsys. This rare and little-known work is here reproduced for the first time. Perhaps we possess in this precious "oratory" of Messire Jan Carondelet the last of the portable diptychs. There still exists a fourth portrait, of a more undecided artistic character, which represents Carondelet three years younger than in our diptych, that is to say at the age of forty-five. In this portrait, dated 1514, the model is seen almost in front view, the hands superposed, the left one almost covering the right.

As we are at Antwerp let us remain there for an instant. And as I have named Quentin Matsys, more famous than well known in his life and work, let us stop before this charming "every-day-life subject," *The Banker and his Wife,* signed and dated in 1517, a symbolical illustration of some sentence in the Bible or of some popular saying in Flanders. This sort of painted or engraved proverb, this kind of representation of an idea under a more or less realistic form, then began to be the fashion. Bosch and the elder Breughel among a thousand others, without speaking of Marinus, must have brought custom to the celebrated print shop of Jerome Cock. Let us look

Memling (Hans).
John the Baptist.

Memling (Hans).
Mary Magdalene.

attentively at all the fine and captivating details of the exquisite work of the Marshal of Antwerp, as he was called in the seventeenth century. And before this admirable painting let us give a passing thought to an artist whom we have already named in the course of this excursion in the Netherlands, Petrus Cristus, of Bruges, a disciple of Jan Van Eyck. It is, in fact, owing to him that our little scene of manners and customs has a predecessor, more important still by the form, finish, number and character of the personages, and a surprising concordance in the details; this predecessor is *A Jeweller (Saint Eloi), Selling a Ring to Two Young Persons*. A century before Quentin Matsys—exactly seventy years—Petrus Cristus treated this laical subject, which is his masterpiece, and is now at Cologne in the collection of Baron Albert Oppenheim, among other choice works of the school that interests us at the present moment. As for our *Christ Blessing,* a gift from Viscount Segur-Lamoignon, which also bears the glorious name, too often usurped, of the author of *The Entombment,* it is a charming work, but its handling and somewhat washy tones recall, rather, an anonymous master closely related to Matsys and with Lower Rhenish affinities, the brilliant, productive and amiable Master of *The Death of Mary*. This eminent artist, this Ovid of northern painting at the beginning of the sixteenth century, will be found later on, in the German School, where there is less and less persistency in classifying him. He is very probably of Netherlandish origin.

His education and the style of his work at least attach him to the Netherlands and notably to the Antwerp group. Some writers even make h im a member of the numerous Van Cleve family of Antwerp. Another copy of *Christ Blessing* is at Paris, in Baron Arthur de Schickler's collection; it is of larger size, broader execution and more vigorous tonality, and recalls, as well as other similar paintings, their celebrated prototype, *The Eternal Father,* by Hubert Van Eyck, which is in the Saint Bavon cathedral at Ghent. M. de Schickler has also another painting of the same series, increased by two angels clothed in feathers and attributed this time to Gerard David, a Bruges master whom we shall meet again. But let us not quit the city on the Scheldt without mentioning an artist born in its suburbs, at Hemixheim, Jan Sanders, an interesting master who terminated his laborious and productive career at Harlem in Holland. In the first part of his existence he figured by the side of the Matsys and sometimes surpassed Marinus of Roymerswale, whose horizons are more limited. Our *Toby Restores his Father's Sight,* signed and dated in 1553, is a good illustration of his later manner, which was quite Dutch. To his Antwerp period belongs a series of lighter works, a series particularly represented by a larger number of *Saint Matthew's Vocations;* this composition having at first succeeded, pleased and was redemanded. We shall still have a word to say shortly about this clever and diligent master when we come to an *Abraham's Sacrifice* by a Dutch artist. If there be any foundation for a currently-accepted hypothesis that Hemessen is the Monogramist of Brunswick, author of small licentious scenes, this hypothesis would apply to the Dutch period of the artist who painted our *Toby* and was under the influence of the Leyden School rather than that of Heemskerck and narrowly approached the manner of Allart Claeszoon, commonly called Aertgen of Leyden, the supposed author of our *Abraham's Sacrifice* and our *Procession to Calvary.* Several of Jan Van Hemessen's backgrounds in his important compositions, such as *The Prodigal Son,* at the Brussels Museum, dated 1536, are treated in a special manner that distinctly recalls, in fact, the small, every-day-life scenes of the Monogramist of Brunswick, notably those in the Frankfort and Berlin museums.

The more we advance in the sixteenth century the more we find ourselves in presence of new subjects, compositions of a kind that had not previously been undertaken. Such a subject is *The Wedding Feast at Cana,* ascribed to Gerard David and offering some resemblance with the authentic work of this master, *The Virgin Surrounded by Saints,* which is in the Rouen Museum, although revealing a more advanced spirit and a later epoch. Is it a painting belonging to the master's final period, dating, for example, from his sojourn at Antwerp? Is it, rather, as has been suggested, the work of his principal pupil, Adrian Ysenbrandt? Or, should this masterpiece be attributed to some contemporary and neighbour, not yet declared, such as this namesake, "Master Gerhard, illuminator," mentioned by Albert Durer in his notes of a journey to the Netherlands, whom he met at Antwerp with his daughter Susan, in 1521, and who is no other than Gerard Hovebout, of Ghent, of whom Van Manders cites some important pictures? At that date, perhaps, these two artists with the same christian name were together at Antwerp, where "Madame Margaret," governess of the Netherlands, may have employed them. However this may be, we should remark that between the figure of the man seated at the right of the nuptial table in *The Wedding Feast at Cana*—very likely a portrait of the author, judging from his place and character—and the authentic portraits by Gerard David at Arras and Rouen, among others, there is a notable difference. This is a circumstance that ought not to be passed by in silence and one that gives rise to reflection. For that matter, most of the artists in this transitional period were affected by the general crisis, and show themselves, in their group or individually, under deceptive, wavering and divers aspects. At that epoch they were, as we say to-day, at a turning point in the history of art.

Memling (Hans).

The Mystical Wedding of Saint Catherine of Alexandria.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Memling (Hans).

A Donor Presented by John the Baptist.

The Stockholm Museum has an interesting replica of our painting, a little higher and not so wide and having a smaller number of personages; it is particularly wanting in the donor, his wife and their children. We again find this family, but younger, in one of our Netherlandish paintings bought at the Benito Garriga sale at Madrid in 1890: the triptych of *The Virgin and the Child Adored by the Donors*. The armorial bearings on this panel are interesting, although they have not yet led to the identification of the personages. The wings have, on their reverse side, the figures of Adam and Eve, the same as in the Memling triptych at the Imperial Museum of Vienna, upon the style of which our triptych appears to have been modelled. And, even in its types our *Virgin and*

Child Adored by the Donors, a Ghentish-Brugeois work anterior to our *Wedding Feast at Cana,* shows Memling's direct influence. With the man's pensive face, with the greens and light blues of the background announcing the whole succession from Patinir to Verhaegt (one of Rubens's masters) and to Jan Breughel, this pretty, luminous, agreeable and superficial image remains an enlarged miniature, without having the significative value of *The Wedding Feast at Cana.* For this latter work the same donors, richer in years and experience and, doubtless, in worldly goods, judged it opportune to employ a more qualified artist, one more independent and capable of encompassing the whole of his complex subject and, if need be, dominating it.

With the elder Breughel we return to the pure Flemish tradition. Let us salute this superior and original mind, this inventive and suggestive master who knew how to defend the admirable inheritance left by Jerome Bosch against misuse by his obtuse and superficial plagiarists and, on the other hand, against the invasion of the false ultramontane taste. Everything that in Bosch was suitable to the elder Breughel's impulsive nature and profound sense of observation, he succeeded in retaining and appropriating. He maintained this tradition beyond the last quarter of the sixteenth century, even to the borders of the birth of that Rubens who was to be the most intelligent and most passionate of his admirers. An example to meditate is that the father of the Breughels, while appearing to linger behind his time, was, in reality, ahead of it.

We have the good fortune to possess a work which, by its spirit and excellent execution, forms a sort of connecting link between the two great masters, and marks that prophetic hour of the transition, of the crisis of the school in process of a definite transformation. This work is our fine replica of *The Parable of the Blind Men.* The visitor is always forced to linger in presence of this line of expressive profiles and to meditate before this fatal enchainment of downfalls, image of moral blindness and human misery. Once seen, this touching, symbolical composition can never be forgotten; the original, which was, as it were, the master's last testament, is at Naples, signed and dated in the last year but one of his life, in 1568, the same as our little *Beggars,* an inestimable gift of the regretted art critic, Paul Mantz. Our replica, subsequent to this date, appears to me to be the best of the three or four that are known, especially those of Parma and Vienna (Lichtenstein collection), which I have examined. It came from the collection of the Antwerp painter Henry Leys, who died recently, and was one of his preferred pictures.

With the *Battle of Arbela* we reach the extreme limit of our present excursion in the Netherlands. The younger son of Pieter Breughel, Jan, called, from his dress, Velvet Breughel, born the same year as the execution of *The Parable of the Blind Men,* was the contemporary and friend of Rubens and often his co-worker. His *Battle of Arbela,* which is, I believe, the largest among his known paintings, seems to me to be the masterpiece of his first manner and, what is rare, excludes the idea of all aid. In this work of noble bearing, perfect unity of execution, and where the range of the whole composition harmonises so well with all the little details, Jan Breughel shows himself to be his father's worthy heir and disciple without being a slave of his manner or allowing himself to be absorbed by him, as was his elder brother, Pieter, commonly known as Hellish Breughel, from his love of the horrible. In the landscape, the splendour of the perspective, the mysterious beauty of the distances and the skies suggest what Carl Van Mander recalled, at nearly the same epoch, concerning Jan's illustrious father : "In the course of his travels he made a considerable number of sketches from nature, so many that it was said of him that in crossing the Alps he had swallowed mountains and rocks in order upon his return to eject them upon canvases and panels, so well did he succeed in truthfully rendering landscape." Mariette, in his turn, compared some of these "views" to those of Titian, and likened the peasant who toiled in Kempenland to him who never forgot his village of Cadove in his *vedutes.* It is Jan Breughel's great title to glory not to have been content with also crossing the Alps, but of having successfully tried to be equal to those great models, the Valkenborches, Mompers and others and of once having surpassed them. Later on he will lean too much towards the miniature; fashion will take possession of him and spoil him, and he will give way more and more to the temptation of the pretty and the highly finished which, with fortune, will bring him too gratifying adulation. However, he might have ceded to the movement of his time and transformed the paternal tradition without abandoning it and without losing his early qualities; in the attitude of more than one of his combattants in our *Battle of Arbela,* in the fury that pervades some of the episodes

Matsys (Quintin).

The Banker and his Wife.

of this immense struggle, which is much dwarfed under this vast sky, in the grace and skilful arrangement of the group of supplicants, in these galloping, rearing and overturning horses, we already feel, like a breath from Italy, at the same time as the approach of Rubens with his largeness of conception, the boldness and vigour of his touch and execution. These considerations have deter-

mined the choice for the reproduction of this masterly work, we may even say unique and too little known, among the eight paintings that we possess of this master. As expressive and successful works of his subsequent manner we may cite *The Air* and *The Earth* (or *The Terrestrial Paradise*). These two small, exquisite paintings belong to a series of *The Four Elements,* brought by Napoleon I. from the Ambrosian Library at Milan, his Italian capital, where his statue and that of his nephew, Napoleon III., still ornament some of the public edifices. One of the series, *The Air,* was in the

Saint Cloud Palace after the conquest. On December, 1815, *Water* and *Fire* were taken back to Milan while, by a lucky chance, the two other counterparts, the best, perhaps, remained with us. At that date there were at the Louvre nine paintings of the elder Breughel—nearly all those of Vienna—and not less than twenty-one Velvet Breughels, most of them from Milan, Turin and Cassel. Further on, when we study the German School, I will say a word concerning another *Battle of Arbela,* which was in the Emperor's private collection, but afterwards returned to Munich, whence it originated. Jan Breughel's painting came from the old Royal collection.

I have left for the end of this study of the Netherlandish School some Dutch paintings of the sixteenth century.

With regard to Jan Sanders Van Hemessen and the Monogramist of Brunswick, I have already mentioned our small *Abraham's Sacrifice* and its presumed author, Albert Claeszoon, commonly called Aertgen of Leyden. This painter, four years older than Lucas of Leyden, was his fellow pupil at Cornelis Engelbrechtsen's. The most likely attribution to him of two paintings at the Louvre by the same hand, but in very different states of preservation, is due to M. Paul Durrieu, and rests upon the following passage from Carl Van Mander: "At M. Jean Gerritsz Buytenwegh's, in Leyden, there are three of the best works produced by Aertgen, and that surpass the others by the beauty of colour and the value of the execution. Among these works is a *Christ Bearing his Cross,* followed by a large crowd, with the Virgin, the holy women and the disciples. There is also the painting of *Abraham Accompanied by Isaac Goes to the Place of Sacrifice;* the accomplishment of the sacrifice is rendered in the background." (Translation by Henry Hymans.) We have here a biblical subject treated for itself, isolated and "laicised." This is another novelty that prepares us for the definite triumph of the easel picture. It is one more step towards Elsheimer, Rembrandt himself and his school.

To finish, let us now study two Dutch masters of a more advanced period. To each of them, in different kinds, was conferred the same and very enviable privilege of operating before Rubens the miracle so obstinately, so ardently but so vainly pursued and solicited by most of their colleagues and contemporaries: the harmonious union of the Netherlandish and Italian traditions.

The first in date, Anthonis Moor Van Dashort, commonly called in English Sir Antonio More, was born at Utrecht, and represents a little more progressive generation than the painters of Leyden mentioned above. He owed his first and excellent principles to Jan Scoorel, and never disowned them; he recompensed his master by perpetuating his image in one of his finest works, the masterly figure of the man with the gloves, which is so much admired at the Brunswick Museum. He owed to the Venetians, and especially to Titian, the full budding of his talent in portrait painting, to which he consecrated himself almost exclusively after his journey to Rome, where he was in 1550. Before this date he tried his hand at various kinds of painting, although I know of no other example than the one of which I will shortly speak. It was upon his return from Italy that he became "Sir Antonio More," the same as his compatriots, contemporaries and rivals, the portrait painters Jan Stevens von Calcar, of the Duchy of Cleves, and Dierick Bareutsz, of Amsterdam, became Giovanni da Calcar and Isodoro Bernardi. Later, at the close of a career where he had won fortune and honour, he returned to the subjects that interested him in his early years; this is a frequent phenomenon with artists in their old age, and withal a very human proceeding. "When death surprised him," says our usual historian, Van Manders, "he was working at a *Circumcision* for the Notre-Dame Cathedral at Antwerp, a picture that promised to be a marvel. He made an excellent copy of Titian's *Danaë* for the King of Spain, and several other things. Besides his portraits he painted various canvases, notably a *Resurrection of Christ,* with two Angels and the Apostles Peter and Paul, the whole well executed and coloured, for he possessed the art of charming the eyes and approaching

Mabuse, Jan de (Jan Gossaert).

Portrait of Jean Carondelet, Perpetual Chancellor of Flanders

(1469-1544).

nature so closely that it was something wonderful." This last-mentioned work, praised by Vasari according to Lampsonius, and cited by Céan Bermudez as the greatest of More's creations, was at the Louvre during the first Empire, and figures, more or less well reproduced, in a line engraving by Le Normand, published in the strange collection of C. P. Landon, "Annals of the Museums," vol. X., edition of 1825. It is mentioned in our inventories of the Royal Museums (general inventory of Napoleon I.) as measuring five feet three inches high, nearly five feet wide, and as being painted *on wood,* which is in contradiction with Van Mander's text. The Chateau of Chantilly is indicated as the place whence the picture came, with a marginal note in red ink: "Remitted to MM. de Seine and Le Roi (?), commissioners of His Serene Highness the Prince of Condé, by authorisation of April 5, 1816." What has since become of this very interesting composition? After having been returned to the Chateau of Chantilly did it again quit the castle, and when? Or, if it has remained there, why is it invisible, and why does it not figure in the carefully compiled and detailed catalogue by M. F. A. Gruyer, member of the Institute? This is a mystery to be cleared up, and the matter is worth the trouble. A curious thing is that of the nine Mores enumerated in the inventory just cited, not one resembles a work by him at the Louvre. At that epoch the *Charles V.'s Dwarf* (or, perhaps, Philip II.'s), which is herewith reproduced and which came from the Louis XIV. collection, was inscribed in the *Italian* inventory under the name of the Venetian Torbido.

There remains but one artist to mention, a somewhat mythical painter figuring in the previous catalogues under the designation of Lambert Frederic Zustris, or Suster, born at Amsterdam in 1526 and died at Munich in 1600 (?). In any case, we must classify the author of our charming painting, *Venus and Cupid,* with Antonio More and the privileged Dutchman of whom I have spoken and who

gave a form to this fine dream, definitely incarnated by Rubens, of the fusion of Venetian art with Netherlandish art. Sometimes, as in the present instance, they put into this dream, if not as much passion, at least a singular grace that has kept all its piquancy and freshness. The works of this exquisite, supple and polished master, superior to his heavier rival and successor, Johann Rottenhammer, of Munich, are extremely rare. I do not know of any paintings by him in the European museums; in the catalogues of these museums I have not seen the name of the artist to whom our painting is attributed. In France alone, at the Lille Museum, the first of our provincial museums, we are able to study two works of the same style of execution, half Titianesque and half Veronese, a *Judith* and the *Apparition of Christ to Mary Magdalene,* given together, we know not why, by the State in 1801. In the before-mentioned inventory we find under this name of Zustris, below the reference to our *Venus* and bearing the No. 334, the following description: "The Virgin preparing to give nourishment to the child Jesus; Saint Joseph is behind her." The dimensions stated are four feet three inches high and three feet eleven inches wide; in the margin is a note in red ink: "Remitted to the commune of ——," without the name of any commune. Here again we ask, why this mysterious gift and what has become of the work bearing a name doubly dear? This can only increase the fervour of our admiration for the unique masterpiece of its kind that we have the good fortune to keep; its graceful lines, voluptuous gravity, and intimate harmony of all its warm tones with the silvery blond hues, will retain our attention and repose our eyes agreeably at the end of this series.

One word more. We have not been able to cite everything. We have been obliged to restrict ourselves and leave aside many interesting works. For instance, in the fifteenth century this curious scene of manners and customs, still more profane than religious, designated under the name of *A Pastoral Instruction;* this *Trinity Adored by the Angels,* the centre of a triptych that cannot, unfortunately, be exhibited, due to Kolin de Koter, a Brabantine painter who had many traits in common with the Master of Mémore-Flémalle, and of whom I have signalled several works in the *Chronique des Arts* of May 6, 1899; finally, in the sixteenth century, although leaving out of account many others, and not the least, these two wings of a triptych by Antonio More, gift of Count Duchâtel, representing the members of the Del Rio family. We notify the reader of these omissions and are glad if we have been able to create a taste for these works, leaving him the pleasure of discovering something among the inexhaustible treasures of our public collections.

THE PRIMITIVE GERMAN SCHOOLS OF THE XVTH AND XVITH CENTURIES.

Before the so-called period of emancipation of the sixteenth century, of which Albert Durer and Hans Holbein the younger were the glorious representatives, the divers regions in Germany, notwithstanding a very active local life and already strongly-developed needs of imagination, remained, as it were, under the protection of the great foreign schools of their neighbourhood. Alone, perhaps, Cologne and the Rhenish province surrounding it, owed to special circumstances the fact of having their own personality. The Colognese School of the fifteenth century produced works the distinctive character of which cannot be confounded with those of other artistic centres, and which smack of the soil. Here we must retain the name of Stephen Lochner, in order to fix the ideas and sum up the merits of this often exquisite art. There was at Cologne an instant of a unique charm; the international school of the André Beauneveus and Melchior Brœderlains had, since the fourteenth century, prepared the

Mabuse, Jan de (Jan Gossaert).

The Virgin and the Child Jesus.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie

budding of this flower of purity, this youthful candour and this large and tender suavity. Colmar, notwithstanding the lustre imparted by the luminous appearance of Martin Schœn, or Schongauer, seemed rather as a reflection of its neighbouring city on the borders of the Rhine; the important fluvial station and grand ecclesiastical centre at that time was a sort of Northern Rome and a step towards the Rome of the South. But, to a still greater degree the Alsatian city declared itself as a satellite of the great stars of the Netherlandish or Burgundian firmament, the Van Eycks and, above all, the Van der Weydens. These same Flemish influences extended even to Franconia and Suabia. Ulm, and especially Augsburg, felt the ascendency of the Italian environs and were touched by Venetian grace or captivated by the Milanese clair-obscur. The Tyrol, also, as is shown by Michael Pacher, experienced to a great degree the sway of the Northern ultramontane schools, and particularly that of Padua. From the exchange of these sympathies resulted mixed and frequently confusing though often attractive works. Yet, in fine, the German masters are never freer and more original than when they handle the burin, the pen or the pencil; they are engravers, emeritus designers and marvellous illustrators.

The Louvre, unfortunately, has nothing, or nearly nothing, of the fifteenth German century. It contains no works by the Cologne Stephen Lochner, neither any of the rare and wonderful paintings of the Colmar master, Schongauer, better known by his prints. Franconia, Thuringia and Saxony are scarcely represented except by painters of the sixteenth century, Albert Durer and Lucas Cranach among others; and of the first-named we have as paintings only two gouaches upon canvas touched up with water-colour, one of which, *Portrait of an Old Man,* is reproduced herewith. A difficult master to classify, one of the rare German *colourists,* the visionary Mathias Grunwald, is also absent, as well as Baldung Grun, whom we may place between Grunwald and Durer. As for

the eminent painters, the chiefs of the schools of Ulm and Augsburg, the Zeitbloms, Burckmairs, elder Holbeins, Ambergers, Strigels and others, they are not present; a single supernumerary, Gumpolt Gitlinger, of Augsburg, represents with us this very important group, and his painting, the *Adoration of the Magi,* is, perhaps, only a replica. There is also nothing of the brilliant Ratisbon School, where Albrecht Altdorfer's fruitful imagination and inventive revery gave itself free course and served as an example for a cohort of imitators and rivals.

One of these rivals, Ulrich Abt, or Apt, of Augsburg, shared at the beginning of the present century the vicissitudes of the master and leader whom he equalled if he did not even surpass him; his remarkable *Christ's Lamentation,* with its lovely landscape then figured at the Louvre under Cranach's name, while among the Emperor's private pictures was the *Battle of Arbela* by Albrecht Altdorfer. After 1815 the two paintings were sent back to Munich, where that of Abt retained up to recent days the very honourable designation of Altdorfer.

The sixteenth century triumphs at the Louvre with the younger Holbein, five of his finest and most famous portraits being inscribed in the catalogue. But if Holbein was born in Augsburg and there served his apprenticeship under the direction of his father, a pure Augsburgian, he emancipated himself at an early age and, quitting his native city, travelled in Switzerland, Italy and a part of France, and finally settled in London, where he died. Thus his art has an almost international character and a more universal range than that of most of his compatriots. And this privilege is owing as much to his own conception and great skill as to the fact that his life was mostly spent outside of Germany and to the extreme diversity of the models, a real cosmopolitan gallery, who posed and passed before him. We shall speak of these models later on.

If we have nothing of the Colognese School during its vernal season, we are able, however, to show an important work which, no longer properly belonging to the fifteenth century, still grandly represents this school such as it had developed itself at the end of the same century and at the beginning of the sixteenth. We must also express our regret at having only a fragment of this work, *The Descent from the Cross,* the centre of a triptych of a special and rather rare shape, something resembling at the same time a fret-work T, reversed and shortened, and a staff handle. This T emblem, accompanied by a hand-bell, is repeated at regular intervals in the ornemental border that forms, as a still-life deception, a Gothic frame in the upper part of the triptych. This staff-handle and bell are the attributes of a pious hermit, Saint Anthony of the desert; they indicate that the donor, represented without doubt upon one of the absent wings, bore this name or placed himself under the protection of this Saint, or that the work was destined for a chapel or a church named after this patron Saint. Perhaps the two circumstances were united. Another point to be noticed is that our *Descent from the Cross* was formerly in a room in the Jesuits' house in the rue Saint-Antoine. In the last century, in 1763, it was transferred to the Val-de-Grâce church. If the wings were not already detached did they still remain in the original place or did they follow the central panel to its new quarters? It would be interesting to clear up all these points. Perhaps these wings were kept at the Val-de-Grâce when Napoleon I., at the beginning of this century, gave the painting to the Louvre. It would be well to know under what conditions these various transfers were made. Possibly we should discover that the valuable wings were retained by virtue of a regular authorisation or by a pious larceny in one of the above-mentioned places as fragments of a venerated relic and witnesses and proof of an already long and almost consecrated possession; it would be strange if they have not even been taken away from Paris. It is well understood that as far as an author's name is concerned, those of Durer, Matsys and Lucas of Leyden were formerly suggested for this *Descent from the Cross.* Its real origin has been definitely recognised in consid-

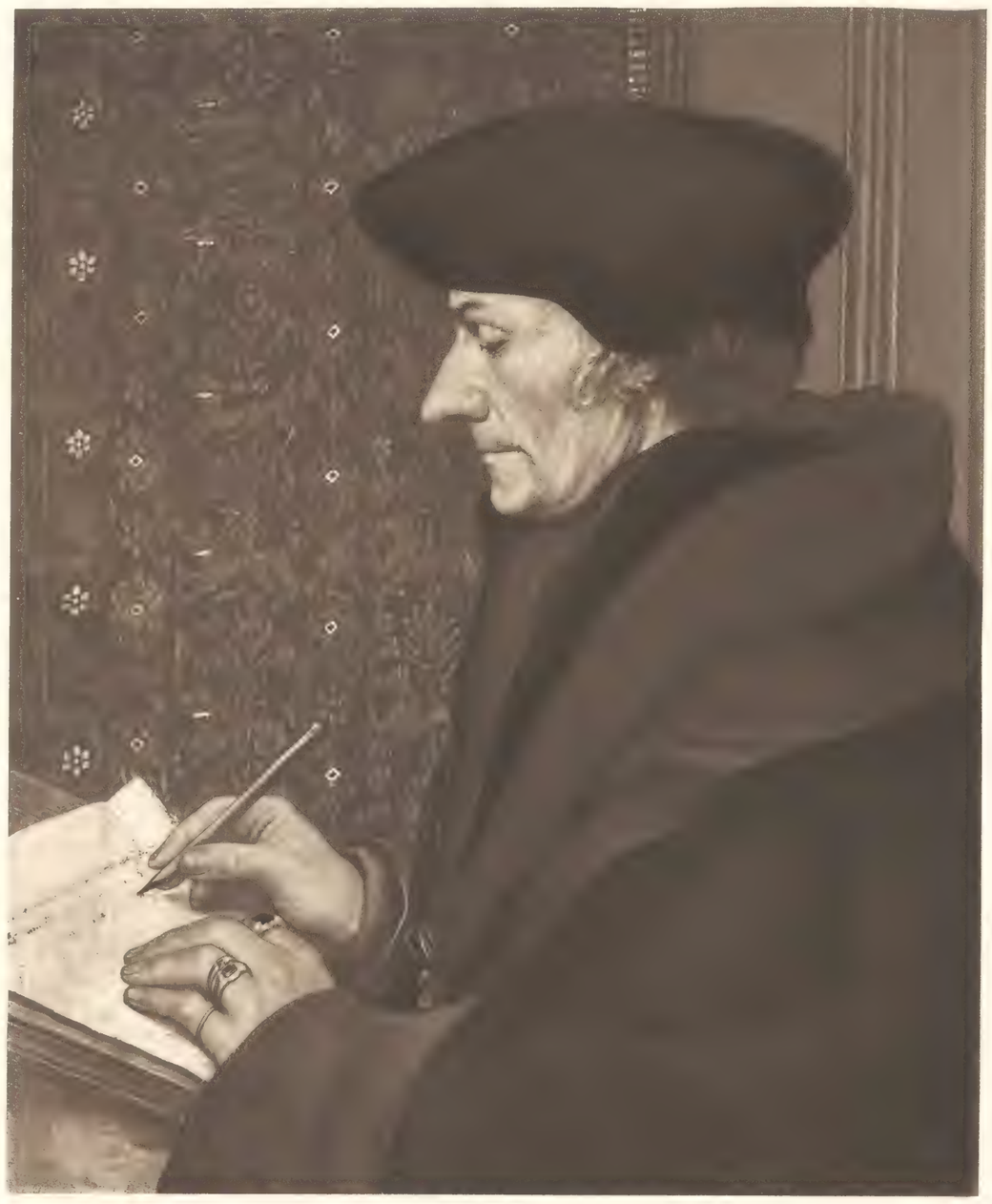
Holbein (Hans) the Younger.

Portrait of Erasmus (1467-1536).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

ering it as the masterpiece of the anonymous artist, related to Martin Schongauer, who worked at Sainte Colombe and at the Carthusian monastery at Cologne at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. From the first-named church came the Saint Bartholomew altar-piece, now in the Munich Museum. The Saint Thomas and Cross altar-pieces, ordered for the Carthusian monastery, have remained in the Wallraf Richartz Museum at Cologne.

As for the *Descent from the Cross* attributed to the Master of *The Death of Mary,* thus called because of a subject he took delight in painting differently several times (see the two important works with this title at Cologne and Munich, the second one of a much later period), it is a very fine picture, which should, for the reasons I have given at the beginning of this study, be classified in the Netherlandish section. This *Descent from the Cross,* which bears evident traces of Italian influences, was, in fact, for a long while at Genoa. It once served as the altar-screen in a chapel of the old Santa Maria della Pace church. The painting is in three compartments; the *Lord's Supper* is represented on the predella, or lower panel, while the episode of *Saint Francis Receiving the Stigmata* is given on the lunette, or semi-circular tympan, in the upper part. According to the Italian fashion, an example of which may be found in Van der Weyden's *Crucifixion,* at Vienna, the donor and his wife figure in the central compartment with the principal subject.



Passing now to the sixteenth century we first meet with Albert Durer, the grand Nuremberg master, whose *Portrait of an Old Man* we have already cited. This masterpiece has become part of the Crozat collection; it was acquired in March, 1852, for one thousand francs from a M. Audenet, who purchased it from the heirs of M. Labensky, a former Curator of the Hermitage Palace Gallery. It is signed with a monogram and dated 1520.

Another Franconian, Lucas Cranach, the elder, chief of the Weimar group, is more suitably represented at the Louvre as a painter of portraits, landscapes and nude figures. These two latter aspects of his talent—we might even say these three aspects—appear to us united in the amusing and attractive little picture *Venus with a Red Hood,* of such ingenious arrangement and fine execution. When he designs and models academical pictures this artist is not always as diverting or so much to his advantage as in this choice work, marked with *a dragon* and dated 1529. It is one of the very rare paintings that has remained to us from the conquest of 1806. As for the *Portrait of a*

Man with the Turquoise, 1531, not only its blue background is stamped with the "dragon ring," but the personage wears suspended to the triple chain around his necklace another fantastical animal of the same sort in hammered silver, also holding in his mouth a piece of goldsmith's workmanship. This might be an indication for the model, which, in any case, is neither the artist nor his son. The *Portrait of a Man with the Beads* does not belong, like the previous work, to the Napoleonic Museum; it is a recent acquisition, made in 1893 at M. Sedelmeyer's, and very fortunately completes the Weimar group. One of the two wings bears the inscription "AVKR" above three fleurs-de-lis disposed as a reversed triangle.

What can we say of Hans Holbein the younger that has not been repeated in every tone? I have already made a few remarks about this master portrait-painter of the sixteenth century. This incomparable stylist of the human face, this great draughtsman, far-seeing and insinuating psychologist remains one of those rich men to whom we never cease lending; it is incredible to notice with what persistency, even in these days of judicious and penetrating criticism, so many works, however fine they may be, but works that he could not have had the time to execute, are still attributed to him. What is important to bring into notice here is his splendid series of portraits that is at the Louvre. From this point of view we are not second to the Imperial Museum of Vienna, the only one that I am tempted to mention in connection with our own national museum when it is a question of Holbeins. We are also easily ahead of Antwerp, Bale, Berlin, Brussels, Saint Petersburg, Dresden, London and Munich in Holbein portraits. Five of this master's most perfect works are reproduced herewith. Such a group, almost a gallery, includes all kinds of interest and the highest. Five typical figures, five "representative men," as Emerson says, appear to us through the mist of the past, luminous and not to be forgotten. Here at his table is the most celebrated figure, the humanist and man of letters, Erasmus, of Rotterdam, with his immortal bearing of a writer at his task; here, also, is the scientific scholar, Nicholas Kratzer, of Munich, almost a compatriot of the master, attentive and serious, handling his astronomical instruments and surrounded by his natural attributes as experimental mathematician in the service of Henry VIII.; here is the prelate, old and bent, white and chilly under his cap and wrapped in his furs: it is William Warham, Bishop of London, Archbishop of Canterbury, with his processional cross and mitre, his "Litanies of the Saints" opened within reach of his benumbed hands and stiff wrists and beyond his vague and tired regard. He is seventy years old and we feel that he is soon to die (he died at the age of seventy-five). In these definitive effigies, miracles of condensed art, everything speaks and tells with an eloquent conciseness the habits of body and mind, the social and intellectual surroundings, the play of the passions, the work of life and death. The author, limited to the immovable, has made the immutable and the immortal; in his manner and by other ways he is equal to Shakspere, who is infinitely and universally mutable, moving and touching, who was to follow Holbein at London a few lustres later and whose image the artist would have been worthy of reproducing for us. In divers garments but of like souls they are two brothers of the same great family. Here, too, with the pale and subtle ray of a grace that is still a little severe, is a royal bride-elect, Anne of Cleves, a German woman, a future Queen of England, who was, for a short time, alas, the fourth wife of Henry VIII.; richly dressed, with a somewhat mournful air as though already resigned, this new victim of the crowned Blue Beard awaits her fate, upright and valiant under the weight of her attire, a strange idol which, in offerings and sacrifices, knew only the one that was made of herself to inexorable State policy. Finally, we have the *Portrait of an Old Man,* who cannot be Sir Thomas More, as he died at the age of fifty-three. This octogenarian, with an anxious and suspicious countenance, supporting his feeble right hand

Holbein (Hans) the Younger.

Portrait of Thomas Moore, Chancellor of England

(1480-1535).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

upon the cross that hangs from the heavy chain of his necklace, was, doubtless, some ecclesiastical dignitary, some chaplain who had become a member of the Privy Council; whitened under the weight of affairs and intrigues, still maintaining upright a head and shoulders that bend beneath the burden of State secrets and the pressure of the complication of public and private interests, he fixes upon life the still firm regard of an experience without illusions, after having overcome with not too much suffering the difficulties, infamies and horrors of a Court that was a place of torment.

By a contrast that I should have been glad to render less abrupt, but whose want of harmony is imposed upon me by necessities, one of which, the gaps in our collection, is not the least, I am obliged to pass at once from the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, and from the most austere and least consoling of manly masks to the smiling face of a woman. Concerning the gaps at the Louvre, I take the liberty by the way to particularly regret one that prevents us from reproducing some really significant work of a master who, however, figures in the catalogue with two paintings that are quite secondary—if even this expression is not euphemistic. The Frankfort artist, Adam Elsheimer, who died in Rome, at the age of forty-two, in 1620, that is to say the year in which Claude Lorraine was twenty and Rembrandt fourteen, knew how, in that short lapse of life to be at once the decided precursor of one and the other of these great masters of expressive light. I do not think that this is a slight title to glory, one of these merits alone would suffice to insure special regards for Elsheimer. But to have known how to unite the two is certainly not a common thing and was worthy of being mentioned. Elsheimer's influence was, moreover, considerable with a number of Netherlandish artists of mark, whether they were under the sway of Rome or not.

Let us now evoke the amiable figure of the woman to whom I have just alluded above, Madame de Krudner, smiling, with a slight touch of sweet and tender malice, at the inoffensive amusement of her young daughter. This amusement consists in bending an innocent bow while the happy mother holds the arrows, which will, let us hope, be unused for a long while. The allegory is easily seen; it is, like the painting itself, according to the taste of the second half of the eighteenth

French century, which then extended its influence throughout Europe, to Dresden, Berlin, Stockholm and Saint Petersburg. The author of this portrait, Maria Anna Angelica Kaufmann, a German woman, born at Coire, in the Grisons, aimed at grace and intelligence; she has succeeded as well as her compatriots could succeed at that epoch in following a reigning fashion. The rare days when they were full of animation the Heinsiuses, Raphael Menges, Fischbeins, Anton Grafs, Liotards and this other Swiss compatriot of Angelica, Melchior Wyrsch—by whom the Louvre has two good portraits of a man and a woman—sometimes avoided the heaviness or the finikin of an imitation that was often servile and in the practice of which they forced their talent. It was on one of these happy days that Angelica Kaufmann, who had frequented persons of taste, Goethe among others, created this doubly feminine work that is enveloped with a vaporous charm. She succeeded, in this portrait, in remaining natural and avoiding the reproach of coldness or of caricaturing gracefulness. Let us be thankful to her and praise her for having kept within an agreeable and skilful medium, between Greuze and Lawrence, with a foretaste of Prudhon. Concerning the model, the Baroness of Krudner, we may recall before taking leave of her at the end of this study, an appreciation re-edited and applied to her by Sainte-Beuve in an interval of kindness—for, in reality, he was severe though just—"There are some women who go through life like those breaths of Spring that vivify everything upon their passage." We should be grateful to her for having wafted this vernal breath upon Angelica Kaufmann, for having inspired her with suavity and suppleness, and for having vivified her talent.

CAMILLE BENOIT.

Flemish School (Sixteenth Century).

The Virgin and the Child Adored by the Donors.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

School of the Master of "The Death of Mary."

A PAINTING IN THREE COMPARTMENTS.

In the centre : *The Descent from the Cross.*

Below : *The Lord's Supper.*

Above : *Saint Francis Receiving the Stigmata.*

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

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Backhuisen (Ludolf).

A Sea-piece.

Breughel (Pieter), called the Elder.

The Parable of the Blind Men.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

David (Gerard), attributed to.

The Wedding Feast at Cana.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Durer (Albert).

Portrait of an Old Man.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Hemessen, Jan Van (Jan Sanders).

Young Tobias Restores his Father's Sight.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie

Holbein (Hans) the Younger.

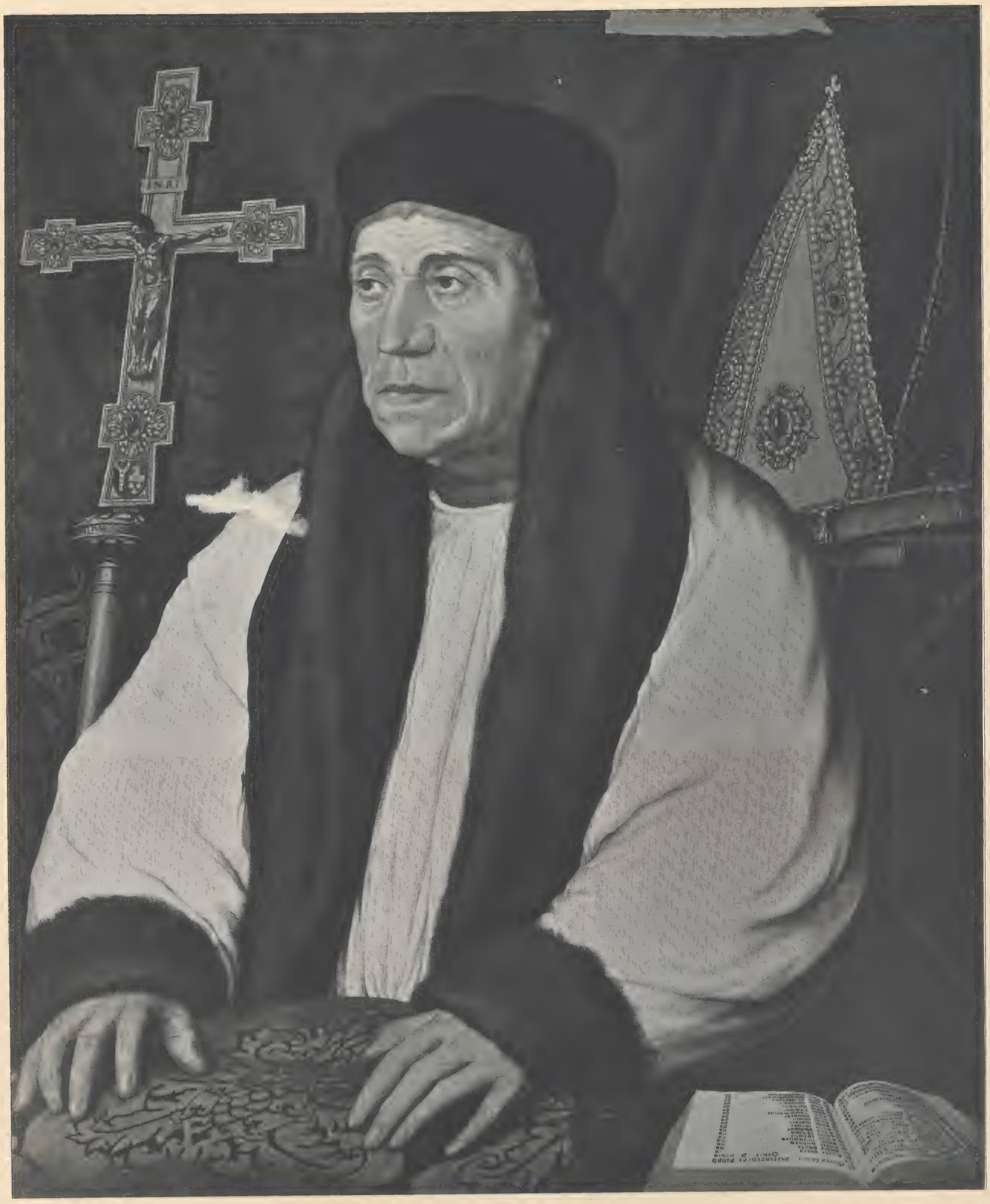
Portrait of Nicholas Kratzer, Astronomer to Henry VIII. of England.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Holbein (Hans) the Younger.

Portrait of William Warham, Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury (1458-1532).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.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Kauffman (Angelica).

Portrait of the Baroness of Krudner and her Daughter.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Memling (Hans).

The Virgin and the Child Adored by the Donors.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Zustris or Suster (Lambert Frederic).

Venus and Cupid.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

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THE

GREAT MASTERS

IN THE

LOUVRE GALLERY

THE END OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL

AND THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

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"Dyck, Anthony van," Portrait of Charles I, unidentified engr., pp. 52, 53.

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Rubens (Peter Paul).

Coronation of Mary of Medici (May 13, 1610).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

THE END OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL

AND THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, when the paintings that had been grouped at Fontainebleau in what was called the King's Cabinet were sent to decorate the rooms in the Versailles Palace, and when, with a view to this end the government officials searched everywhere for rare works, and obtained them, the Flemish School was the most triumphant one among amateurs. It had produced Rubens and Van Dyck, and Teniers was not then sixty years old. Some grand seigniors who were dazzled by the glory of these artists contended for their works, and at once placed them so high that the productions of the Italian artists declined and those of the French painters scarcely counted at all. The esthetical laws that originated with Raphael, slowly developed and taught in Italy to the artists who hied to Rome from all parts of Europe, started thence to gain step by step the northern countries, which had long remained refractory to these esthetics. Rubens, on his return from Italy, gave to the simple and unpolished artists of the Burgundian School the same rude blow that Sanzio had dealt to the Florentine Primitives. His splendid demonstration in Flanders which, terrified by half a century of wars, was then dreaming of tranquillity and riches, the grandeur and opulence of his style, even his want of reserve, his immodesty and all the audacious manifestations of his genius aroused and imposed admiration. In genius, audaciousness and physical vigour Rubens was a god, and for what he wished to do these qualities were indispensable. Had he lacked genius we should see him doing as did so many of his rivals and even his masters, Martin de Vos, Paul Bril or Otto Vœnius:

wasting his time in imitating Tintoret or Titian ; had he been poor in health he would have broken down under the crushing weight of his enormous production ; had he been wanting in boldness his gigantic works would have remained unfinished instead of being undertaken and vigorously executed. It is true that Rubens went to Italy and that his admiration for what he saw there was as strong as the surprise of his predecessors ; he knelt before Raphael and adored Michael Angelo. But, far from impregnating his imagination to the extent of counterfeiting these masters, he borrowed from them the subject then in vogue, transferred its leading idea into his newly-wrought Flemish phrase, extended it and fashioned it in such a personal manner, freeing it from all impediments, that its origins became entirely forgotten.

So, in the days when Louis XIV. enriched his apartments at Versailles with rare works of art, Rubens had finished his conquest ; he had been dead fifty years, but his legend heightened the talents of the artists whom he had inspired. Some of these new men, like Jordaens, never quitted Flanders, satisfied with their calm and limited horizon ; on the other hand, Gaspard de Crayer, Van Mol or Justus of Egmont came to France, Van Dyck went to England, carrying thither, after the manner of an apostle, the new art promulgated at Antwerp and, becoming refined by his contact with the nobility, was converted into a discreet and gentlemanly Rubens, a thorough grand seignior, which the other, notwithstanding all his genius, had not known how to be. Louis XIV. was guided in his artistic taste by what was told him and by his own impressions. He showed no enthusiasm for Rubens ; he had seen at the Luxembourg Museum the series of paintings ordered by Mary of Medici, but these works had been executed fifty years before, they had somewhat gone out of fashion and were condemned on account of the extraordinary display of flesh, the disrespectful nudity of the religious scenes and the bewildering mixture of christianity and paganism. What was still more serious, the artist, a born middle-class man and always remaining such despite his luxurious surroundings, easily gave twists to Court customs and was too familiar in his representations of royal ceremonies. This Medici Gallery and Teniers's grotesque figures had prejudiced the King. The paintings that he placed at Versailles not being subjects for study but a pleasure for the eyes he selected them according to his preferences. Besides, he was not a man to acquire his taste from others ; his will was stronger than all the rest.

However, the preferences of Louis XIV. have not survived their master ; the Louvre has since rendered to Rubens, Teniers, and even to the secondary masters, the honours that are due to them. The series of Rubenses painted for Mary of Medici is to-day the glory of our national museum ; some recently-discovered historical details have added to the immense attraction of these paintings, and they now have a place worthy of their merit. In spite of the free and easy manner in the treatment of some of the important details of the series, if we admit that the greatest decorative licence cannot be taken with all scenes, if we go so far even as to question the artist's conscientiousness or to intimate how little he counts in the preparation if not in the completion of the work, we still have, in presence of these paintings, a sensation of something very grand, unusual and almost superhuman. The order for this series by the Queen Dowager of France was not for Rubens the unhoped-for consecration of his genius. He had imposed his talent upon the whole world and was so idolized that his palace at Antwerp was equal to a Court ; he had reached a point where his brush seemed to confer upon him a universality of genius, by turns artist, ambassador, the greatest collectioner or the cleverest banker. Still, he had long thought about a triumph of this kind ; Paris attracted him because, prosperous with his princes and successful at Rome, London and Madrid, nothing else remained for him to wish. Up to that time he had not received much

Rubens (Peter Paul).

A Kermesse.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

attention in France; he had made a short visit to Paris, and the coolness of his reception had wounded his pride to exasperation. According to a legend, the Baron de Vicq, Ambassador of Flanders in France, acted as a sort of intermediary between Mary of Medici and Rubens. This is not quite true. De Vicq was listened to, but made no proposals. The influence of the Queen's Italian relations was much greater. It was in 1620, and the Luxembourg Museum was finished with the exception of a long inside gallery, destined for fetes, which was plastered but not decorated, and if artists of talent were not wanting in Paris, none of them could, on the spur of the moment, undertake a like work. Rubens's name was mentioned, Rubens the Fleming, whom the Queen's private chaplain, Claude Maugis, Abbot of Saint Ambrose, knew by reputation, for this Maugis, a mean little man, a collectioner of all sorts of things, a hunter

after prints and books, prided himself on his science and taste. For him, as well as for De Vicq, this affair had a twofold interest: to please the Queen first of all,—and, however little was her influence at that moment, Mary of Medici still counted;—then, each one considered it important to be associated in an enterprise of this magnitude, to play at second hand the role of patron and thus win the favour of an eminent man whose crumbs might be precious. In this particular case it was not a bad calculation, De Vicq obtaining two admirable portraits from the master, while Maugis secured the preliminary sketches of the decorative paintings executed according to the Queen's indications. Nothing could be more suggestive than the number of appetites suddenly whetted in the surroundings of this millionaire artist. Among the first to get excited was that old fossil, Peiresc, an eclectic or maniacal collectioner of objects; he watched for Rubens, not for him or for his art, which did not interest him, but for the Duke of Arschot's medals, which were in the painter's possession and which he hoped to barter or sell. Then there emerged out of the eager crowd Nicholas de Bautru, a sort of grotesque personage, who caught on to Rubens when he first came to France, led him to Court and presented him to the ladies, among others to Madame de Guémené, a blond and fleshy heroine of the kind preferred by the artist. Rubens

was obliged to return to Paris three times: in 1620, to close the contract and arrange the plan of the series; in 1623 and 1625, the Queen requiring his presence and obliging him to place the canvases as soon as they were painted. He was also compelled to transform several details, for in this pyrotechnic display of colours Mary of Medici did not always find herself according to her taste, without counting the fulness assigned to her at false dates or in erroneous circumstances.

This series of twenty-one subjects illustrating the principal events in the life of Mary of Medici may be called a successful attempt at the impossible. All the subjects are enormous, the smallest being painted upon canvases thirteen feet wide, and the largest double this extent. All the personages are life-size and sometimes placed in groups of fifty. Rubens was obliged to work quickly, for the series, began in 1621, was finished and put in place in 1625, without reckoning the accessory work and portraits furnished elsewhere. Thus, during four consecutive years he covered no less than one hundred and forty-eight square feet of canvas with brightness and richness, and, it must be admitted, with masterpieces! That Jordaens, Momper, Simon de Vos and a lot of others prepared the preliminary sketches of each one of the scenes is evident; this is particularly noticeable in the backgrounds. Notwithstanding the legend, Van Dyck had no hand in this work, because he started for Italy in 1621. Still, to accomplish such a feat, even with friendly help, was for Rubens a wild race.

The price paid by the Queen for this decorative series in 1625 was about 60,000 francs, and in comparing the value of the money of that epoch with our own, we may say that to-day the sum would represent half a million. During the Restoration the experts swelled this total somewhat, and possibly because they had neglected to ask M. Ingres's opinion they estimated the value of the series at eleven millions! This was, perhaps, a little high. Rubens was satisfied with 60,000 francs; he did not discuss this price, having a respect for his own glory, but he was vexed at being made to wait for what was his due — and Mary of Medici made him wait. If to this annoyance we add the grudge that he bore for his cool reception in France—he a friend of Buckingham (Rubens proclaimed this intimacy and availed himself of it), obliged to associate with the Bautrus and the Saint Ambroses, and called by a sign like a simple tradesman—it is no wonder that he was irritated. He opened his mind to Peiresc in a sharp letter, recounting that had kept all his engagements, that he had delivered his paintings at the time fixed, and had recognised in a material fashion and without delay the services of all the intermediaries in the affair, including Peiresc himself, who was allowed for a crust of bread to take his choice among the Duke of Arschot's medals. The business man at once reappeared in this letter, and although Rubens did not say so, he gave Peiresc to understand that at Antwerp, the same as at Paris, people did not live by flattering words alone. What would he have said had he foreseen the sequel: his canvases padlocked in the Luxembourg and forgotten for nearly two centuries, frightening the Regent's daughter, the Duchess of Berry, in the midst of the Court orgies, and so damaged and incrusted with dust towards the end of Louis XV.'s reign that it was found indispensable to scrape, sponge and reglaze them with ultramarine? It required a popular revolution, a monarchical restoration, a palace for the Senate, and in this palace a monumental staircase, before an authorisation could be obtained for the demolition of this celebrated gallery and the transfer to the Louvre of this series of *The Life of Mary of Medici*. How astonished, also, would Rubens have been had he known what eventually became of the portraits of two contemporaneous witnesses of his work, Susan Fourment and the Baron de Vicq? The portrait of De Vicq was sold to Mr. Van den Branden in the middle of the eighteenth century; in 1771 it was bought by Colonel Stuart, of London; thence

Jordaens (Jacob).

The Four Evangelists.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

it passed into the collection of William II., King of Holland, at whose sale, in 1850, it was purchased by the Louvre for 16,000 francs.

The history of the Rubens paintings now in the Louvre forms an instructive and also a painful record. Without including the later acquisitions, those of the La Caze gallery among others, and confining our remarks simply to those that were possessed by Louis XIV., we cannot conceal our astonishment at still finding them so presentable and complete. One of them, a *Rainbow Landscape,* done in the artist's early manner and probably executed in Italy under Carracci's influence, was at Versailles as early as 1683. As no frame could be found to exactly fit the canvas, it was lengthened by seven inches and varnished! Having been thus maltreated it naturally ceased to please, and was sent to the Dauphin's residence at Meudon, where the Duke d'Antin discovered it in 1706; he at once carried it off without being hindered and placed it in his own collection. Was it by chance that it returned to Versailles in 1737? At that moment it bore the marks of its various promenades; full of scratches, with its varnish chipped, it was handed over to the Widow Godefroid, who cleaned and repaired it. When, in 1785, it finally entered the Louvre from the Luxembourg, where it had remained for a while, its repose was assured but its authenticity was questioned. Bolswert had, in fact, engraved a rainbow landscape, and in this print we find almost every detail, the rainbow, the houses and the personages; unfortunately, Bolswert left out some of the sheep of the flock in the foreground, and the number he left tallies exactly with that of a replica now in the Hermitage Museum at Saint Petersburg. Perhaps this is the first idea, and the painting at the Louvre a copy made by some pupil. It needs all of M. Max Rooses's authority to be able to defend the *Rainbow Landscape* at the Louvre.

A Kermesse has likewise ran great risks. It was bought by Louis XIV. from the son of Francis de Laubespine, this Marquis of Hauterive who served for a long time as diplomatic representative in Holland and was Governor of Breda. The Treasury Department allowed 3,850 francs for the purchase of Rubens's *Kermesse* and *Noah's Ark* by Basan. This purchase was strange, because if the King had no taste for Teniers, nowhere else has Rubens shown himself more like Teniers than in this country-fair scene. However, this *Kermesse* was accepted and was at Versailles in

by reason of the quality of the painting, of the exuberant vigour that breaks forth in this broad Flemish art, and particularly on account of the tradition, which indicates old Van Noort as the king of the fete, with Jordaens's young wife, Catherine, and Jordaens himself representing the young woman and the young man in the picture. And it is not the four rubicund *Evangelists,* due to Jordaens, that will give umbrage, neither *Jesus Driving the Money-Changers from the Temple,* joyous brokers rushing pell-mell with a wild laugh. But when the gay companion seriously wished to paint a portrait without any eccentricity his work was completely transformed. In the portrait of the obese *Admiral Ruyter,* at the Louvre, he displays a prudence and as wide a knowledge as that of Rubens, together with a something as delicate as Van Dyck, a personal and superior art; in short, it is a masterpiece.

By the tradition of the Gothic artists, Memling, Van der Weyden or Van Orley, by the remote and uninterrupted influences that nothing can absolutely extinguish in a descent of artists, and despite the new manner imported from Italy, all the real Flemings have remained uncontested masters of portrait-painting. The reasons for this superiority have not been sought for; the fact has simply been stated without ascribing the honour to the special character of the Flemings or to what constitutes the very substance of their nature and is a sign of their race: the imperturbable contemplation of beings, a slow and untiring analysis in all places where they pass their leisure and dream; at the wineshop, their eyes fixed, a pipe in the mouth, profiting by this moment of revery and repose; in their homes, around the winter lamp; in the fields in summer, beneath the sun's rays. They are essentially fat and sluggish, their hands alone being nimble and their ideas unexpectedly active. Even in his most exalted moments, when he expresses the boldest conceptions, Rubens remains in his portraits, except when he deliberately wishes to be extravagant, the calm and punctilious artist, a descendant of Anthony Moro and an admirer of Porbus. In the midst of recent changes, when everything was severed between the past and the present, the Flemish portraits continued to be, as it were, the point where the tradition was renewed, the classical language restoring the noble phrase that is understood by everyone. Thanks to this devotion and because of their recognised superiority, the Flemish painters, even those that were not appreciated in all branches of painting, had throughout Europe an established reputation as portrait-painters. We have seen them in the lanes around the Hotel de Rambouillet, and they were researched and courted in Italy and Spain. All that was asked of their talent was simply to reproduce the features.

What did Van Dyck do as soon as he left school? Exalted by the successful example of Rubens and dreaming of magic fortune, he went to England, a virgin soil and a destitute kingdom, where the art of painting was summed up in a few barbarous laboratories; and if he went to England it was not with the intention of absolutely continuing Rubens or of condemning himself to the execution of decorative works, for which he had neither the ideas nor the vigour. At the refined and worldly Court of King Charles I. other work was demanded, and just the kind of work suited to his superior temperament. He was not twenty-one years old, being born in 1599, when, in 1620, he arrived in London, where he was at once petted by the nobility, not for the still undetermined elegance of his genius or for the renown already won in Flanders, but for what was otherwise appreciated in the English capital: his gentlemanly polish, coquettish dress, genteel manners, slightly impertinent tone and the adorable way in which he arranged the King and Queen in their portraits.

This first visit was simply an essay. Van Dyck still had illusions. It seemed to him that to live in London, away from everybody, without having seen Italy, would be following a career confined to commercial enterprises, and this was not what he wanted; his incomplete education had

Van Dyck (Anthony).

His Portrait.

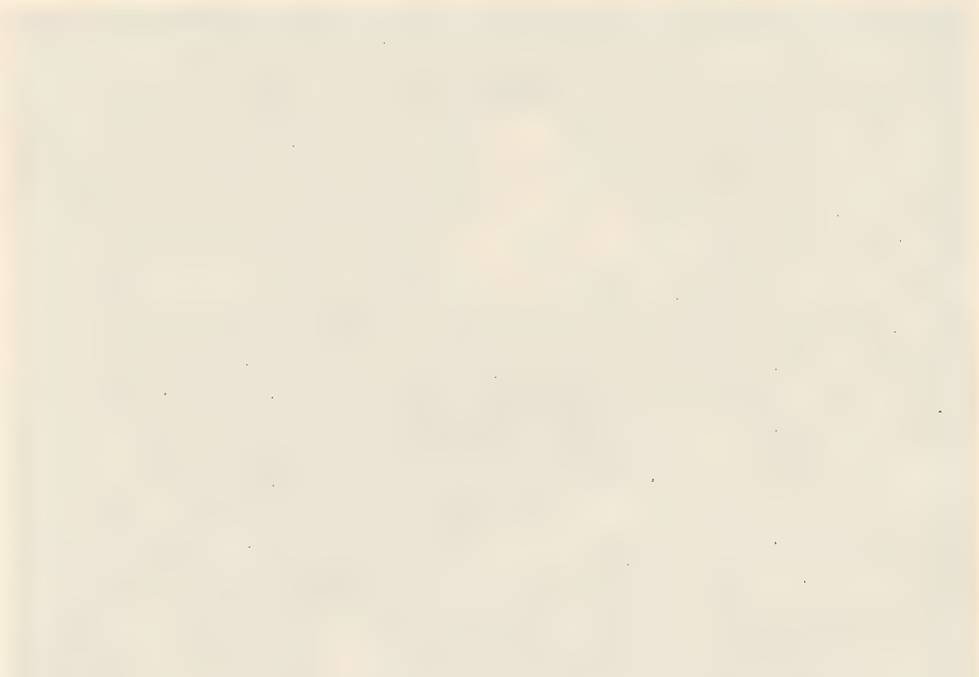
Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

need of masterpieces. He cared little for the flattering gifts of King Charles I., or for the promises made by his patron, the Earl of Arundel; he lacked the definite seal to his reputation, and to obtain it he was a man to disdain everything else. When, in 1621, he started off with an eight months' leave of absence in his pocket, he passed rapidly through Paris on his journey, notwithstanding its temptations. It was only after an absence of three years in Italy that he made a second stay in the French capital on his way back to Flanders. But the Court, which had been closed to Rubens, gave no better welcome to this beardless painter. The same as his master, Van Dyck was obliged to content himself with the society of artists or of unimportant seigniors. A certain Francis Langlois, commonly called Chartres, after the name of his native town, a kind of print-seller with convivial manners, generously entertained him, and Van Dyck paid for this hospitality by a portrait representing Langlois as a boozy fellow with a pimpled face and playing on a bag-pipe. In the same way, James Callot, the Lorrain engraver, received his effigy as a recompense for his friendly kindness and good advice. In reality, Anthony Van Dyck went to Rome to seek his vocation; he would not have disdained Rubens's specialty, but he came back irresistibly a portrait-painter, captivated by Titian, whose golden flesh-tints, rich impasto and technical discoveries he had carefully studied. Langlois and Callot were the first ones served.

After a meditative sojourn at Antwerp, during which he executed several important works and obtained a great many honours, Van Dyck ceded once more to the pressing solicitations of the Earl of Arundel and made a second journey to London. For his time and country, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, was a rare character, we might almost say an odd character. In the society in which he lived the irresistible passion for collecting was almost a mania, and it required the King's authority and the apparent interest of the monarch in such follies to prevent Lord Arundel from being considered as demented and very stupid. There was no enthusiasm in England for art because there were no artists who counted. The painters were a dull, shabby-looking lot of poor, unappreciated workmen: James Becker, William Dobson, George Jameson, a Scotchman, Edward Moncall. Among all of them Dobson alone might have given the illusion of amounting to something; but when Van Dyck arrived in London Dobson was only twenty years old, had done but little work and died seventeen years later without having won a great reputation. Lord Arundel was then the possessor of some celebrated Holbeins and, desirous of continuing

the family traditions, his taste was for the Flemish painters. He appreciated Rembrandt and had settled convictions as to Van Dyck, notwithstanding the latter's somewhat long lark; he had even a proof of Van Dyck's talent, for his portrait, painted by the artist, must have been executed in 1620, at the time of the first visit to London. Besides, it was a bit of good luck to find a painter like Van Dyck, so perfect a gentleman in his bearing, a graceful horseman, fond of display, and who had over Rubens the advantage of being discreet and indulging in cant without betraying his modest origin in a single phrase. When it was a question of securing such a man for the King's service, Lord Arundel's counsel prevailed, and Charles I. willingly consented to allow the artist fifteen shillings a day, fifteen pounds sterling a month, the salary of an ambassador, and all his paintings paid extra; in winter he would be lodged at Blackfriars and during the summer in another residence. It is true that Van Dyck would have been an important personage anywhere. He had given proof of his talent at Rome and at Genoa, and was classed in the highest rank in Flanders; but for an artist of his impressionable, nervous talent and tender, poetical temperament, England was the desired spot, the unexplored paradise of romantic ladies who would be enchanted by this handsome man, whose reserved and dignified flirting would have a strange attraction for them. How many anecdotes told about Van Dyck add to the interest of his life! Is not Lady Stanhope's portrait all the more admirable because of the artist's passion for this high-born lady? The story concerning Margaret Lemon is also well known; she was his mistress, and when Van Dyck wanted to quit her threatened to cut off his right hand, the one with which he painted his masterpieces! As a contrast to the rustic and ample forms of the Flemish women, Van Dyck used as models wherever he went, fine, delicate persons whose aristocratic slenderness guided his brush and suggested the morbidness, while their attractions as high society ladies, with their infatuating adornments and diaphanous bodies, rendered them provoking and adorable. When he was at work on these portraits everything vibrated in Van Dyck, and his brain put forth all its feverish energy. He thus multiplied his masterpieces; but however minutely the sittings were regulated — an hour for each model, according to Jabach — his day's occupation often consisted in working with seven or eight different models, and with each one it was a fresh moral assault upon a temperament already fatigued, and, lacking as he did the manly puissance of Rubens, he soon broke down. And he adored all these women, even those who were aged or common, and never concealed his admiration. It is one of these flitting attachments that caused him to desert his house — where Mary Ruthven, his noble Scottish wife, whom he married in London, spun wool — and sent him to his grave at the early age of forty-one. Indeed, the hour had come for this grand seignior to die; what would have been the handsome Van Dyck with white hair?

Van Dyck's works were saved from dispersion by the sentiment their owners had that they possessed treasures, the jealousy they showed in keeping them and preserving them from loss, and by other and more serious motives. It was only at the price of gold that the King of France secured, one by one, some secondary paintings of religious or every-day-life subjects. Louis XIV. possessed some Van Dycks in the seventeenth century; the Duke of Orleans had the *English Royal Family,* a gift from Charles I.; Mary of Medici and the Duke of Richelieu owned some portraits of unknown men; Cardinal Richelieu possessed the likeness of Queen Henrietta of France, which was another royal present. But not one of the portraits of the beautiful English ladies who sat for Van Dyck has ever found its way to France, and while they have been sought for, solicited, begged for, the occasion to get and to keep them has never presented itself. As early as 1683 Louis XIV. had at Versailles the full-length portrait of a man and that of a lady seated, hanging opposite to each other; this lady was dressed in the Flemish fashion, but was



Van Dyck (Anthony).

Portrait of a Man and a Child.

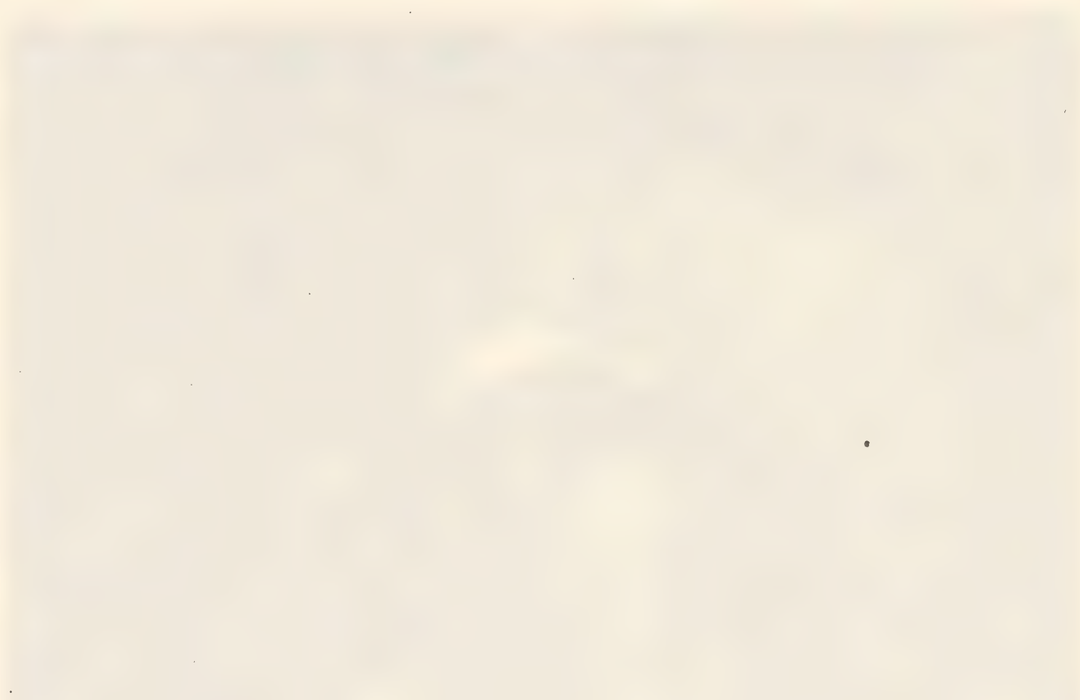
Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

not Flemish in appearance, being quite slender. Henriquel-Dupont has made a splendid engraving of this portrait. According to the inventory of the King's goods, in which we find so many astonishing things, the man is Rubens himself, a young, dark-complexioned Rubens, and the lady, Isabella Brandt, his first wife. The truth is that these two portraits are distinct works, without any relation between the persons represented; the man is some Flemish artist, and the woman, older and more mature, some middle-class woman of Antwerp. And if we find that these portraits are in perfect condition to-day, it is not because the Widow Godefroid did not "repair and clean all the drapery, cracked in many places." This was in 1785, after the two portraits had been at Versailles; they were subsequently taken to the Superintendence Department, then to the Luxembourg, and finally, in 1750, to the Louvre.

Between these two portraits, rightly attributed to Van Dyck, and the alleged portrait of John Grasset Richardot, bought as a Van Dyck in 1784, there are some important differences. Is it not somewhat venturesome when we have a lot of engraved likenesses of the real John Richardot, when we know that he was born in 1540 and died in 1609, when we find him everywhere shown as a bald, decrepit old man, to see him thus revived in 1620 — the probable date of the painting — as a man of forty-five at the outside, with hair and beard, beside a child of seven or eight? If, as some critics pretend, Van Dyck may have represented John Richardot, as he did Erasmus, according to later documents, our reply is that the portrait was certainly made from life, as is shown by the sickly features, which could not be done off-hand, by the absence of all hesitation, the free play of the brush and the masterly qualities that no copy, even made by Van Dyck himself, could ever give in this fashion. On the other hand, the attribution of this portrait to Rubens by critics who are not well prepared for such discussions, frightens us a little; it appears rather risky when we compare the materials employed and the details, especially the flesh tones imitated from Titian by Van Dyck and that Rubens scarcely attempted. Supposing that the work is by Van Dyck, it could only have been executed in the final period of his career, after his return from Italy, between 1625 and 1632. The costume perplexes us, for the collar was not usual

with the artist at that date. As for being the portrait of Richardot, this is possible, but it is not John Grasset, the father, who died in 1609; it is the likeness of the son, also named John, who was born about 1570 and was at the Court of the Governors of Flanders as early as 1602. It is known that this John Grasset was in Mantua at the beginning of the seventeenth century, that he there met Rubens and interceded for him with the Gonzagues. In 1615 or 1620, at the time of his relations with the artist, John Richardot wore exactly the same costume as is shown in the portrait. Van Dyck was then fifteen years old, and the ambassador could not have known him, while Rubens had many good reasons for asking Richardot for sittings. M. Max Rooses finds in the dressing of the hair an indication in favour of Van Dyck, Rubens disdaining such romantic arrangement. But is Richardot's hair really dressed in such a peculiar fashion? There remains the flesh-tones, which would be an objection if it had not been absolutely proved that Rubens, who was then living in Italy, had escaped the temptation of being inspired by Titian. Let us, therefore, say that this portrait is by Rubens, and if the error of attribution has so long persisted it is because of its ancient origin. It already existed with Gaignant in 1768, when the painting was sold for 9,200 frans to Randon de Boisset. Boisset transmitted the error to the Duke of Cossé, who paid 10,400 francs, and after De Cossé it deceived Louis XVI. and his intendant, M. d'Angiviller; this time the price paid was 16,000 francs. It is a delicate task to show so many persons in the wrong.

The Virgin with the Donors, which is at the Louvre, belongs to the Flemish period of Van Dyck's life, to the time when, after his return from Italy, he was awaiting the moment for starting out on his second journey to England. At that epoch he executed a lot of religious compositions, *ex-votos* and church decorations, rivalling the powerful works of Rubens by his human, sweet and tender Virgins, his noble and sorrowful Christs. These anonymous donors in the Louvre painting were quickly forgotten, for in less than fifty years after their portrait was made it was hawked about France by dealers, and finally bought for Louis XIV. by the artist Blanchard. Since then no indication has come to light as to the names of these donors. The painting entered the Fontainebleau Collection in company with a Magdalen attributed to Domenico Feti, and was bought for about four thousand francs; it was placed in the chamber of the late Queen, Maria Theresa, in 1695. Later on *The Virgin with the Donors* was sent to the Cabinet of Paintings at Paris, and in 1737 it was transferred to the Superintendence Department. It is there that the painter Jeaurat saw the work and admired it; but it was so black and smoky that it had to be turned over to the Widow Godefroid, who cleaned and varnished it and restored its human form. What was still better, the picture was enlarged! And with this enlargement added to the wanderings and want of care — to be hung in a queen's chamber and left to the tender mercy of valets is for a work of this importance a sort of Babylonian captivity — it is surprising that the original composition has survived. Happily a good part of it remains, and no other work of Van Dyck better shows the master's great talent, more unmistakably teaches a sublime art or furnishes a more elevated subject for meditation. Indeed, the admirable painter of ladies owed it to himself to show the calm ecstasy of ignored plain people and accord them an equal perennity with that of the great of the earth. In presence of the filial respect expressed by the two devout donors kneeling before the Mother of God, may we not imagine that Van Dyck's father, an honest merchant, and the mother, Mary Cuypers, "the needle fairy," a vigilant and austere mother of the Scriptures, inspired the son and furnished the very simple episode from which he made his masterpiece? A single point gives rise to a doubt; the age of Mary Cuypers, who died at forty-eight, in 1607, when the son was barely eight years old. For the rest there is no improbability if we remember



Van Dyck (Anthony).

Equestrian Portrait of Francis Moncade, Marquis of Aytona,
Commander of the Spanish Troops in the Netherlands.
(1586-1635.)

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

that when Van Dyck died, his own paintings then in his possession were to constitute a dot for his daughter Julienne, that they were afterwards carried off by a dishonest trustee to the continent and sold. Had these donors been destined for a church the work would have remained there; but as it was left in the artist's studio it was eventually disposed of and thus found its way into the collection of the King of France.

Such was probably the destiny of the bust-portrait of Francis Moncade, a study from life made for the equestrian portrait, afterwards kept in the studio, and bought by Louis XIV. at some sale as early as 1682. Francis Moncade, Marquis of Aytona, General-in-chief of the Spanish armies in the Netherlands, was in Flanders when Van Dyck returned home from his visit to Italy. Thus the date of the portrait must be somewhere between 1626 and 1632, probably 1632 in considering the General's age. This sketch was simply admired in France, where amateurs had not yet acquired a respect for masterpieces. This Moncade, made for a square frame — it was hung by the King as an "overdoor" counterpart to a portrait of Van Dyck himself — was fashioned into an oval-shape, trimmed and degraded. The life-size *Equestrian Portrait of Francis Moncade* was, according to all probability, placed by the Marquis in some one of his governmental palaces, and was absolutely unknown in the time of Louis XIV. Moreover, would it have been highly valued had it been known? For official and ordinary works of this kind the artist generally used a set arrangement, except for the head of the personage; the horse was always the same, whether he belonged to Charles I. or to the Marquis de Brignole Sale, and was shown advancing with the right fore-leg raised and exposing in a stereotyped attitude his enormous Andalusian croup, his small head profusely dressed. The accessories in a picture mattered little to Van Dyck; he generally put in a rose, a tulip or a fan for the ladies, a drapery for lords, and, if it harmonised, the outlines of a vague landscape. The horse embarrassed him and was never employed except at urgent request. Moncade wanted to be painted on a horse, so the artist used the same animal that had served in the portrait of the Marquis de Brignole, made in Italy, and the sketches of which had been pre-

served. How was this equestrian portrait discovered after a disappearance of one hundred and fifty years, when everybody might have supposed it was lost, and brought to the Louvre under Napoleon's reign to rejoin the sketch purchased by Louis XIV.? Moncade died in 1635, and his successor did not care about the portrait; it is probable that one day, finding his predecessor an encumbrance, he simply put him out of doors. The 35,000 francs paid by the Empire officials, the quality of masterpiece that was soon conferred upon it and the fine bearing of the model, prompted Raphael Morghen to make an engraving of it; and at that time the opinion of Morghen, the successful interpreter of Da Vinci and Raphael and the dispenser of renown, was the supreme sanction.

In mentioning the portrait of Isabella Claire Eugénie, Governess of the Netherlands, shown in her religious costume in *Venus Asking of Vulcan Weapons for Æneas,* we shall have spoken of everything at the Louvre executed by Van Dyck at Antwerp. This *Venus,* the *Rinaldo and Armida,* which came from the Napoleonic Museum, and a copy of which is in Prussia, the *Minerva* in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, the *Bacchanale* in Dresden, a *Danae* and an *Antiope* comprise nearly the entire list of mythological subjects attempted by Van Dyck. Wanting the creative imagination of a Rubens, we feel that he undertook these subjects with hesitation; when he tried allegories he soon got out of breath. There is no methodical quality in the *Venus;* Louis XIV. bought it because of its signature and the rarity of other works. But as early as 1706 the painting was relegated to the Petit-Luxembourg, then a little later exiled to the Superintendence Department, where the inevitable Madame Godefroid put it into shape.

The works at the Louvre executed by Van Dyck in London are relatively poor. In those eight prodigiously productive years, during which the artist brushed more than four hundred canvases that are hung everywhere in England, scarcely three or four have come to France. Without doubt the *Portrait of Charles I.* and the *Portrait of the Royal Children* are important, and it may even be admitted that the *Portrait of the Duke of Richmond* is not insignificant; but the ladies are wanting, and they represent the thoroughly refined, personal element that was invented by Van Dyck and constitutes his own special style. Even the *Portrait of the Royal Children,* which gives us a taste of his exquisite charm, is only a rough sketch, and while we admire the artistic freedom and intense life of the work we feel the neglect of a first sketch rapidly made, without definitive execution, and do not dare to proclaim it a miracle. We ask in all sincerity whether Charles I., whatever his eclectism and his kindly philosophy, would have accepted and appreciated this adorable sketch, but after all only a sketch, a hastily-made rough draft? In this work Charles II. appears to be six years old, Mary three at most, and James II. scarcely two; this would give the date of the sketch for the definitive portrait as 1636. Now this portrait, suitably finished, is in the Kensington Museum. Between the sketch and the completed work there is the same difference as between a clever improvisation and the carefully verified and executed transcription; we divine that however well received at the Court of England—endowed with a pension of two hundred pounds sterling and made a peer of the realm—Van Dyck encountered, if not on the part of the King at least with his flatterers, an opposition in the shape of those sneering remarks that is the courtier's way of increasing his influence or authority. This was at the beginning; when the artist had given to the peers, one by one, the only possible reason they had for passing to posterity, these hostile sentiments became gradually more favourable. That James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and a prince of royal blood, should have consented to appear as he does at the Louvre, as a blond Paris in a white tucker, holding the apple of discord, shows how humbled the ideas of the nobility had become in two or three years and what authority had been won

Van Dyck (Anthony).

Portrait of the Children of Charles I.

by Van Dyck. That was the period when, dividing his day into sittings of one hour, he assigned to each model the moment when he would be admitted and the instant he must give his turn to another, without ever consenting, even for a peer of the kingdom, to put off his horseback rides, receptions or rendezvous.

One day, King Charles I., tired of his greatness and of always being condemned to the observance of etiquette, wished to be shown by Van Dyck as a simple gentleman. After several

attempts, representing the monarch standing, on horseback, or seated, with the momentary joys or sorrows revealed by his eyes or his features, a compromise was reached, by which the King was to be portrayed as the King, the likeness being destined for Queen Henrietta of France. Before this portrait, so full of artistic effect, majesty and life, which is now one of the glories of the Louvre and considered as one of the great masterpieces of the museum, the spectator can meditate at his leisure. First of all he may consider that no such complete work was ever done by any one of the artists of the great Flemish epoch; then he can admire the different phases of emotion that a man of genius is able to draw out of simplicity and repose. The idea of the picture is, in

fact, one of the most ordinary conceptions in the world: a frisky horseman quitting his steed at a rise of ground on the edge of a wood in order to take a rest. As for the accessories, there are simply two equerries, a few trees, and in the distance an edge of the sea. But it is profoundly interesting to look only at the King, who, by an ingenious arrangement, appears alone and dominates the scene. Despite Van Dyck's preoccupation of giving the portrait a decorative character and his intention of having the execution of the work impeccable, we detect the King's sorrows in his impassible countenance, tired eyes and haughty smile, notwithstanding the impression that this smile was composed for the circumstance. The stipulated price of two hundred pounds sterling for this portrait, in which the artist had put the best of his talent, was not so wildly extravagant; yet the courtiers considered that with the army badly paid and the country threatened with cruel disasters, such a caprice was an impertinence. With a hard and somewhat brutal stroke Charles erased the price agreed upon and reduced it one-half. The reason given was not, perhaps, the true one; in reality, the Court people were astonished that amid the common embarrassment this portrait-painter, a foreigner, should be the only one able to keep open house and own the finest equipages in London. The King's violation of his agreement was a satisfaction given to his courtiers.

The story of the coming of this exquisite painting to the Louvre is worth telling. For a long while it was supposed to have been bought by Louis XIV. from the Baron de Thiers or from the Comtesse de Verrue; but in reality it had never been in the possession either of the King, the baron or the countess. In the middle of the eighteenth century it was owned by the Marquis de Lassay, who had bought it from an English dealer. Lassay afterwards gave it to the Comte de la Guiche. At the time of the Count's sale, in 1770, this precious portrait, offered at auction at an upset price 17,000 francs, was withdrawn for want of a bidder. At that epoch there were women who became an easy prey for wary middlemen. One of these intermediaries found no difficulty in drawing Madame du Barry into the affair; she was made to believe that the *Charles I.* ought to be hers by right as a relation of the Stuarts — she willingly admitted that she was a relation — and that the price asked was not such an exorbitant sum. It was thus, without any interference on the King's part, that the portrait was placed at Louveciennes. But it did not remain there long; after Louis XV.'s death his favourite was obliged to turn everything into cash to appease her clamouring creditors, and her architect, Le Doux, offered to Louis XVI.'s intendant, M. d'Angiviller, a lot of things, among which was the portrait in question, estimated at 24,000 francs. This price was accepted, and on May 19, 1775, Jeaurat came to take the portrait away; the money was at once counted out by order of Dutartre, Treasurer-General of the King's Edifices. All other stories about the portrait are untrue.

If we wish to intelligently judge Van Dyck, comprehend his excellence and convince ourselves how superior he was to his associates, rivals, pupils or imitators, the *Portrait of Charles I.* furnishes all needed proof. No other work shows so many distinguished qualities at the same time of mind and matter. It is essential to have a complete knowledge of Van Dyck to be thoroughly penetrated by him, to have been stirred and impressed by him, to see how much, after a hundred years' interval, the English painters, Reynolds or Lawrence, owe to him, and how, without him, deprived of liberty and daring, they would have remained merely insular artists. Van Dyck was veritably a poet, a romanticist, a seeker after the ideal, a sublime celebrator of beauty, even though it were concealed, invisible for others, scarcely admitted. The artifices of coquetry and trickery of decoration, which save lesser artists, never hampered him; his backgrounds were always composed of distant parks, indefinite architecture and an almost hackneyed arrangement of objects scarcely

Lawrence (Sir Thomas).

Portrait of John Julius Angerstein and his Wife.

outlined, while the costumes of his models are generally of satin stuffs largely rumpled. From these accessories, always sacrificed but combined in their shades and synthetised in harmonies of soft, supple tones, the face stands out with such an intensity of life that we almost doubt whether these mouths do not speak and these eyes see.

When Van Dyck reached full artistic growth and had such a splendid assurance of himself that nothing remained in doubt, the civil war broke out between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. He was obliged to quit England in haste, having lost his protectors; the King had fled to the North, Arundel retired to his country seat, and Strafford died on the scaffold. There were no longer any friendly ladies or rare models, and for Van Dyck, who continued to be the same magnificent gentleman as formerly, this meant impending embarrassment, and perhaps even worse consequences. In 1641 he crossed the Channel and journeyed to Paris like an ambassador through the route crowded with horses, carriages and valets. Between January 1641, when Van Dyck arrived, and November 16, nearly a year, he had found but few occasions for utilising his talents; what he had done was for private individuals or friends. One important work, however, remains of that period, and a sketch of it is at the Louvre: the *Portrait of Beatrix de Cantecroix,* morganatic wife of Duke Charles IV. of Lorraine. In April, 1641, the Duke came to Paris and swore fidelity to Louis XIII.; Beatrix, who had formerly followed her husband to the wars, accompanied him and was admitted to the Court festivities. Van Dyck obtained a sitting, which he owed to his reputation, to his nobility and to a compassionate consideration for his attachment to Charles I. The artist then returned to England, ill in body and mind, as if ten months of forced repose had rusted the wheels and dried up the energy of this overworked organism. Van Dyck had scarcely settled himself once more at Blackfriars when he died, on December 9, leaving two daughters, Julienne and Maria Theresa, an illegitimate offspring, as inheritors of his property, which was said to be immense.

With the years 1640 and 1641, Rubens and Van Dyck having disappeared, the Flemish School had given its maximum of brilliancy. Teniers, who survived and to whom public favour was transferred, was only a minor master, inferior to them in genius and popularity, as are all painters whose talents are employed in the representation of trivial subjects of daily life. His father, David Teniers the Elder, had given him the taste and taught him the rudimentary theory of the brush.

A Fleming by instinct and will, because, born in the country of the elder Breughel and Jerome Bosch, he had given up all idea of producing allegories or grand works beyond his power and early turned his attention to scenes of gay rustic manners and customs and to bright landscapes. But we must not seek in this temperament thus directed the precursor of our rustic Millet, or of the bohemian Lantara of the eighteenth century. The younger Teniers suffered from early embarrassments; if he accompanied his father to the village fairs to offer pictures as others sold their chickens or cheese, the recent example of Seignior Rubens, or the still more legendary version of Van Dyck, struck him strangely. The simple cottage desired by others was magnified in his dream into a palace, and he advanced step by step until he was soon settled in his own mansion, solicited and praised.

Was it to distinguish himself from the other monarchs that Louis XIV. pronounced his edict of excommunication against Teniers? We have already said that not a single Teniers found a welcome at Versailles; yet it was known that towards the close of the reign, the Dauphin, who was not so uncompromising as his father, had secretly bought some of these works and placed them at the Chateau of Marly in all the rooms that the King was not likely to visit. Of these twenty or twenty-five paintings, scarcely two or three eventually reached the Louvre: the *Interior of a Tavern,* where Teniers himself is represented as "a well-dressed man" paying the landlord, and *A Smoker* seated upon a stool, a picture that gave Meissonier suggestions for several celebrated imitations. All the others were lost during the Revolution, borrowed and not returned, or disappeared no one knows where.

As a reaction against the old King's tastes, and as the Regency had succeeded the formalism and protocols of Versailles, the enthusiasm for Teniers's paintings immediately increased among "connoisseurs." Aside from all questions of art — for it was neither the suppleness of his marvellous brush, the delicacy of his impasto nor his piquant and cordial intelligence that pleased — the amateurs sought for Teniers's works from a sentiment of looseness, a liking for coarse pleasantry and a libertinism that was then quite the fashion. I have already said that as an excuse for this partiality for Teniers's pictures, admirers pretended to find in them a taste for a return to a love of nature and an acquiescence in Rousseau's theories. The fact is that Teniers's popularity constantly grew, and the prices of his paintings increased tenfold during the years between 1744 and 1767, reaching their highest point in the days of the Trianon and the pastoral pictures. Paintings that had been sold with great difficulty in 1744 for 200 francs, rose to 900, 1,500 and 2,000 francs. At the Julienne sale, in 1767, *A Village Dance* was knocked down at nearly 6,000 francs, and *A Village Wedding* at 7,200 francs. Soon afterwards, in 1776 and 1777, similar pictures rose from 10,000 to 19,000 francs, and the reason was that most of them had been classed by the engraver Philippe Le Bas, popularised and lauded so highly that everyone, from the Marquis de Brunoy and Blondel de Gagny to the Prince de Conti and Choiseul-Praslin, collected Teniers's works. It was at the time of these celebrated sales that the Louvre secured the greater part of its Teniers's paintings. Queen Marie Antoinette, a reflex nature and one easily influenced, followed the fashion. *The Prodigal Son* fetched 29,000 francs at the Blondel de Gagny sale, and it was not Louis XVI. who gave the royal commissions. The same may be said for the exceptional *Saint Peter Denying his Master,* acquired in 1784 from the Comte de Merle for more than 10,000 francs; for *A Village Festival,* coming from La Live; for *A Riverside Tavern;* for the *Peasants Dancing in Front of a Tavern,* bought from the Duc de Cossé; and for *Heron Hawking,* belonging to the Comte de Vaudreuil. After the Revolution and the Empire the Comte de Provence, who had become Louis XVIII., still retained his early taste for Teniers, and the Louvre owes to his love for the artist the *Interior*

Lawrence (Sir Thomas).

Portrait of Madame Ducrest de Villeneuve.

of a Tavern, which was bought in 1816 for 5,700 francs, and the celebrated *Saint Anthony's Temptation,* the most popular among the works of Teniers at the Louvre and the one that everybody knows and admirers in all security!

To speak frankly, it is hardly fair to Teniers to consider him only as a painter of broad jokes or as simply a coarse caricaturist. Seen at the village of Perk, between Malines and Vilvorde, where he found his joyous models, he was not at all a plebeian, but a foppish gentleman, frizzled and elegantly dressed, possessing a three-towered castle with an artificial lake upon which swans floated, a beautiful wife, Catherine, daughter of Velvet Breughel, pretty children, servitors and a Court better furnished with parasites than any other in Flanders since the days of Rubens. His scenes of low life gave a piquant contrast to his existence as lord of the manor, musician, dandy and fine gentleman in everything. He was not at all unwilling to show in his *Works of Mercy,* now at the Louvre, the elder Teniers distributing wine and bread to the poor, or of presenting himself and his wife in *The Prodigal Son,* he holding out his glass to a young tavern-waiter who is too handsome and too well dressed not to be his son. The proof that this little waiter is his offspring, that Teniers himself is the prodigal son and that his wife represents one of the courtesans, is to be found in a painting formerly owned by the Duc de la Vallière and engraved by Le Bas, wherein all these same models, assembled upon a terrace, are catalogued as *The Teniers Family.* It was a frequent thing for the artist, by way of contrast to his usual subjects of rustic orgies, to present in a corner of such scenes graceful groups of refined society people, clothed in satin and resplendent with elegance. Now these "swells," who are chaffed by the drinkers and mocked by a drunkard, are David Teniers and his family, occupants of the three-towered mansion of Perk, who daily walked in ribboned slippers and carefully kept their garments clear of all contact with such sottish persons. But, by this elbowing of boisterous and rustic gaiety with refined elegance and gallant courtesy, by the representation of fashionable society and the populace, do we not get a better idea than by any artistic descent or school formation of the direct influence of one race over another and the legitimate filiation of a style of painting that some persons have imagined to be a novelty?

Van Dyck left the English people Peter Lely and Kneller, who in turn bequeathed Reynolds, Gainsborough and Lawrence. To Teniers they are indebted for Hogarth, and the contrast between satin and tatters is common to both of these artists. Hogarth implanted this contrast at London

with another kind of philosophy and more rational malice, which is just what distinguishes the combattive Anglo-Saxon from the calm and phlegmatic Fleming.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

The success in England of Van Dyck, Holbein and, later on, of the Westphalian Peter Lely, or of Kneller, who came from Lubeck, shows what a small place the native artists occupied for a long time. If Van Dyck succeeded in arousing this indifference of the public and in forming some pupils, Dobson was one of them, and Dobson died too young to have made any impression. The Englishman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries imported his art the same as he did the quantity of grain or the wine that was lacking; he accepted what was offered him on condition that he found some attraction in it. Quite disposed to be disdainful of others, reserving an earnest and tender consideration for his own person, he was instinctively in favour of portrait-painting. This was the best reason for honouring Van Dyck, and when Van Dyck died, Peter Lely, or to give him his right name, Peter Van der Faes, came. He was expected at London, where the memory of the great artist who had disappeared was still as fresh as ever. One thing in favour of Lely was his Dutch origin; his father had been in the Stadtholder's service and his mother was a native of Utrecht. Besides, Lely being a cosmopolitan, was without any attachment for the new government and ignored the old; he was thus admirably suited for that tormented epoch. Brought to England by the Prince of Orange, he did not care whether his models were followers of Cromwell or friends of the Stuarts. All he desired—and in case of need he would have been asked to desire—was to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, to imitate his elegances and subtile style. Lely tried to do this, but the results were pale, weak and far from the original. The English scarcely seemed to perceive this, and doubted still less, later on, of Kneller's somewhat stinted execution.

At the origin of the Louvre Museum not a single English artist counted in France; it was the fashion to forget that England existed in art, so great was Louis XIV.'s desire that she should not exist for anything at all. The King had, in fact, by Peter Lely a Magdalen, which was placed at Versailles, and a portrait of the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth, Renée de Keroualle, a Breton lady, whose life was such a strange romance. A portrait of an unknown man, also by Lely, was somewhere in the Cabinet of Paintings, but all these works were gifts that had been accepted without much enthusiasm. Moreover, the attributions were false. The portrait of Renée de Kéroualle, which is now at Compiègne, is not by Lely, but by Verelst, who signed the canvas; it was at one time ascribed to Foulanges. The portrait of an unknown man, now at Dijon, has only lately been attributed to Lely. One of Lely's works, *Atalanta and Meleager,* at present at the Louvre, was bought by Napoleon after the death of the Duc de Penthièvre. This likeness was formerly exhibited under the name of Berettini, commonly called Pietro da Cortona. The portrait of a man with a lace collar is of unknown origin.

Peter Lely himself is of slight importance, and he owes his posthumous glory to our curiosity; but the persons painted by him are of importance, and he treated them with a respectful decorum and some skill. His great merit is of being the first link in a chain going from Van Dyck to Reynolds in passing by Wissing, Gascar, Kneller, Richardson and Ramsay. Among these artists Richardson and Ramsay are the only natives of the kingdom; the others were importations. Poor imitators of Van Dyck, or even of Lely, their only merit consists in having preserved for historians

Bonington (Richard Parkes).

Mazarin and Anne of Austria.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

some well-known figures; Kneller has given us the Duchess of Marlborough of a popular song. But in art and in precious research they accomplished but little.

Therefore, we may console ourselves for the almost entire absence at the Louvre of the works of these precursors. There is no Kneller in our national collection, no work by Jonathan Richardson, although through John Riley, Lely's immediate successor, Richardson held the Van Dyck tradition. Thomas Hudson is also absent, notwithstanding his recognised merit, for in his day Hudson had a great deal of talent, a gracefulness and slightly affected charm, as may be seen in the delicious *Portrait of Mary Panton,* Duchess of Doncaster, which, at the epoch contemporaneous with that of Van Loo, was considered as an excellent English painting. There remains Ramsay, and the Louvre has recently obtained one of his works, which, we may add, it might have done without. Ramsay was Court-painter, and has left so many copies of the royal couple at twenty guineas, so many impersonal portraits, dull in tone and execution, that the *Queen Consort Charlotte,* one of these waifs, has stranded here and sadly shows what hack-work had made in the long run of a gifted and vigorous artist. It is not by this portrait that we should judge Allan Ramsay, Lord Chesterfield's protégé and the discreet correspondent of Rousseau and Voltaire. This business man could do better work, as is shown by a marvellous portrait of Mary Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, the celebrated *Lady with a Guitar,* several ingenious details of which foreshadow Reynolds.

The absence at the Louvre of all these men, including even "the genial mediocrity" Hogarth, cannot cause distressing sorrow to the real amateur. But Reynolds! He is the artist who enlightened the English School and made it what it was at the end of the eighteenth century, and even a little of what it is to-day. A literary and refined mind, his painting is usually reserved and noble; he painted very few unimportant things. After a lapse of more than one hundred years — born in 1723, Reynolds could scarcely have thoroughly understood his profession before 1750 — he became desperately enthu-

siastic over Van Dyck, arranging the master's delicious style according to the taste of his contemporaries, so impressed by him that the series of duchesses painted by Reynolds is an imitation if not a copy of Van Dyck's manner; take as an example the portrait of Lady Gordon, dressed as a lady of the reign of Charles I. Now the Louvre has nothing by Sir Joshua, not even a sketch. For Reynolds, as for Van Dyck, the devotion of the English has been so steadfast that very few of the innumerable portraits he painted at the Court, where he was painter in ordinary to the King, and among the nobility and gentry have strayed into France. The Louvre still awaits the lucky chance to retrieve its fortune, but it is rather late.

This lucky chance came recently for Gainsboroughs and Lawrences. The Louvre possesses only landscapes by Gainsborough, and although this master is an admirable landscape-painter, it is not simply a rural scene that the Louvre desires. From Gainsborough to Reynolds, the merit being equal and the renown the same, there is the difference between the impulsive artist and the clever one, between the poet and the scholar. The more Reynolds borrows, compiles and forms for his own use a small arsenal of skilful methods, the more Gainsborough strikes out for himself, sometimes brutal, unexpected, graceful when it pleases him, even in his landscapes. The Louvre has neither *The Blue Boy,* nor the portraits of Mrs. Graham, Georgiana Points, Miss Coghlan or Mrs. Elliot, that is to say nothing showing by what and how Gainsborough excelled, since in portrait-painting he never imposed the formal directions of a Reynolds or a Lawrence, but received from his model useful suggestions as to light and pose, accepted them and was contented with them even when they were questionable. Still, nothing interested him more than what was questionable, unforeseen and out of the common way, and we cannot admire him at the Louvre under this aspect. Thomas Lawrence or George Romney is not a compensation for this difficiency, and yet Thomas Lawrence has a place at the Louvre worthy of him; his *Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Angerstein* is about the best work in the modest corner of the English gallery. In the absence of an authentic painting by Reynolds, this portait of the Angersteins might deceive. When Lawrence painted this stout, happy and rich man, this mature but still agreeable-looking woman, he was under the imperious and dominating influence of his predecessor; he detached himself from this influence still less in executing this portrait, because the elegances invented by Reynolds for the use of ladies were not displeasing to this millionaire middle-class citizen. How could the young artist, newly invited and so well received in the rich man's house, have better shown his gratitude than by making Angerstein a lord, his wife a lady, and their garden a large park? Under this enhanced social condition, gratified and serene, with an expression of emotion on their eyelids, the Angersteins appeared at the London Exhibition of 1792 and served as a counterpart to a portrait of King George III., the first work of Lawrence as Court-painter. This familiarity was not blamed because Lawrence, although very young, had an excellent position, and even for King George Mr. John Julius Angerstein, a rich banker, and his wife were persons of consequence. From a strictly artistic point of view, the portraits of the Angersteins, so skilfully arranged in accordance with the taste of that day, marks the best period of Lawrence's talent; it was the time when he showed the ideal Duchess of Derby in a park, wrapped in furs and carrying a muff, although the landscape background scarcely indicated autumn weather. Lawrence has at the Louvre a witness of the three phases of his talent; the influence of Reynolds is manifest in the Angerstein portrait, the hesitation caused by the French revolutionary artists is visible in the *Portrait of Lord Whitworth,* English Ambassador at Paris, suggested perhaps by Gerard or Robert Lefèvre, then, a quarter of a century later, after having acquired his formulas and assimilated his ideas, he came to France and was captivated by romanticism like all the rest, soon becoming a dandy and a seeker

Raeburn (Sir Henry).

Portrait of a Disabled Sailor.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

after episodes. With his brush or with his pencil, for he had found a very attractive process of pearly pastel, everything became over-refined, arranged for effect, as at the theatre, the women as Corinnes and the men as heroes. The Louvre has a painting of this period, a *Portrait of Madame de Villeneuve,* and it is not one of the least of Lawrence's works.

Who was Madame de Villeneuve? The pastel drawing entered the Louvre in 1867, having been bequeathed by Madame de Villeneuve herself. Now this lady has been designated as a niece of Madame de Genlis, a native of Provence, one of Josephine's ushers, an actress. As a matter of fact, Madame de Villeneuve was a Mademoiselle Sophie Laure Duvaucel, daughter of a Farmer-general who was guillotined in 1794, on the same day as Lavoisier, the distinguished chemist and himself temporarily a Farmer-general. She was married to Admiral Ducrest de Villeneuve, and died in 1867. Her mother became the second wife of Cuvier, the naturalist, and it was at Cuvier's house, where he was a frequenter, that Lawrence met and made the portrait of Mademoiselle Duvaucel in 1825, the year in which he painted the Duchess of Berry. It was several years later, after 1835, when her parents were dead and she herself approached forty-five, that Mademoiselle Duvaucel married Admiral de Villeneuve, who, in 1806, had carried news from France to the Ile Bourbon amid the English cruisers. When he died, in 1852, he was Maritime Prefect at Lorient.

This portrait, smartly sketched with a crayon and touched up in water-colour, pearly and blond, is a thoroughly successful production, and we can easily comprehend the desire of the aged widow of the Admiral to leave the Louvre a witness of her youth, which is, by chance, a sincere work. With Russell's *Boy with the Cherries,* obtained in 1869, the portrait is one of the oldest specimens of English art in the French national museum, and it dates back thirty-three years! For the rest of the English paintings at the Louvre, they have come from gifts and legacies. With a part of the remainder of the Barreillier legacy the curators recently purchased the stately and imposing *Portrait of John Stanley,* by Romney; yet, despite its unquestionable qualities, this very serious work hardly shows the artist's special talent. How much better able we should be to comprehend this nervous bohemian if we possessed one of his allegories in which he represents Emma Lyonna, or the Countess of Derby showing her rosy hues? It is difficult to understand how one of the numberless effigies of Emma Lyonna as nymph or bacchante has not reached France. It is only a slight compensation for this dearth to have a *Portrait of a Disabled Sailor,* by Raeburn, another

virtuoso, whose impastos are full of poesy and who, even in the likeness of this large man, more of a clergyman than a sailor, found just the merest trifle that has made of this ordinary model a masterpiece. Hoppner's *Portrait of the Countess of Oxford* also weighs but little in his complete list of all those ladies of rank and fashion of 1803, the Benburies and Mary Gwyns, exquisite, vaporous and perverse, not one of whom is in France, unless it be in distorted copies.

To conclude, in spite of all the efforts made, the Louvre has still only its embryo of the English School. The Gainsboroughs, Ramsays, Hoppners, Phillipses or Opies grouped in our national museum do not constitute a selection worthy of the place. Lawrence is about the only one who has his proper rank, and perhaps Beechey, his contemporary, and like him a member of the Royal Academy. Imitator of Reynolds, he was so productive that in sixty-six years, from 1773 to 1839, he exhibited more than 350 portraits, one of which, *Brother and Sister,* the Louvre obtained through the kindness of the editor of *L'Art;* this portrait is agreeable and announces the Landseers. Perhaps Bonington's talent is sufficiently well indicated by his *Old Housekeeper,* if we remember his age and judge this fine work as it ought to be judged, and beside which all his little romantic canvases appear pale, such, for instance, as *Mazarin and Anne of Austria,* in which a lot of persons pretend to find too many qualities. In landscape-painting Gainsborough and, to a greater extent, Constable make a good showing, the latter with *Weymouth Bay* and some exquisite small, limpid and sunny scenes that almost belong to our own school. There remains to be found a Turner, and for Turner as well as for Reynolds and Hogarth, we must await the favourable moment. With the high bids that are made for these works at the present time we are likely to wait a long while.

HENRI BOUCHOT.

Jordaens (Jacob).

An After-Dinner Concert.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Jordaens (Jacob).

Jupiter's Childhood.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Rubens (Peter Paul).

Portrait of Baron de Vicq, Ambassador of the Netherlands at the Court of France.

Rubens (Peter Paul).

Portrait of a Lady of the Boonen Family.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Rubens (Peter Paul)

Landing of Catherine of Medici at Marseilles.

(November 3, 1600.)

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Rubens (Peter Paul).

Loth's Flight.

Rubens (Peter Paul).

Portrait of Helen Fourment, Second Wife of Rubens,
and of Two of their Children.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Teniers (David) the Younger.

The Temptation of Saint Anthony.

Teniers (David) the Younger.

The Prodigal Son at Table.

THE

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THE SPANISH SCHOOL

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Murillo (Bartolomeo Esteban).

The Birth of the Virgin.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

THE SPANISH SCHOOL.

The Spanish School of Painting is represented at the Louvre by a limited number of pictures, but these works are all of an original and striking character. This little collection stands out all the stronger in relief as it appears but slightly connected with its origins, the period of formation almost entirely escaping us. For this reason the group of Spanish masters presents itself before us with a sudden strangeness that surprises us at first, and obliges us to reflect in order to unite this brilliant meteor to its distant causes. Still, the Louvre possesses all that is requisite to show in a superior manner the classical epoch of Spanish art in its brief and intense expanding. There is lacking a work of broad range by Velasquez, but his portraits of kings and royal children fully display his sober, exquisite and powerful qualities. Of works by Herrera, Zurbaran, Ribera and Murillo, we could scarcely wish to have more or better specimens, and this, in reality, is the essential. Finally, if it is difficult to get an idea of Goya's strange and fascinating genius from the few indifferent examples of his painting at the Louvre, we may console ourselves with the knowledge that his engraved work is within the reach of everybody.

Who were the precursors of a national art in Spain? How and when was it originated? Upon these points we obtain but little information at the Louvre, and for a good reason. It is not a great while since visitors to public art-museums sought anything else than relaxation and esthetical enjoyment, and that criticism and history have claimed their rights in the formation of collections. It so happens, besides, that the historical method, while increasing the pleasure of the eyes by a more active co-operation of the mind, has not relegated to the background the search for beauty. The

works of painting that are historically the most important are those that are the finest esthetically, those that have counted in the evolution of art being precisely the ones in which the initiative of a creative genius makes itself felt.

The introduction to the Spanish School is, therefore, somewhat brief at the Louvre; yet the misfortune is much less than though it were a question of the Primitives of Sienna or Florence. Spain has not had, like Flanders and Italy, the honour of reviving the art of painting by a prodigious effort of invention and of re-creating all its elements one by one. We must not ask it to give us either the delicious simplicity of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Italy, the awkward and passionate charm of youth, the expression of love and its purest ardours, or the treasures of new, keen and strong sensations that make the first Italian Renascence the incomparable springtime of the modern soul.

Coming late, Spanish art had not so much to create as to assimilate the creation of others, and then to decide upon its own limitations. Pupil of Flanders and Italy, it did not, in the exuberance of its youthful force, invent expressions more and more exact and beautiful. Its own effort consisted in distinguishing itself from others, and to do this it was obliged to withdraw within itself, impose upon itself some strong reserves, and to deny itself rather than spread out. Thus, while Italy diffused throughout the whole world the blossoming of all the most powerful, as well as the noblest instincts, Spain, in a painful renewal of her personality, established her independence only after a long while and by the energy of her solitary pride. But this awakening is very interesting and instructive, and some conclusive examples at the Louvre will show us how the deliberate will to be herself was more efficacious than a lifeless eclectism.

When Spain had received her double education — from Flanders the solid and brilliant technical skill of the north; from Florence, Venice and Rome a rich fund of ideas and forms — some resolute and independent minds became conscious by their own genius of the genius of their race, and then there appeared some works that were singularly and violently expressive and that announced a new art.

The first Spanish painter made known by a work at the Louvre is Luis de Morales, called El Divino by his contemporaries. He is also the first who, resolutely breaking away from Italian imitation, had the courage to restrain himself when expressing the intense inner life and religious spirit of his time. His *Christ Bearing the Cross* has, in its limited size, a high poetic value. Upon a dark ground a head divinely beautiful and sorrowful, long, flexible hands bruised by the cross, a serious, noble and gentle being who is resigned to man's unjust brutality. It is a work full of pity and tears, in which contemplative fervour rejects everything that is spectacular, ostentatious or vainly sonorous, and excites itself by its own sacrifice; yet it is also a work lovingly carried out and in which the material is, by delicate and attentive handling, adapted to the brilliant enamel that gives to the moral expression all its radiant beauty. Nothing more is needed to establish the principle of an austere art, reduced voluntarily to parsimonious means, but exalting all the more the intimate sentiment. What a lot of things in germ there are in this concentrated manner, which responds to the essential desires of a race and, at a stroke, directs the art of a country towards a powerful sobriety! In this manner Morales invented and founded; by the admirable impulse of his love and faith he announces and dominates the inspiration of a very religious school, and his own renunciation of frivolous gracefulness is as much the evidence of Christian virtue as of artistic merit.

An indispensable landmark in the forward march of Spanish art, Morales is a distant precursor and remains isolated. We must wait nearly half a century before another personality

Herrera (Francisco de), called the Elder.

Saint Basil Dictating his Doctrine.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

of the same worth appears, advances a second step and creates more subtile means for expressing a more complete ideal. Concerning the artists who form the chain between Morales and Domenico Theotocupuli, called El Greco, about Navarrete, Cespedes and Las Roelas, where teaching would have had great bearing, about Carducho and Caxes, these Italian Spaniards, our national art-museum is mute; the loss is not great, since these excellent painters perpetuate the tradition without renewing it. With El Greco it is otherwise; he occupies a large place in Spanish art, and we should esteem ourselves lucky that a generous giver has filled a serious gap in our national collection.

El Greco's painting, given to the Louvre by M. Theodore Duret, represents *Saint Francis of Assisi*. The title alone recalls the gentle author of the "Fioretti." What we really see in this canvas are two monks secluded in some deep solitude at the foot of cragged rocks, two long, terribly sad figures face to face with death. One of the monks, whose leanness shakes under the grayish drugget, is kneeling with a skull in his hands, and no description could render the movement of these poor, wasted hands poising the vanity and insignificance of man, or the infinite commiseration of the eyes, the half-open mouth, the sharp visage, which appears to have mourned over all the miseries of this world. To the left, another monk rises half-way up from a ditch and, seen from the rear, the head slightly thrown back, the hands joined, his pointed profile denotes an equal intensity of suffering. Both men are clothed in clear gray, a singular gray, harsh and lightly glazed with a pale, lunar blue, a limbo, melancholy gray that adds a cold-steel impression to the mournfulness of the surroundings. The thinness of the drawing and the sharpness of the harmony at first astonish more than they attract, but the charm soon comes and the new and penetrating sentiment takes possession of the mind.

With the same subject, Luis Tristan, who was for a while the pupil of El Greco and whom Velasquez knew, is far from attaining a like intensity of expression. The Saint Francis that he has placed, kneeling in a somewhat vehement and theatrical attitude, has not the same beauty of inte-

rior emotion. Yet what passion in this body thrown forward, what sombre ardour in this head with its depressed, common and powerful brow, what energetic supplication in these looks and in the movement of the open hand upon which is the stigmata! All this is evidently surface eloquence, but its very excess indicates its sincerity, and, not less than the choice of the violent, harsh tones, shows us that Tristan is a faithful interpreter of his race, marching, without talent of invention, in the path that greater masters have traced.

These are summary glances and indications scarcely sufficient to show the progress made. If we wish to speak of a really superior work, the Spanish School at the Louvre begins only with the elder Herrera's *Saint Basil Dictating his Doctrine*. It begins, however, magnificently, and we could hardly desire a more triumphant opening. The imperious tone, vehement movements and terrible character of the faces reveal the gloomy Catholic lyricism such as it could be expressed by the irritable and authoritative Herrera. In him the militant ardour and certainty of the faith are firmly established without circumlocution. His religion is not one of love or pity; it is a lofty dream of absolutism, a hard poesy of holy war. And to respond to this ideal worthy of Philip II., Herrera created a world of impetuous shapes, a colouring with a blackish ground and metallic reflections, dull and ferruginous in its restricted register. Adopting a contrasted style of composition already familiar to the school, but here carried to its extreme limit, he places a strong black mass in the centre, and makes vibrate around it in a gray atmosphere moving spots of gray white, warm brown and deept garnet, while he opens in the sky a vista of azure-blue and purple gold. A reflection of the stake lights up this formidable assembly of doctors sure of their knowledge and girded with energy for the struggle. It is a grand figure, if it is not the true image of the tender Saint Basil, this father of the Church who sits like a prophet of the old days upon some Sinai under the half-open heaven whence descends the dove. The sombre episcopal cope clothes him with majesty; a thumb resting upon the book open upon his knees, the right hand raised and ready to write, he dictates the pure doctrine with an authority that admits of no reply. Near to the patriarch with the arched nose and fulgent eyes, the acolytes are equally redoubtable; at his left, Saint Bernard, with his restless and sinister head under his hood; at his right, the hooked and savage profile of Bishop Diego; lower down, two monks brandishing their pens as though they were swords, await the master's words. All these physiognomies are the common faces of predicants and polemicists, all excited by a nervous tremor, carried away by the inspiration of the spirit that stirs them. And all this agitation, regulated by a perspicuous will, is brought back to the grand, imperative movement, to the powerful and soft spot of light emanating from heaven and placed upon the book of doctrine. A like work, and one that so completely evokes the spirit of an epoch, assigns to the fiery artist an eminent rank, that of a conquering genius who collects, affirms and concludes.

Zurbaran is naturally united to this master, with the differences, however, that separate from battling heroism a more tender and dreamy nature, but still very manly and near to epic simplicity. A little younger than Ribera, a little older than Velasquez, this painter, of peasant stock, doubtless owed to his secluded life and contemplative tendencies a certain charm of archaic candour that distinguishes him from his more frankly naturalistic rivals. The moral inspiration, if not the technical skill, of his work would classify him in the preceding generation, as though he continued to live in spirit in an age anterior to his own. Special feelings and sentiments are thus prolonged beyond accepted dates and bear delicious fruit in an unexpected autumn. What Zurbaran put into definitive shape with a penetrating tenderness that the blunt Herrera scarcely understood, is still a thoroughly religious aud cloistral conception of life. He is not so belligerent as his vigorous predecessor, but

Ribera (Josef de).

A Club-Footed Boy.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

more truly Christian, and in a less rigid manner, yet not at all effeminate, knows how to say sweet and simple things that are according to Gospel. He describes and exposes in a direct style that draws him strangely near to the Primitives, with a calm objectiveness that has no idea of flattering, and a candid conviction that foresees no objection. Ingenious and subtile painter, he impresses us above all with the idea that he is profoundly honest.

How well he has rendered the simple and feminine charm of the holy woman in *Sainte Apolline* who, standing, holds the branch of palm and the martyr's pincers in her slender hands, inclines her small and graceful head, and who is a pure, delicate, careful and excellent lady under her dark-green mantle, her white girdle and fine pink shirt. Two works, especially, give a complete idea of Zurbaran's genius; one is purely narrative, the other more dramatic, but both are impregnated with the same serious and perfect charm. The first is, by its character, exquisitely natural. In an assembly of monks, Saint Peter of Nolasque discusses a theological point before Saint Raymond of Penaflor. With what heroic simplicity and admirable gravity this religious controversy is recounted, and how we feel that it has for the Spanish artist as much interest as the *Lesson in Anatomy* will have later on for the Dutch painter. The subject is boldly attacked, loved for itself, without any research of ornament or round-about expression. In front of the platform, surmounted by a red canopy upon which is seated the young Cardinal wearing his barret-cap and clothed in the purple mantle, a monk has just finished the exposition of his thesis, and his suspended gesture continues to sustain his argument. Saint Raymond, whose serious and delicate face has the paleness of studious youth, raises his arm with a tranquil assurance, makes a movement that distinguishes and demonstrates, the fore-finger drawn close to the thumb. All is calm and collected around the two controversialists; the monks listen, reflect, weigh the pros and cons. The assistants are grouped under a high

portico that opens upon a sunny street lined with white buildings, and all these portraits of theologians are as fine in individual truth as they are in general and concentrated attention. There are faces denoting dialectical acuteness, strong stubbornness and dull simplicity; the massive heads have for the most part the strong, bony structure of persons given to meditation, some have the long, melancholy type of the Spanish race; one of the personages is almost comical by the sly questioning of a sharp little eye. A grand air of truthfulness prevails everywhere. The art, which conceals itself, has no other ambition than to render the serious interest of the present scene. There are no means of pleasing that are not essential to the subject, but there is also a hand careful to record what is important, an eye sensitive to sober and delicate harmonies. The substantial modelling avoids vulgar reliefs and rotundities; the painting, of a dull effect, is executed by flat strokes and somewhat harsh juxtapositions; the colouring is harmonious and simple; a red lightly blended with gray dominating in the centre and to the right, a softened white for Saint Bernard's surplice; the vinous grays of the monastic robes, grays turning to an opaque black in the shadow; in the background the mildly luminous note of the white walls; over all this the calm atmosphere of a vast hall where the brightness from without is tempered by the gray stone. The entire composition has the serene splendour and calm delicacy of a fresco.

As for Zurbaran's other canvas, it is one of the grandest and most touching paintings at the Louvre. Here the subject incited the artist. It is the favourite theme treated by the gloomy Spanish School, and one that well represents its genius; it is the magnificent and mournful spectacle of the Christian funeral, the confronting of life and death, the *dies iræ* which resounds like a knell from one end to the other of a monastical art. Moreover, with an artist such as Zurbaran, there is nothing morbid or corrupt, but a grave sadness, a militant faith, a tender ingenuousness that carries us back to what was purest and most fervent in the soul of the Middle Ages.

A bishop, with uncovered face blackened by death, is lying upon an inclined bier that occupies the whole centre of the canvas. He is clothed in his white silk chasuble embroidered with gold, and has his white mitre on his head; the crucifix is placed in his white-gloved hands. At the head of the bier two priests are praying. A group of personages is standing in the background; to the left a crowned king, then a pope, bishops and monks. The small, stout young king, pinched and stuffed in a dark-green short-coat, with his pronounced southern type and lively movements, is so unexpectedly natural that he raises a smile. The pope is a grand, white-haired old man, with a high-coloured complexion, coarse features, thick eyebrows, imposing and austere under the tiara and the golden cope. Behind him appear other figures; at his left a prelate mitred in white discloses a sanguine and terrible face; then, the long and melancholy visage of an old seignior, other laical personages and, at the head of the bier, two lean monks, the second one so emaciated, so reduced to nothing that we can scarcely distinguish a human face beneath the short beard that covers his hollow cheeks. But one personage, the most expressive of all, stands out in relief from this motionless group: it is a young and ardent monk, with the face and bearing of a priest sprung from the people. He is erect at the head of the bier, his head turned towards another monk who advances and bows in throwing back his hood. He shows him with a vehement gesture, with an energetic and compelling zeal, with his two agitating, speaking hands, the crucifix he has just placed in the dead bishop's grasp; and in this gesture, which is as direct and thrusting as the strong mimetic art of Giotto, passes the ardour of a faith that does not spare itself or others. Finally, there is in this funereal work a stroke of artless sensibility which tenderly terminates the tragical poem and closes by a touch of human emotion the circle of Christian thoughts. Two children are leaning against the bier; one looks inquiringly over the shoulder of his comrade,

Zurbaran (Francisco).

Sainte Apolline.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

whose inclined head with its charming face of presentiment and melancholy, dreams beside the dead, and in this gentle, pensive face we seem to see the child-like soul, the prayerful and captivating soul of Zurbaran.

Ribera is Zurbaran's elder, and surpassed him in technical inventiveness; perhaps he partly formed this artist. However, the tendencies of his mind and the nature of his work class him in an age more exclusively naturalistic, where art shows its own merit, where form already prevails over the subject. Ribera is an excellent painter. He expresses in a way that is accessible to every one, even though it is not the most penetrating, the temperament rather than the soul of his race. Although his work, with its distinct manner and sharp character, presents a strong unity, it is still very difficult to define because he mingles so much true tenderness to his apparent brutalities and profound grandeur to his familiar roughness. What really prevails beneath his harsh and strange aspects is an intelligible will master of itself; under its abrupt contrasts there is a skilful method trained to flexible transitions. To at once mark his limits, we may say that he shows more picturesqueness than poesy, more technical skill than style, more art than emotion. The brushwork is always admirable, the expression sometimes more indifferent, so that in the long run it may tire. The great masters of expression are alone eternally true. But Ribera is always a very fine painter, who constructs a work with superior clearness and deduces a leading idea with a winning logic, the same as during his long career he performed without failing a magnificent amount of labour. All that he lacks are the renewals and flights of those artists who seek the infinite and maintain in the most material of arts the immensity of their dream.

The Louvre possesses some first-rate works by Ribera. Three of them, at least, are of the highest excellence and such that no other art-museum can show any of greater importance. I do not speak of the busts of philosophers, vigorous and summary indications, of doubtful authen-

ticity, and which seem to be studio works rather than those of the master. I do not think, either, of *Saint Paul the Hermit,* which is only a very fine specimen of his ability.

Ribera loved to set expressive silhouettes in light and shade; it is one of his methods but not the only one. This clever artist had seen a great deal, retained much and profited largely. Settled in Italy, he remained a Spaniard in temperament and inspiration, but drew advantage from his admirations; yet his ideal, distinctly affirmed, is nevertheless complex. *The Adoration of the Shepherds,* especially, recalls what he owes to Correggio. The vapoury fluidity, the charm of the warm light that decks this very beautiful and touching work is evidently borrowed from the Parma master, even though the really popular types and the foundation of melancholic harmony retain their taste of the soil. We must go as far as Dresden and look at the admirable *Saint Mary of Egypt,* in order to find a face as deliciously beautiful and as penetrated with inner life as this Virgin kneeling near the cradle. Her sweet, oval and full face, lighted by chaste brown eyes, expresses a modest and charming earnestness. She emerges from the penumbra, expand in a golden halo, and we almost seem to see her prayer rise with the simple gesture of her hands and her beautiful gaze turned upward to heaven. The whole subject is arranged around this luminous centre. The divine child couched upon the straw in a roughly-made cradle, a real child, restless and plump, with winking eyes, is radiant in the warm gleam, which becomes weakened as it falls upon the two rustic and dull shepherds clothed in drugget and sheepskin: a woman in red, carrying a basket upon her head, is the principal figure in this group; at the left, a light-haired young man comes out from the shade, behind which an ass is seen, approaches the cradle timidly and raises his cap with a simple gesture. At the back the ground rises in barren ills beneath the warm sky invaded by the large blonde clouds that Ribera knew so well how to hang high in the firmament; in the distance are seen other shepherds, who listen to the annunciating angel. The scene is bathed in an amber-coloured fluid that caresses the coarse stuffs, turns the Virgin's dark-blue mantle to green, warms up her red robe and throws golden reflections into the blonde hair of the young herdsman. The impression is calm, genial, discreetly opulent, like the concealed richness of living hearts. We might criticise a too careful finish of the accessories, the excessively scrupulous execution of the fleece or the straw, finally a slight coldness in the simple, paternal faces of the shepherds; but everything is governed at a distance by the peaceful ascension in the night of the gentle and exquisitely popular Virgin.

If the *Adoration of the Shepherds* is conceived in a fine and delicate manner, after the style of Correggio, *The Entombment* speaks a dramatic and contrasted language. To give all its pathetic value to the last act of the Passion, Ribera has isolated it in dull browns, concentrated the attention upon a few personages and made them start up in despotic visions from the darkness that surrounds them. Here is what he has engraved upon the spectator's retina with the reflective ardour of an etcher: Christ's body — a bloodless, livid and tired body, but admirable in its marmorean beauty, the head drowned in reddish-brown hair that falls upon the shoulders — bends at great length in the hands that place it upon the sepulchral stone. A disciple sustains the body under the arms and leans sorrowfully over it. An old man near by advances in a strong light his rough head and kind, manly, familiar face; he is as anxious, attentive and eager as a man who acts and forgets himself in practical devotion. In the centre, the two grand mourners; a little in the rear the Mother, who shows through the dark-blue veil only a poor, pale, trembling face, eyes exhausted by weeping, a painful mouth and shrivelled hands; lower down, clinging to the remains of the well-beloved master, Saint John contemplates him, touches him with his regard, his face almost glued to the corpse and sustained by his retractile hands. This face is full, stern and long, of a thoroughly Lombardic beauty and majesty. Under the aureola of the deep-red hair, all the upper part of the visage is radiant: the

Zurbaran (Francisco).

Saint Peter of Nolasque and Saint Raymond of Penaflor.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

straight nose, the brow especially, high and pure as the pediment of a temple, seat of thought and indelible souvenir. The inflexible, fixed eyes are divined beneath the arched eye-brows drowned in shadow. Here the painter's invention reaches the highest poesy; it attains a sublimity and beauty of style exceptional with Ribera. By a unique mingling of robust simplicity and pensive distinction the work is at once as generous as the enthusiasm and cry of popular sensibility and as contained as a very noble suffering. The warm red shades that largely model the form produce elegant and solid outlines: the shoulder and torso of the Christ of sculptural beauty, the stately curves of the raised hip, the soft based line of the legs. The colouring, without being of a very subtile quality, adds to the general effect by its dull warmth. Between the rich browns of the shadowy parts — the livid whiteness of the dead surfaces and the grays of the shroud — the only tones that resound are the brown red of the faces and the red brown of a cloak, which is repeated in a milder hue upon a personage in the background. In composing this masterpiece the zealous artist created for one of the eternal themes of the Christian drama a formula that will always prevail over men's minds by its impassioned eloquence and energetic clearness. The Saint John is equal to the most sorrowing figures produced by the art of any time. Alone, perhaps, the Christ of Quentin Metsys's *Descent from the Cross* rises to greater intensity; but, without going out of the Louvre, where can we find a more solid and striking expression of the subject? With a like theme, Titian, with all his beauty of style, seems to me less affecting. Ribera, who employs coarser elements and aims at exterior effects, thus places within the comprehension of a race more interested in life than in art, what the gifted Venetian had represented at an earlier time with supreme artistic taste and inimitable elegance.

In speaking of this masterly composition we must also determine the resemblance between Ribera and Caravaggio, a resemblance that admits of notable differences. There is no doubt that the Spaniard borrowed from the Roman his manner of immerging his figures in a sombre clare-obscure, thus giving a particular value to the light parts; but in making this process more precise he at once rendered it more searching and significant. With the Italian artist the ampler and enveloped form

presents solid rotundities and dense fulness that the eye can measure. For Ribera, the clare-obscure is less a manner in placing shade around things than of causing the flashes of an idea to spring up like a sudden revelation. He thus fixes the general arabesque, or form and mass, of the subject, which his imagination imperiously traces and his hand firmly conducts without leaving anything wavering. In a word, he sculptures upon light and shade. But where he otherwise resembles Caravaggio—less, it is true, by the sense of beauty and moral life—is that the visions thus set in light and shade are realistic visions. The very authority and precision of his will could not encourage revery. His strong and decided conceptions have not the imagination of what is beyond and that allures the mind towards the infinite.

Does this mean that this great painter is not a poet? After the works that we have admired, such a judgment would at least appear as exaggerated. Some artists have had the power of representing by form and colour such vibrating and intimate states of sensibility, they have united in the painted work so much pity, revolt or aspiration towards the infinite that their language has for us the mysterious sweetness of a sacred song. We are tempted to reserve for such men the name of poet. The artist allows himself to be forgotten : it is the man who reveals himself to us and tells us of his suffering or his love. The work of art then appears so narrowly bound to life that it touches us like a tender appeal of sympathy and initiates us into the secret sanctuary of a soul.

Other artists, on the contrary, hold the object at a distance and model its exterior without mingling in their work the quivering for their heart. Thus, it would seem that Ribera strongly conceived the inherent poesy of the subject he treated and logically invented the best effect for giving it its full value. But we may also believe that he was master of his inspiration without being possessed by it ; he satisfies the mind more than he entices it. We must not be deceived by the violence of his favourite subjects. All this gloomy asceticism, these atrocious punishments and savage style of presentation, respond to the ferocious taste of the Spaniards more than to any deep fervency. There is more true religious sentiment in the tranquil frankness of Zurbaran than in Ribera's intense horrors. Still, by the average quality of his sensibility Ribera is also very representative, and was predestined to popular success. He is on a par with the whole of his race and gives it in decisive and powerful images what it had imperfectly seen and obscurely desired.

Without having what may properly be called religious inspiration, Ribera was, nevertheless, able to give the most concrete and typical definition of Spanish Christianity ; and as he was a very fine painter he at once captivates simple souls eager for emotions and amateurs who love solid and rich material. We must not seek in Ribera's work the ideal poesy, poesy of soul and meditation, such as we find with Rembrandt or Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli or Memling, that exalted communion of the artist with his subject in which his love and idea are incorporated. Yet poesy is at once in the reality and in the mind that reflects it ; it gushes forth from nature even when she is well observed and lovingly comprehended. Ribera's work is full of this realistic poesy, and the *Club-footed Boy,* in the La Caze collection, is an admirable example of it. The day when Ribera encountered this solitary little beggar in a vast field he had one of those happy inspirations by which the nature of a man and the genius of an artist find their most spontaneous expression. Nothing could be more instinctive, more spiriting than the figure of this cripple standing in the open field, straightening his strange, bent little frame against the background of the vacant sky. He is posed there before us with his deformed foot, poor, crooked, broad-backed body and bronzed face beneath his stiff brown hair. He looks directly at us, laughs with a broad grin that shows his teeth and makes deep dimples in his full cheeks. With his right hand he holds his cloak twisted around his waist, and in his left hand the end of a crutch resting upon his shoulder and a paper upon which is written : "Give alms

Velasquez (Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y).

Portrait of a Young Woman.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

for the love of God." There is a strange charm in this face full of life and youthful thoughtlessness, and how it captivates us with its air of savage liberty and its perfume of fruit gilded by the sun! What poesy in the rags and tatters so proudly worn, and in the bohemian independence! A little more and I should envy this careless tramp so artlessly exhibits his infirmity and his joy, happy as a little king, as the shepherd boys used to sing in our mystery plays; yes, he is really the king of the vast expanse and the unlimited country! And what richness in his tinder-coloured clothes! how the warm and golden flesh tints are in delicious accord with the greenish azure and the amber-coloured clouds! how the proud and dumpy silhouette is happily complicated with the cross-bar of the crutch! and what a delicate effect is made by the white tone of the placard upon the blonde tone of the clouds! in short, how everything in this work, human interest and picturesque zest, blend in a rare sensation!

Ribera's genius was fed from the living source of popular sentiment. This view is confirmed by the modest *Virgin and Child,* in the La Caze collection; it is a real daughter of the people who raises above the child the most beautiful eyes of confiding supplication. Ribera touches me more by this manner than by exaggerations that are purely professional. Here he has, like a true artist, created a feminine type according to this affection. His Virgins are healthy and vigorous figures; they naively open their brown, luculent eyes, full of profound, calm and simple life, and their exquisite naturalness rectifies what is forced and theatrical in the work of this great artist.

The pictures of the Spanish School at the Louvre have thus far shown us strong or charming intelligences and excellent painters; but the school would lack its indispensable crowning if we did not find among its members the artist who has carried the gift of his race to its highest expression. Like all exceptional men who sum up a long effort and surpass it, Velasquez is at once similar to those who precede or surround him, and very different from all of them. He profited by the anterior work and deduced the consequences from the premises. But he also added an immense share of what is new and unforeseen by the independence of a superior mind and the divination of genius.

He found the ground cleared and the individuality of the school firmly established. The period of imitation and indecision was already distant. Spanish art has been constituted by restrictions; in falling back upon its own thoughts it caused to spring from its sad, proud soul the source of original

inspirations. It has victoriously affirmed its own worth, the new harmony in which it wished to act, the rigid sentiment that it was its mission to express and its own method of direct presentation. In brief, what characterises the Spanish art and surrounds it with the splendour of a black star is that it has preferred the delicacy of values, or reciprocal effects of tone, to a brilliant colouring, an almost cruel harshness of sensations, a wildness of instinct and passion scarcely transformed by reflection, and a fondness for nature free from traditions.

These characteristics and the refinements of El Greco, which his epoch had not understood, Velasquez received as the common patrimony of the school, and they are not unimportant elements in his work. But, first of all, if we compare him with his predecessors it would seem as though he abandons entire regions of Spanish art. His own field is infinitely more restricted. He came not many years after Herrera and was a contemporary of Zurbaran; yet we could easily believe that he belonged to another century and another world. To the tender or violent mysticism, to the monastic imagination succeeds a wordly and secular spirit. Velasquez is human, exclusively human; he looks with the eye of a man, the same as Cervantes and Molière. He displays but little inventiveness and no pathos; he has nothing of Herrera's passion, neither of El Greco's mournful nervousness, neither the skilful violence of Ribera nor the effusion of Zurbaran. If he occasionally ventures into the religious domain he shows himself grandly and placidly strong there as everywhere else, but he appears unmoved.

As if to better indicate this contrast, a sort of fatality attached him to the man least fitted to understand and stimulate him. His first master, who became his father-in-law, was the honest and intolerant Pacheco, more of a theorist than an artist. He wanted to confine painting in scholastic formulas and impose upon it a tyrannical orthodoxy; he did not admit that art could be anything but a means of edification, and claimed that painting should be loved for its own excellence and nature for her intrinsic beauty. Now this is exactly what Velasquez did, and in so doing freed art from dogmatics and founded its imprescriptible rights. His entire range of subjects is portraits and real scenes, things seen. When he painted an historical picture he banished all pomposity and devoted himself to what was real. If he treated a mythological subject he transformed it into a popular verity. His masterpieces, royal maids of honour or spinning-women, are aspects of life devoid of precise signification. His imagination is exclusively picturesque; it is entirely taken with the charm of what exists.

Velasquez was a Court-painter and Marshall of the Court; he lived at a brilliant yet solemn and childish Court, near a wearisome king, among beings almost inactive or morally insignificant, and even these persons furnished him the opportunity of proving once for all that the subject of a painting is of no importance, that the genius of the creator is all, that nothing is insignificant for a mind knowing how to understand or a hand capable of expressing; in a word, that nature is everywhere admirable and infinite in her inexhaustible charm, and that the study of her ways can only occupy the sagacity, strength and delicacy of a great mind. With his portraits of lymphatic kings, jesters, dwarfs, poor wretches or royal children barely free from passive life and already prisoners of etiquette, he forces himself upon the admiration of men as absolutely as the greatest thinkers and dreamers. In what way does he captivate us? Is it by his profound analysis of character? No, for if he presents with insistence the enigma of a living being, he leaves to us the care of interpreting it. Is it by what is properly called beauty? No, for he does not aim at beauty. In presence of his art we are in nature's presence; like her he delights us by his freshness, and always gives us a new revelation. Velasquez seems to have nothing of the poet; it might be said that he does not invent and is content to reflect with a miraculous exactness, and yet we feel that he is a great creator.

He creates, in fact, in his own fashion; he creates according to nature, as though he possessed

Carreno de Miranda.

Saint Ambrose Giving Alms.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

the secrets of life. His supremely intelligent vision recomposes life and, by the reflective operation of the mind and hand, transposes it into chosen modes. His tranquil and imperious sincerity allows the object to bear all its immediate charm, all its unforeseen truth, and his reproduction is not a copy but a new creation. He continually intervenes by the rapid and sure choice of equivalences that create synthetic effects. The painter, who is so subservient to nature, is the most freed of all artists from matter. Thus his work is the constant and welling poesy of truth. Everything in it is felt, nothing has been imposed. Things live by the sentiment we have of them. A poet does not describe; he transmits to us the series of vibrations that the beauty of the world has stirred within him, and nothing is more suggestive than a united series of picturesque metaphors retaining only the spirit, movement and essence of things. But this supposes, first of all, in the usual and durable state, that light and delicious excitement which, refining the senses, reveals to us the grace of everything; it supposes, also, a sensitive faculty always in a state of healthiness capable of inhaling the perfume and flower of life; it supposes, in addition, the superiority of mind and force of reflection which, by the moderation of its means, creates the evidence of synthesis. Evoke things by their primitive accents, dominate matter without sacrificing anything of its strict logic and powerful continuity, speak with intelligent mental reservations without allowing the talent to be otherwise felt than by the marvellous result of exactness and freshness, make of each touch an invention, and with this strong tissue compose a truth resounding and towering over the reality—this appears to me to be Velasquez's art. Hence this air of supreme ease, which might at first cause us to believe in quickness of improvisation, and which is due only to skilful calculation. The object, not as it is but as it appears under the light veil of its surroundings, and in its harmonic relation with those surroundings, is appreciated, seized and felt by an eye that runs over the field of its vision, that comprehends at the same time the expressive detail and the universal plan, that measures relations with as much force as delicacy, and rendered by a hand which summarises in brief terms and expresses even the impalpable; a prodigiously complex and precise work, which admits the most efficacious and strained co-opera-

tion of the eye and hand under the direction of the mind. What a number of refined operations in order to arrive at the sudden gesture that leaves nothing to chance! Carried to this degree the perfection of technical skill is a form of genius and so far surpasses the ordinary power of men that it overwhelms and disconcerts. But, for the man thus gifted, for the painter who sees with such intensity, who realises with such power, what subject can be more stimulating than life? I mean entirely simple life, devoid of special acceptation and anecdotal intention. And this also was the only subject that Velasquez cared to paint.

Has it any other interest than the expression of life, this face of a royal sportsman, this lymphatic face of Philip IV., whose physiognomy is so indifferent that its chief characteristic is the want of character? How insignificant the personage when we recall the portrait by Van Dyck of Charles I., the Cavalier King, artful, haughty, wilful, whom we divine as having a narrow and inaccessible mind which is closed to everything that is not his own will and pleasure! But however acute a psychologist and splendid a colourist was the Fleming, the bare simplicity and gravity of the Spaniard are still of a superior distinction. This portrait, which is a variation of a canvas at the Prado, is the first in date of the Velasquez paintings at the Louvre, if we except the *Portrait of Don Altamira,* placed too high to enable us to judge of its authenticity. It dates from 1630 to 1634. Philip IV., who had already posed several times for his favourite painter, was about thirty when the portrait in question was made. He is seen here in three-quarters profile, in a simple, dignified and passive attitude, bare-headed, with blonde hair; he holds in his right hand a long shooting-gun, and the left hand rests against the hip. He wears a chesnut-coloured loose frock with black sleeves, black boots and gaiters. The only things that stand out upon this darkness are the light kid gloves and the large collar, of a delicious gray; near the king a yellow dog watches with his wary eyes. The long face has the warm pallor of a German transplanted in a hot climate, scarcely shaded by a little pink on the cheeks and paler pink on the lips; narrow at the top, it becomes puffy at the chin, and the lower jaw already shows the congenital projection inherited from Charles V. and transmitted to Marie Antoinette. This long, dark, pale spot is set in a gloomy harmony, beneath an amber-gray, autumnal sky, in a hilly and barren landscape, with a clump of black-red trees at the left, and receding at the right in grounds as tawny as a lion's skin. The impression is solemn, grand and simple. Some years later Velasquez painted the half-length Philip IV., which is in the La Caze collection. The king had grown old and stout; the contrast between the narrowness of the forehead and the thickness of the chin had increased, the pallor become sickly. The expression is no longer of a leaden indifference; a painful fixedness dwells upon the sunken features, in the eyes and at the corner of the lips.

The half-length *Portrait of Maria Theresa* is a pure artistic jewel as well as a work of great historical interest. Contemporaneous with a very fine, full-length portrait which is in the Vienna Museum, it is different but not less exquisite. The granddaughter of Henry IV., and who, later on, was the quickly-neglected wife of Louis XIV., was then a young girl of thirteen years. When she sat before Velasquez, the painter had just returned from his second journey to Italy. He was in the full maturity of his talent, and his skill in execution was, if possible, greater than ever. The face of the young infanta, fresh rather than absolutely pretty, is long and full, the chin chubby, the mouth delicately sinuous with the lower lip a little strong, and the eyes dark-blue. She has the dazzling complexion so much admired by her contemporaries, the striking whiteness that Grammont and Madame de Motteville vaunted and that Bossuet did not overlook. The expression is very youthful, very pure, guileless and somewhat timid. She gives us the idea of being a delicate, shy little person, sulky without doubt, of a weak and sensitive nature, predestined to remain in the background and to suffer injustice. This is not a horoscope made as an afterthought; before knowing her name the spectator

Murillo (Bartolomeo Esteban).

The Immaculate Conception.

receives the impression that she is a hot-house plant which will be crushed by the realities from without. And it is as a delicate flower that Velasquez wished to paint her, in fresh, downy and silky tones. Modelled by soft values in the subdued light of a chamber, upon an olive-green background, the face is surrounded by a large, chestnut-blonde wig interspersed with pink bows and brilliants diamonds. Her thin body is imprisoned in a white satin bodice that turns to a greenish gray ; the white collar and cuffs are striped with pink threads. Among all this green the flesh tints of the cheeks become bluish, the profile being turned in shadow, and in the green and pink harmony the pearly and azured gray of the half-tones gives a violet tinge. The execution is impossible to grasp. The life of the model seems to have been quickened by a miracle, insufflated on the canvas by a light and strong treatment, and, leaving to the princess her maidenhood, offers us the freshness of a bowl of milk upon the surface of which roses have shed their leaves.

However, there is something still better, and it is a merited honour to have selected as a representative work of Velasquez for the Grand Square Hall the *Portrait of the Infanta Margaret,* this masterpiece of powerful and delicate gravity where the art of a great master is shown on a small scale. The Infanta Margaret was born in 1651 by the second marriage of Philip IV. with Maria Anne of Austria. Velasquez had already painted a delicious full-length portrait, which is at Vienna, showing her as a child, as a little flower of rosy and gray light, near a table where other roses are fading. It is also she who, at the age of five years, is the principal figure and the luminous centre of the picture called *The Meninas.* Here she is three years old ; the portrait is dated 1653 and seems to have been painted for Anne of Austria, sister of Philip IV. The princess is shown as a little blonde, with pearly complexion, full cheeks, dark-blue eyes, golden silky hair floating in light waves ; she stands almost in full face, her right hand resting upon a chair; in her left hand she holds a rose and appears as artless as a child and as serious as a little queen. The

delicacy of the neck denotes the frail sculpture of the body confined in the rich costume, the thickness of which is thus rendered more apparent; the robe is of grayish-white silk turning to a bluish gray, trimmed with black lace and, on the sleeves, rosy-white slashes; pink bows in the hair, on the collar and sash. The collar, bordered with a gold edging, a gold chain falling across the bodice, and gold bracelets add their rich, dull tones to the grays and pearly pinks; and this golden tone, which is blended with the pale modulations of the silver tints and stifles the mellowly surroundings, gives a sumptuous environment to the fragile royal childhood.

Even after this perfect masterpiece we are still surprised in presence of the *Portrait of a Young Woman,* in the La Caze collection, which is, perhaps, the keenest witness of Velasquez's art. How is it possible to forget this strange and spruce little figure, homely or pretty we can hardly say, but so charming and proud? This young woman, who has almost the air of a child, shows a face made up of contrasts, at once oval and pointed, of a warm, pale-rose complexion, with a contradictory nose, at first tapering and then terminating by a funny little ball. Her dark blue regard has an anxious vivacity, which is modified by the solemnity of the attitude. She gives the impression of a captive youthfulness that springs up by the desire of the eyes, of a pretty little bird in a cage. Her yellowish brown hair, sprinkled with black diamonds and well smoothed on the forehead, falls in irregular masses; the delicate neck emerges from a large, plain collar, beneath which the greenish black of the bodice appears in triangular spots. The black, yellowish brown and bright pink form an accord of an exquisite tone, of fresh and solemn sonorousness. Here the technical skill appears more visible. We are able to judge the close texture of the painting, the beauty of the impasto, dense in the light and thin in the half-tone; we can follow the movement of the brush which designs the setting of the eye, evokes the mellow gold of the hair, the brilliance of a black and delicately wrought jewelry. Everything is clear and limpid, and everything remains mysterious in this "gospel of art."

The charm of life encountered and surprised is still what gives so much value to the sketch of the *Cavaliers*. The artistic merit of these personages grouped without any special action, who salute one another, converse and wait, consists in their perfectly natural movements and just expression, in the calm unison of the tones and gentle harmony of the open air. What are they doing? That matters little, since they live. A study for one of the out-door pictures that Velasquez painted alone or with his son-in-law, del Mazo, this highly-finished canvas appears to me to date, not from the beginning, but from the middle of the painter's career.

If the series of paintings at the Louvre does not enable us to measure the extent of Velasquez's work, it gives us a sufficient knowledge of its depth. It marks his place by the side of the greatest masters. From the little that our national art-museum possesses one fact stands out clearly. Velasquez loved reality too well; he felt too profoundly its charm to desire to add to it anything that came from his personal sensibility, anything that would set up any sort of ideal. This conscientious reserve and absolute independence is to be found only with a few great minds who, by modesty, disdain effusions, and by pride repel even the semblance of servitude. Their impersonality, which is not the non-intervention of a vulgar realism, implies what is, perhaps, the rarest thing in the world : a perfect equilibrium of the faculties, a healthy sensibility, a controlling reason and a gift of harmonious sympathy. Some men have had the force to master and subjugate the past, to stifle within themselves all superstition, to place themselves alone in face of truth. Perhaps they have been the only really free men. Descartes was one of those men, and also Molière, who, in his "Amphitryon" treats mythology exactly as Velasquez does in his *Vulcan's Forge*. The veneration of truth was so strong with them that it suppressed all other worship, however noble it might be, even the tender idolatry of a Malebranche for Plato or of a Racine for Greece. They understood the masters better than all

Murillo (Bartolomeo Esteban).

The Miracle of San Diego, or the Angels' Kitchen.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

others, but treated them as equals and placed themselves naturally by their side, in the front rank. Nothing could be more heroic. To this Velasquez doubtless owes his grand air of nobility and royal ease. He moves about as a sovereign in a world that he created, a harmonious, sombre, rich, delicate and serious world. He is a sedate king, who announces himself without a flourish of trumpets and whom we recognise in his plain costume by an inexpressibly simple grace and perfect bearing. Finally,

as the sincere and profound observation of what exists fatally encounters the comical, Velasquez gives us a glimpse, by contrasts finely felt, of a superior and veiled irony that excludes neither warmth of soul nor human sympathy. Among all its serious charm, his work has a smiling grace ; by him one of the figures of humanity has come to life again. The Spanish ideal, different from the Italian ideal, less traditional and nearer to nature, more austere and less exalted, appears, so to speak, in itself, and, divested of sentimental or poetical additions, in this thing of such great price, of such simple appearance and such subtle essence, that I do not claim to have defined, and which is called a Velasquez.

The Spanish School has now borne its most savoury fruit ; it was not able to maintain itself a long while at this eminence, and it would seem that, living in an intense and extreme atmosphere, it quickly exhausted its nervous force. The splendid humanity that marks the master's zenith eventually gave way to a weakened sensibility ; the strong devoutness of Herrera and Zurbaran degenerated into tame effusions. This weakening was not felt at once, for the painters who gravitated around Velasquez and who were in direct contact with him, such as Carreno de Miranda, remained faithful to his inspiration without, however, imitating him. The *Saint Ambrose Distributing Alms,* by which this fine painter is represented at the Louvre, retains, notwithstanding a little conventionalism in the accessory figures, some of the splendid traditional qualities : a solemn religious accent in the personage of the pontiff, an expressive opposition between the silvery azure of the sky, in which angels are hovering, and the sombre harmony of terrestrial things. In a still-life painting, Antonio Pereda, who was a fellow-student with Carreno, shows a solid science of luminous composition, a delicate and strong sense of natural objects.

The beautiful landscape *The Burning Bush,* by Collantes, who was a contemporary of Velasquez, at once denotes with its powerfully outlined masses, its dark and deep colouring, a great decorative sense and a thoroughly rural sentiment. It is a rare work, all the more so as Spanish artists have not conceived landscape in the same fashion as northern artists, that is to say, as a special branch ;

even in Collantes's picture a biblical scene is introduced, although entirely subordinated to the aspect of nature. Spanish landscape is formulated in Ribera's backgrounds, and especially in those of Velasquez. It is the open air, such as it has been revived in our day; beings and things placed in natural accord without any intention of rustic lyricism. City views are also included, and there are some very fine ones signed by Velasquez and del Mazo. In the absence of these excellent works we have at the Louvre a somewhat hard example of this kind, more interesting as a document than as a painting: a view of the Escorial in the seventeenth century.

Notwithstanding these reservations, it may be affirmed that the ideal of the succeeding generation became emolliated to excess and tended towards a mellow and vapoury smoothness. This ideal found its expression in the work of an amiable, abundant and familiar genius who appeared twenty years after Velasquez, who was still a very great artist, a very pure and tender soul, but who already announced the decline. Murillo's Andalusian grace, more universally admired, makes us regret, however, the Toledan harshness and the severe Castilian grandeur. Murillo is a master, and one of the most charming by his familiar lyricism and his naturalness adorned by elegance, but his partiality for the smooth and suave to the exclusion of robust sensations marks too well that the heroic era is closed and the equilibrium broken. Austerity frightened; souls in becoming human lost their energy. An effeminacy that insinuated itself everywhere already gave an idea of an eighteenth century that would retain the candour of its belief but would no longer ask of religion anything else than fondling and smiles. Besides, an evident and perfect sincerity protected Murillo against the suspicion of having intentionally flattered a cast that had become effeminate. On this point the portrait left to us by Miguel de Tobar informs us better than a simple biography. The physiognomy of the Sevillian master is full of frankness, thoughtfulness and kindness. It is the image of an excellent man who would be, perhaps, a little narrow. Murillo sprang from the people; he had their fresh and lively sensibility, and was also very scrupulous, with an almost childish charm. Everything about him makes us think of a rich faculty of loving more than any mental superiority. I do not mean to say that he was lacking in intellect; he certainly possessed a keen and graceful intelligence. But the source of his art was in his heart, in the emotion of an honest man who loves first of all childish plays, the innocence of maidenhood, the free and careless charm of the lowly, and who prolonged his human affections by a delicious dream of divine purity and immaterial love. Thus his art in nowise aims at classical beauty or style, and although he sometimes recalls Titian, he has nothing, or very little, of the grand Italian taste, which is a result of high cultivation. His origins and attachments are elsewhere. It is a significant fact that his first and most lively impressions, those that revealed him to himself and made of the modest painter of *sargas* a real painter, came to him through his friend Pedro de Moya from the Flemish painters, from Rubens and Van Dyck; and perhaps he was on the point of going to Antwerp when the kindly welcome of Velasquez retained him at Madrid. At all events, his relationship with the northern artists is not doubtful. Flemish simplicity and Dutch familiarity are strongly perceptible in his work. With less power, he suggests Rembrandt when he mingles the most familiar tenderness to the Old as well as the New Testament, and reminds us of the Flemings when he communes with the real in all its forms by the most cordial observation. In addition, his poesy remains of thoroughly Latin essence, lighter and more endearing, more musical and adorned by southern fancy.

A fine and tender sentiment of reality is certainly the predominant quality of a canvas that is rendered precious by its date. The *Angels' Kitchen,* interesting for many reasons, is, perhaps, especially so because its energetic handling, firm contours and sober harmony shows us Murillo's starting point, and also because this delicate, elegant and still simple manner was the revelation of a new

Murillo (Bartolomeo Esteban).

Portrait of the Poet Quevedo (1580-1645).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

genius. It is the master's oldest picture possessed by the Louvre. It was executed in 1645 for the Seville Franciscans, at the moment when Murillo returned from Madrid, and belonged to a series that established the painter's reputation in his native city. The miracle that is recounted to us with an exquisite simplicity was attributed to the Franciscan monk Diego, who died in the odour of sanctity. One day, when in ecstatic raptures, he forgot that he was a cook. The monastery did not suffer, for angels came from heaven and replaced him. Clothed in their celestial robes, with their gold and azure wings, they hurry about with the best grace in the world, draw water from the fountain, pound the herbs in the mortar, watch the roast, place the plates upon the polished tables. Two youngsters, as naked and beautiful as little gods, amuse themselves in sorting vegetables, and the prior, who enters accompanied by two chevaliers of Calatrava, cannot believe his eyes when he sees his brother-cook raised from the ground, and these heavenly messengers who so kindly provide for the needs of the community. The simplicity of the story-teller is delightful; these angels are very beautiful with their juvenile grace or feminine gentleness. But what adds to the charm is the attentive love with which Murillo has treated all the still-life: copper pots and stone jugs, twisted pumpkins, coarse earthenware plates chipped and milky, and a white and bluish pitcher of such fine tones. There is a sort of kindly air spread over everything. It is more and better than the Flemish sense of well-being; it is like the gratitude of a good monk for the daily gifts of heaven, like the gentle piety of the saint who lends his moral beauty of all nature. The poesy of familiar things has never been more delicately felt. Murillo's spirit plays tenderly around these objects and makes them smile.

In the *Angel's Kitchen* Murillo did not show all his power. He did not persevere in this sober and strongly contrasted manner, although he occasionally returned to it afterwards. As fast as he became master of his art he sought a more cloudy and suave verity, at the risk of running to the insipid. But before his agreeable defects became abundant he had a moment of really exquisite maturity. He had worked at Seville for ten years; his reputation was established and his talent had developed in all ways. He was soon to give the splendid *Saint Anthony of Padua*. It was then that he found in popular life, in street-scenes, those lively and graceful subjects that suited his fancy. His palette became limited and conformed its neutral, sober and dusty tones to the subject. The gray mist of the warm south bathes the realities he idealised. He recounted the artless sensuality and glorious lousiness of the Seville street-urchins regaling themselves with water-melon and a bunch of grapes

gilded by the sun and silvered by the dust. I admit that the reality appears to be somewhat attenuated in the pictures. The artist throws a light veil over the sharp edges and the vigorous pathos of life. However, the *Lousy Little Beggar,* at the Louvre, is very precious as a document of selected simple nature. The picture is justly celebrated, and often cited as a model of what realism should be; it might well be opposed to another kind of realism, that ought not to be. The truth is that it represents very well Murillo's realism, a poetic realism that is thoroughly charming and one that does not do any harm to a more vigorous and richly pithy manner, that of the *Club-footed Boy,* for instance. In this class of delicate verities, interpreted by an affectionate intelligence and refined taste, nothing could be more delicious than this little beggar leaning against the wall of a loft, in full sunshine, his shirt half open, with his closed thumb and fore-finger ready to seize the minute enemy that makes war upon him. All who have seen this picture know how natural is the pose, how correct the gesture, how flexible and animated the neglected body, how daintily the colour on the brow and cheek gives its effect upon the bared breast. Under a wave of bright and soft light everything is finely rendered without any stress: the foreshortening of the youthful face, the attentive pucker of the lips, the short, brown mop of hair, the coarse stuffs and even surfaces, the bare, lean legs so freely drawn, the sole of the dusty feet. It is no longer the harsh, wild zest of the *Club-footed Boy,* but how strongly we feel the artist's sympathy for the innocent grace and artless animal contentment of a young being! This vein of sympathetic and enjoyed observation rejoins, moreover, the other and stronger vein to which we owe, at the same epoch, *Little Saint John, Jesus as the Good Shepherd, Children with the Shell.* Murillo pursued two parallel, but not separate, tendencies. With him the religious scene touches every-day life, and familiar things are impregnated with the ideal. At times heaven is united to earth, the human and the divine are confounded, as it happens in our *Birth of the Virgin,* painted in 1655 for the cathedral of Seville.

The scene is represented in a long, vast, dimly-lighted hall, in the silent and tepid atmosphere of a sick chamber. At the left, under a pink canopy half concealed in shadow but just touched by the light from without, Sainte Anne lies upon her couch, her arms hanging listlessly; the father is at the foot of the bed, and in this corner of Rambrandtesque intimacy we divine the tender thoughts that are silently exchanged. In the centre of the room women eagerly though cautiously surround the little creature just born. One woman, of a ripe age, stout and having the real face of a nurse, holds the Virgin upon her lap. Two others are kneeling; one, with a fine figure seen from the back, tries the water in a basin; two angels lean lovingly over the child; two others quite young, play with the small house-dog and pull out of a basket the baby-linen that will clothe the infant after its bath. The hands that sustain the newly-born, the loving regards, endearing smiles, all these sweet and gentle things, roses, pale yellows and milky whites, compose a soft and fresh cradle in which a new life is expanding. The child agitates her arms, laughs gleefully, and looks at the half-open cloud above her head, which reveals in a wave of light a flight of winged and joyous cherubs. The principal type among all these personages is a serving woman, who brings fresh linen. This agreeable and thoroughly natural figure, in her green robe set off with pink trimmings, connects the scene of the dream with the reality; at the right two women are kneeling before a slow fire in the chimney, in a clare-obscure that throws a light through the door of an adjoining room. Such is Murillo's fancy; in this way he has united, by imperceptible transitions, the desired beyond to the neighbouring realities, and his boldness passes unnoticed because it seems so natural.

The first part of an artist's creation is the atmosphere that he places around his work. There is an order of habitual sentiments in which he works more freely. This customary mode of his thought stimulates a picturesque mode, which is his style. Velasquez, who judged life loftily and

Murillo (Bartolomeo Esteban).

Portrait of the Duke of Ossuna (1579-1624).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

was very reserved, owed to the calm objectivity of a philosophical mind the strong impressiveness and manly consistency of his art. The atmosphere in which Murillo delighted was of another kind. His mood was familiar emotion, and even his religion was only an enlargement of the fireside. He always speaks to us of what he loves, and recounts his affections idealised by his genius. His types of Saints and Virgins are taken from real life, and very certainly from his own private life. I do not see anywhere in his work an intellectual and reflective conception of the world. His mysticism is the effusion of a tender soul in quest of the greatest love, who transfers his affections in the celestial sphere and projects them upon infinity. Now, in a time like his own, when thought was secularised, a religion that ceased to be philosophic responded above all to the need of affection. Not having the counterpoise of a virile thought it became reduced to the somewhat effeminate mellowness which characterises Murillo and explains at the same time his popularity. Thus the religious sentiment, which was a strong one, became a feeble sentiment. Murillo introduced the rosy religion of the hearthstone, of cradles and mothers. From the excess of the gloomy and cruel in which Spain had delighted, he threw himself into the opposite extreme of gentleness. He covers with a mask "the horrible face of the Gospel" and rarely attempts the high parts of the Christian drama, or, if he tries, he makes a failure. *The Scourging* and *Christ in the Garden of Olives,* two highly-finished pictures, cold under their brilliant enamel, are feeble in expression. His favourite themes are the sweet legends of purity, charity and mystical effusions, the lively and picturesque legends, such as those of *John the Patrician* and *Sainte Maria of the Snows,* those above all where children play a part, all those that speak of familiar love. One of these subjects he painted ten times from the middle of his career to his closing years. This theme, which responded so well to the prevailing sentiment of that epoch and was so dear to his heart, is the *Immaculate Conception,* considered by him as Ideal Purity triumphing over the world and transported to heaven; Murillo has painted, repainted and formulated this theme with loving tenderness. The first time, in 1655, he comprehended its grandeur in representing a Virgin of stately majesty carried away by an irresistible movement of ascension in the immense vacancy the profound depths of which can be surveyed. Later on he painted with a sharper expression a Virgin almost a child and deliciously naive, his own daughter it is said, who was about to take the veil. Of the two *Immaculata* at the Louvre, the oldest one, which contains portraits of donors, is of very graceful simplicity. The other one, in the Grand Square Hall, notwithstanding its

universal reputation and the exorbitant price paid for it, appears to me less interesting and more conventional. I am willing to admire the easy arabesque of the subject, the airy flight of the figure and its chastely graceful pose, the living garland of angels that forms the Virgin's cortege, and the echo of the tender shades upon the golden sky. But so much suavity evaporates in incense and no longer sustains the interest. In these last works Murillo's painting loses its consistence and becomes invisible; the forms are weakened, the tints blend into one another; the misuse of arpeggios makes us regret the strong and full accords. The proof of this will also be found in the *Holy Family,* or to speak more correctly *The Trinity,* hung in the Grand Square Hall. The Christ-Child upon the Virgin's lap has the flaccidity of a little girl; Saint John's mother is a kindly old lady, and the Almighty Father in the clouds is a good grandfather. All sentiment of grandeur has disappeared. The Virgin remains charming. She counts among the Murillo madonnas that, instead of a divine majesty, have such a human fascination. They are Spanish women, more especially Andalusians, and the sunny gracefulness of their race is seen in their delicate but scarcely classical beauty. Above all they are mothers. Few artists have rendered with more force and profundity than the author of the admirable Madonna in the Corsini Palace at Rome, the mingling of private joy and anxious care with which maternal eyes dwell upon a painful mystery.

There is, consequently, a form of grace and tenderness that we should ignore if Esteban Murillo had not painted at Seville from 1645 to 1683. It is a very fine and very pure manner of experiencing the beauty of beings and things, which he alone could represent. If he rarely succeeded in expressing pathos, at least the pathos that stirs and shakes, his gentle, familiar genius was able to give utterance to certain words as no other artist could. And besides, this really good man was, without any doubt, an intelligent man. I cannot look at the *Portrait of the Poet Quevedo,* this writer with a large, strong nose bearing great spectacles, mottled complexion, direct regard, crooked and sarcastic mouth so clearly aggressive that we await the sally and cutting reply, I cannot see this gossiping little portrait without thinking of intellectual sympathies, without evoking a circle of bright spirits, eloquent and caustic talkers in which Murillo had no difficulty in holding his own. In this manner is completed the idea that the Louvre gives us of a brilliant and amiable genius, without depth and bitterness, all sympathy and love.

After Murillo's death the Spanish School gradually became extinct. A few contemporaries of its last great painter, Valdes Leal, Coello, continued for awhile to keep up the tradition; then the perception of a national art became lost, and foreign influences, Italian, French and German, took the lead and undid what had been accomplished by the strong generations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Suddenly, after an interruption of a century, there sprang up a real artistic temperament, nervous, bold, a little unrestrained, but impregnated with the grand traditions as well as being an innovator. Goya, who was born in the middle of the last century and whose green old age extended to the first-third of our own era, unites the pretentious elegances of the old society to the unbridled passion of the new. He recounts with the fancy of a Spanish Watteau the modes and pleasures of the merry, bygone days. He passed through the horrors of revolutions and disasters of wars, which he has expressed in vibrating accents, experienced in close communion with his people the anger of humiliation and pangs of despair, and terminated in France a fruitful career that reflects three historical moments. His satirical realism and grim fancy exercised a strong influence on modern art. Theophile Gautier revealed to us this artist at the very beginning of the romantic period, and Goya at once pleased by the sombre hue of his imagination and by the unmeasured horror of his etchings. Little by little he conquered admiration by some very high and delicate artistic qualities, and his glory, although less solid than that of the great masters of his race, is no longer

Goya y Lucientes (Francisco).
Portrait of a Young Woman.

questioned. Goya is an independent traditional artist, a modern impressionist well nurtured in the past. He is traditional by the nature of his sensations and by his technical ability. Like the greatest Spanish painters he expresses by strokes of colour and values more than by linear definitions. Like them, by sudden syntheses he gives the sensation of life in movement; more than they, he procures, so to speak, the contact of the flesh and the epidermis, he evokes the reality of bodies, the warmth and odour, the nervous quivering and the febrile pulsation of life. This physical force of sensation is allied in his work to a feverish and powerful imagination that has nothing artificial and literary about it. He does not coldly combine horrors. In the noble revolt of his manly instinct he ferociously renders ferocious things. *The Disasters of War* is an immortal work, an admirable cry of indignant protest against the abuse of force. Massacres, incendiaries, desperate resistances, hangings, violations and tortures are called up with a sinister and avenging vigour. In his *Caprices* and *Proverbs* he surpasses Daumier, and rejoins, by his furious logic of great caricaturist, the high synthetic imagination of the Middle Ages. But this poet of horror and nothingness is also a soul in love with beauty. He feels, even to nervous exacerbation, the abominable misery of his time, because he carries within himself a living ideal of humanity. If Goya stigmatises with frantic energy the powers of death and darkness it is because he has the sentiment and love of life; and he has expressed this sentiment in some delicious portraits. These portraits by Goya have a very complex charm. They seem to manifest a double character and bear witness of two epochs. Goya approaches nature as closely as any modern painter, but at the same time clothes her with a graceful and subtile fancy. His genius, steeped in the current of the graces of the past, has retained to the end a glistening souvenir. His eye never forgets the light reflections and cooing tints which first flattered him, and their essence faithfully remains upon his palette. In a century that is melancholy he has no severity; his impulsive genius saves him from the ambient pedantry.

Of all this the Louvre really tells us very little. What is more, up to these last years anyone who should have judged Goya only by the *Portrait of Guillemardet,* Commissioner of the French Republic in Spain, would have risked forming a very false idea of his talent. Luckily, the most recent acquisition of our national museum is more significant. Not that it is a work of thoroughly exquisite quality; more than one private collection in Paris is surely better provided. Still, the painter's temperament is shown in this work. This copious and plenteously expanded beauty has

the ardour of physical life and the healthy sensuality characteristic of Goya. The gray background is not lively; the common and wide-awake head fits in somewhat harshly, but the black, heifer eyes are full of fire; the opulent bust overflows with energy, sparkles and palpitates under passing gleams that give a flush to the gray satin of the robe and the rosy carnation under the transparent sleeves. With its defects, such a work notifies us at least that after a long sleep the picturesque Spanish genius has awakened, that it has found the unrestricted exercice of its instinct and the freshness of its sensations, more feverish only in troubled times and less dominated by the intelligence. Mysterious laws of transmission; during generations Spain forgot herself and no longer knew herself. Nature did not cease to be serious and mirthful, or the *majas* to smile. The race had not lost either its harsh character or its proud beauty; and yet all this was without result. The accepted conventionalisms and the influences to which Spain had submitted had corrupted the image she had formed of herself. Then a man appeared, tore away the veil and raised up the truth that was buried beneath the dust. Goya renewed the tradition, which is not a collection of formulas but a manner of feeling and expressing inherited from the best of a race and freely conformed to its desire. His art, however, remains isolated; he shone and passed, and found echo only outside of his own country. It is less an awakening than the sudden shock of a galvanised body by a warm current of energy, and which does not delay falling back for a long time into its languor.

MAURICE HAMEL.

Goya y Lucientes (Francisco).

Portrait of F. Guillemardet, Ambassador of the French Republic in Spain (1798).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Murillo (Bartolomeo Esteban).

A Lousy Little Beggar.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Murillo (Bartolomeo Esteban).

The Holy Family.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Ribera (Josef de).

The Entombment.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Ribera (Josef de).

A Philosopher.

Ribera (Josef de)

The Adoration of the Shepherds.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Ribera (Josef de).

Saint Paul the Hermit.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Velasquez (Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y).

Portrait of Philip IV., King of Spain (1606-1665).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Velasquez (Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y).
A Meeting of Thirteen Personages.

Velasquez (Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y).

Portrait of the Infanta Margaret Maria, afterwards wife of the German Emperor Leopold I. (1651-1673).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

LINFANTE. MARGVERITE

Velasquez (Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y).

Portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa, afterwards Queen of France

(1638-1683).

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

Zurbaran (Francisco).

Funeral of a Bishop.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie

F/12

THE

GREAT MASTERS

IN THE

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THE DUTCH SCHOOL

SECOND VOLUME

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Hals (Frans).

Portraits of the Van Beresteyn Family, of Harlem.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

THE DUTCH SCHOOL.

LIKE most of the collections of paintings formed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that of the Louvre Museum gives but very little information concerning the origin of the Dutch School.

The only important Dutch artist of the sixteenth century who is well represented at the Louvre, is Chevalier Antony Mor, commonly called in English Sir Antonio More. He was really a great master, and no one before Rubens and Van Dyck more strikingly showed how the northern genius could, exceptionally and without losing any of its native qualities, heighten them, on the contrary, by the close assimilation of certain southern attributes. If the full-length *Portrait of Edward VI.* is really his work we here have a specimen of his youthful manner, precise and minute, still dry and cold, almost that of a miniature-painter. Several subsequent pictures better justify his great renown. The half-length *Portrait of a Man* (1565) clothed in black and looking at a watch, considerably reworked and feeble in execution, seems of doubtful authenticity, but *Charles V.'s Dwarf,* probably painted at about the same period, marks the full maturity of the great artist. Nothing could be simpler and at the same time prouder than this robust, abortive being, powerfully muscled and chubby, standing near a giant dog, his protector and friend. In the two companions of chain and feasting, favourites of the sovereign and butts of the valets, there is the same sentiment of

the father is seated in a garden, with his wife at his feet, her head resting on his lap; they are watching their five children at play with their governantes. The husband is in full dress, with black cloak, large lace-bordered collar and broad-brimmed black hat; the wife is no less richly dressed, wearing a yellow-flowered bodice, violet skirt, broad ruff with white plaits, and white embroidered head-dress. She looks lovingly at her husband, who glances smilingly in return. And how joyous are these little witches in front of them! How they frisk about and appear to be making a satanic racket! A little girl springs towards her mother and offers her a flower; a boy tries to reach a branch of a cherry-tree that his governante bends towards him; two other youngsters, in the hands of a second maid, are toying with a bird. A fifth little girl, seated on the ground, is arranging some flowers while looking at her father, and a sixth seems to be playing at hide-and-seek behind the group. It would be difficult to imagine a family scene more frankly gay and happy. At that moment Cornelis de Vos, of Antwerp, was about the only artist who could joyously group women and children in pictures of like dimensions; yet Cornelis, who was of the same age as Hals, had much less warmth and fascination. But Hals, this untidy bohemian, simple-hearted and tender, discovered and impetuously brought out the strong, profound poesy that existed in the happiness of middle-class life; his compatriots never forgot this fact. The execution of this rural scene is not yet sustained with the masterly strength that will be admired later on in the *Banquet of Archer Officers* (1627, Harlem Museum). A little hardness in some of the stuffs, and dryness in the hazardous juxtaposition of the bright and uniformly clear tones, too much sameness in the brush-work, still timid and thin at moments, seem to be what remains of an early manner similar to that of his contemporaries. Although the work is still unequal and denotes want of experience, it has all the vivacity and merry humour of youth, and there even resounds in it a delicate and moving note of tenderness that is very rare with this rudely frank master.

In the *Lady of Beresteyn,* a noble lady of affable appearance, slightly languid, with a sweet, pale face and sad smile, the research for distinction is still more visible in the milky whiteness of the flesh tints as well as in the delicacy of their modelling. This captivating and serious figure proves that Hals, the painter of sinners, drunkards and madmen, was then capable of everything, even of becoming, if he had wished, the accepted painter of the nobility. It is unquestionable that no artist was at that time better able than Hals to put upon his feet a gentleman with his hand upon his hip, as he did for *The Seignior of Beresteyn.* This portrait, which dates from 1629, shows that the artist was in full possession of his talent, no longer abandoning himself at random to the transports of his fancy, but arranging and concentrating his effects with an energetic sobriety that increases their force tenfold. The strong bone construction and browned tints of the energetic head, the bubbling of the wide plaited collar, the brilliant and substantial luxury of the golden-flowered doublet, trunk hose and black cloak, and the fresh leanness of the long, nervous hands are likewise rendered in a quiet, subdued and deep harmony by an abundance of rich impasto and bold brush touches, which will henceforth be the constant mark of this extraordinary workman. Here, in addition, the workman proves himself to be a powerful physiognomist. Hals's eye is so sure that, without any visible effort at analysis, without any psychological pretension, simply by the fresh vision of things and the ardent comprehension of life, he fixes in the attitudes and countenances of his models their temperament, character, manner of feeling and thinking, as much and more than the draughtsmen who are trained to minute analysis.

If we have in *The Seignior of Beresteyn* a complete type of the Dutch gentleman of the seventeenth century, imposing and cultured, we undoubtedly find in the good and modest lady, his

Poelenburg (Cornelis Van).

Nymphs and Satyr.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

wife, with her reddish, shrivelled face pressed in the narrow head-dress, her plain black robe, cuffs and flat collar of immaculate whiteness, the type of the middle-class woman of Harlem, sedentary and silent, not broadly intelligent but irreproachable in conduct and an accomplished housewife. This picture, more reserved in appearance and executed in a restricted scale of sober tones, painted between 1640 and 1650, indicates a new advance on the part of Hals towards that extreme simplicity of means which was the distinctive mark of his closing years. The *Portrait of Descartes* belongs to the same period. We may be sure that the merry Hals had never gone deeply into the "Discourse on Method;" yet he has given us a living image of the great philosopher, with his sad, meditative air, slightly negligent and rough appearance and long hair. It is an image that strikes us by the sombre gravity with which it is impregnated. What a singular and admirable artist was this painter whose scrutinising eye passes with such facility and familiarity from the noblest faces to the most simple visages! And what a fortunate museum is the Louvre, where may be seen beside this effigy of Descartes the *Portrait of a Bohemian!* This bust of a good-natured strumpet, untidy and with dishevelled hair, with laughter on her lips and desire in her eyes, the bodice half open, is undoubtedly an improvisation made a long time before, in the sportive days of his youth, when Hals was reprimanded for his pranks by the Harlem magistrates. But what good humour, what joyous and lively freedom in brush-work, and how easy it is to understand the irritation of the serious painters, Mierevelt, Ravesteyn and Morelsee, before these outbursts of ardent imagination!

The incomparable artist who was, after Hals, to exercise the greatest influence on Dutch art, Rembrandt Van Ryn (1606-1669), was only a dozen years old when his predecessor had already freed the native naturalism from all the obstacles imposed by tradition. Rembrandt's genius was precocious, and all the better understood at first in his earliest efforts by amateurs as he did not relinquish the manner of the preceding masters, especially those who had been influenced by the Italian artists, whom he then imitated and constantly admired. In this respect he differs essentially from Hals, which explains how, notwithstanding his immense technical, intellectual and moral superiority, Rembrandt early appeared in his day and country as an exceptional phenomenon, little

and poorly understood as soon as he was too much himself, and how, despite the number and quality of his pupils and copyists, he failed to create that long current of easy and abundant production which followed, first at Harlem and then throughout the Netherlands, the much more violent predications of Hals. This artist, in purely and simply placing the painters in presence of the daily and familiar reality, corresponded to the most intimate sentiments of his race; and when he conferred with so much brilliancy the right of citizenship in the grand domain of art, hitherto guarded by the mystics and mythologists, upon the representation of things we continually have before our eyes, he finished the often interrupted enterprise of Jerome Bosch, Van Mandyn, Lucas of Leyden and Breughel. He opened, finally, the citadel to the painting of every-day-life, to landscapes, marine views, architecture, animals, flowers, in short to all the manifestations of nature and life. Henceforth, during the whole of the seventeenth century it is under the exclusive or combined influence of Hals and Rembrandt that all the minor schools, more and more connected and intermingled, will work in the Low Countries. The most convinced admirers of the Italians, the academic painters, who continued to enjoy the favour of the rich classes and fashionable society, do not entirely escape their action, or else sink into a heart-rending mediocrity. However, with regard to Rembrandt, the artists imitated only his visible technical methods, luminous arrangements, movements of shade and the natural sobriety of his deep reddish-brown colouring. For the rest, for the animation of the composition, well balanced and classic by the strongest and most delicate power of observation and emotion that art has ever known; for the fusion, all the more touching as it is more natural and almost unconscious, of the Dutch genius, wholly composed of truthfulness and humanity, and the Italian genius, which is luminous, dramatic and full of beauty, Rembrandt, this distant brother of Leonardo da Vinci as much as of Van Eyck, whom he continues and completes, remains alone and inaccessible in his solitary complexity. All those who wish to follow him in his gospel, where the ragged shine and the vagabonds are made divine, get troubled and lost, fall into dulness or the grotesque. The true naturalists, on the contrary, those who march calmly ahead with their eyes wide open, the same as Hals, and who are content to ask of Rembrandt useful advice for loving reality with greater warmth and delicacy and for analysing it more closely and deeply, become, in large numbers, the immortal glory of their country : Brauwer, the Ostades, Jan Steen, Pieter de Hooch, Terburg, Van der Meer, Paul Potter, the Van der Veldes, Van Goyen, the Ruysdaels, Hobbema, the Cuyps and others. Henceforth there will not be among them a single painter of any subjects who, in fixing his fresh impressions upon a panel or a canvas, will fail to accomplish the work of an artist; that is to say, who will not add to the qualities of observation, design and composition that he is able to put into his picture, and that he nearly always does put in, the harmonious accord of light and shade, the true relation of tints and that expressive unity given by the skilful play of values, or reciprocal tones, which is the mark of complete and superior painting and which makes a picture an exquisite joy and poetic exaltation for the eyes, the same as a combination of harmonious sounds in a musical composition is a rapture for the ears. In this respect the Dutch Naturalistic School of the seventeenth century remains the first among all schools, the one at which genuine painters will always seek instruction.

Nearly every one of its leaders is represented at the Louvre by works worthy of his reputation. Twenty paintings by Rembrandt enable us to follow the rapid, sustained and constant evolution of his genius. He shows his own effigy in four portraits, three made during his youth and one in his old age. In the three first, one, of 1633 (a year after the *Lesson in Anatomy),* the second, of 1634 (the year of his marriage with Saskia Van Uylenburgh), and the other, of 1637 (the year of *The Angel Quitting Toby's Family),* it is the young man who is exhibited, with his open coun-

Rembrandt (Van Ryn).

The Pilgrims of Emmaus.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

tenance, ready to smile, ardent and happy, the artist saluted by glory, the bridegroom and husband cherished by love. He was fond at that period of looking at himself, of taking himself as a model, of dressing like Saskia, first with a gold chain and precious stones sparkling beneath his fine uncovered head with its red, woolly hair, and his expansive countenance; then, with a large black velvet cap surrounded by a small gold chain, wrapped in a black cloak and, by exception, gloved, doubtless because he is on the point of making a visit; finally, with pearls in his ears and wearing a richer green and gold cloak, his long hair falling upon his shoulders from under the large cap, and in the background an architectural design, the same as in the portraits of distinguished personages. It is marvellous to notice how the richness of the execution increases with the richness of his costumes, how in four years his hand grew firmer and more flexible, how his pigment, at first thin, soft and somewhat dull, became thicker, stronger and more brilliant. If we now leap over twenty-three years, those years of sorrow, mortification and desperate toil, what emotion seizes and penetrates us when we find ourselves before the Rembrandt of the Grand Square Hall, a Rembrandt aged fifty-four (one year before *The Cloth Syndics),* who has grown heavy and stout, with white straggling hair, red and wrinkled face, a large cloth twisted around his head and his body enveloped in a old fur-lined coat, standing in the dim light of the poor chamber which has replaced the vast, bright studio that was once encumbered with pictures! And yet, the artist, crushed by circumstances, remains erect, robust and buoyant; he holds his palette and brushes with a firmer grasp than ever, and the simplicity, energy and frankness with which he slowly and solidly brings out his powerful and expressive face and stubbornly laborious hands, from the gloominess and confusion of the surrounding penumbra, seem to us as greatly superior to the soft, timid caresses and peaceful light under which the brilliant, happy, vain and fashionable young man loved to exhibit himself.

The constant advance of Rembrandt towards strength and light is still more visible in his figurative compositions, which stretch along from 1633 to 1661. The two pictures of *A Philosopher in Meditation* (1633), under an obscure, vaulted gallery, reading near an open window, belong to the series of his studies in clare-obscure, in which the young engraver sought upon the canvas, with all the minuteness and subtilty of the burin, the expressive accuracy of the attitudes and physiognomies under the well-determined action of a softened and delicately-shaded light. The appearance is grayish, almost monochromatic, the pigment thin and a little dry. Four years later, in *The Angel Quitting Toby's Family,* Lastman's pupil, without forgetting his master, had entirely developed his own personality, and for the vigour and clearness of arrangement, for the

natural and powerful imitation of movements, the harmonious concordance of expression and colouring, the freedom and variety of the handling, already greatly surpassed not only his predecessors but all his contemporaries. This very picturesque subject (because of the flying angel) had previously been treated in Italy by the Bolonese, and in the North by the followers of Adam Elzheimer. Rembrandt himself tried the subject several times in 1637, and first sought for his definite composition by making various drawings, sometimes placing the angel in front view, sometimes in side view and even showing him disappearing in a luminous streak. In the painting at the Louvre the difficulty is boldly met and resolved; the angel who, under human form, has just restored sight to the aged Toby, suddenly reveals his divine origin in spreading his broad wings to remount to heaven. He soars aloft in turning his back, the entire family at the same time resting on the threshold of their dwelling, facing this resplendent flight of the miraculous messenger; the father, who has been healed, prostrates himself; the son, kneeling, is astonished at his parent's transformation; the young wife raises her head in joining her hands; the old mother closes her eyes and falls, stifled with emotion, into the arms of her daughter-in-law, while the frightened spaniel barks. The angel's variegated tunic and wings, which glisten in a quivering of greenish, bluish and violet tones, would almost fix the date of this masterpiece in which the comprehension of dramatic and natural composition and the science of infinitely shaded and expressive light attain a perfection unknown before Rembrandt.

The *Portrait of an Old Man,* 1663, is an admirable study, but its interest necessarily diminishes beside the "Holy Family" of 1640, hung in the Grand Square Hall, and now famous under its later title of *A Joiner's Family*. In this exquisite masterpiece Rembrandt not only surpasses Brauwer and Adriaan Van Ostade, his most skilful contemporaries and rivals in this kind of painting, by the delicate play of brownish tonings under the soft touch of tender gleams, but he stamps the superiority of his genius in every detail by a delicate taste that he did not always show. The Virgin Mother offering her white breast to the infant recalls by the regularity and fineness of her profile, the same as the infant himself recalls by the accurate proportions of his chubby little body, that Rembrandt, who was an enthusiastic collector of Venetian and Lombardy pictures, engravings and drawings, never ceased to study them and to remember them when it was useful to do so. His Madonnas, tenderly illuminated, sometimes come from Lorenzo Lotto, and his Christs are still more frequently derived from Titian or Leonardo; but his Dutch genius imbrued these reminiscences in the fresh sources of truth and reality, which transformed and intensified their effect. Rembrandt has nowhere expressed with more delicate and profound emotion the intimate happiness of a modest family in the peaceful surroundings of affection and labour. The father is standing at his bench near the sky-light opening on to the fields, carefully following the movements of his plane; the young mother is suckling her babe, and the grandmother interrupts her Bible reading to glance at the infant, who is shown in an oblique inclination of sunlight. With what charm this light heightens the brightness of the linen and the flesh tints, the significant movements of the bodies and faces while discreetly revealing and gradually detailing in the dim light of the corners and rear the familiar accessories that show the habits of this quiet household: the low cradle with its warm coverlets and bolsters, the boiling-pot suspended to the chimney-hook in the broad fireplace and gently simmering over a slow fire, the drowsy cat, the onions hanging upon the wall and, at the back, entirely in the shade, behind step-ladders and tables, a wide bed! To express this homely calm the painter has this time found in warmer colourings some inexpressible beauties that are really irresistible.

As though to prove his extreme sensibility in the contemplation and admiration of life, the

Dòv (Gerard).
The Village Grocer.

painter made at the same epoch *A Woman Bathing,* which may be seen in the La Caze Gallery. This awkward girl, who is to be transformed into the Susanna that is now in the Berlin Museum, has none of the attributes of a goddess, with her wads of flesh, her ungainly bearing and large feet, but how accurate her movements, how sprightly and powerfully her body is modelled, and what

an atmosphere of poesy is thrown over its coarse realities by the delicious mystery of the approaching shadows and the departing twilight, whose reddish rays die away on the distant foliage ! For a long while, besides, whatever he did, the painter produced only masterpieces. It did not seem possible that he could surpass *A Joiner's Family,* and yet, eight years later, in 1648, *The Good Samaritan* and *The Pilgrims of Emmaus* reveal a Rembrandt who is a more accomplished painter and a still greater poet.

The good Samaritan, a kind-hearted man taking up a wounded traveller on the road, is one of those simple, eternal, human subjects that pleased the easily compassionate soul of the worthy Dutchman. He had already treated it, once at least, in an etching made in 1633. There the scene is represented in broad day-light, in front of a country tavern where, while the good Samaritan is discussing the price with the landlord, a valet takes the wounded man from the horse that has brought him, the animal's bridle being held by a boy wearing a cap with feathers. All the figures are extremely life-like, with a persisting realism, an abundance of picturesque details that amuse the eye while disseminating the emotion. In the painting, which was done fifteen years later, there is a powerful sobriety, an utter scorn for insignificent details, a simple profoundness of sensibility, an earnest and touching solemnity. The scene is depicted at the close of day in the large court-yard of an inn; some horses are reposing and some travellers looking on; the Samaritan has paid his bill and makes a sign to two servants, who carry the wounded and almost fainting man to the waiting horse, held by a boy. Everything passes silently and seriously in the solemn serenity of the falling shadows, which show only by degrees the personages and surrounding objects. As for the quality of the execution, we cannot do better than to allow Eugene Fromentin to speak: "The canvas, which has become blackened by time, is thoroughly impregnated with dark golds, very rich beneath and especially very thick. There is no apparent outline, only a structure of things that seem to exist by themselves almost independently of known forms, which renders without any seizable method the uncertainties and precisions of nature. There is not a contortion or a stroke that is too much, not a touch in the manner of expressing the inexpressible that is not pathetic and kept in check; and all this is animated by a profound emotion and described by the most extraordinary means."

The same year, however, the grand poet of pity and light surpassed himself in *The Pilgrims of Emmaus*. This was also one of those tempting subjects for a painter, the transfiguration of a man into God, which the Italians, and especially the Venetians, had frequently undertaken. Rembrandt himself had tried it several times, always endeavouring to give it more simplicity, emotion and an effect at once truthful and supernatural. Did he satisfy himself in painting the radiant picture of 1648? Undoubtedly not, since, like Leonardo, he was never satisfied, and attempted the same subject at a later period, but without doing any better. In fact, there is no picture, I believe, which gives to the eyes or to the soul a deeper, nobler and more lasting satisfaction. Its technical execution is splendid, but so supple and unrestrained that we are not at first conscious of its excellence. The colours are sober, the aspect almost monochromatic; the light is nearly extinct in the corners and on the walls, calm and caressing upon the profiles of the two apostles and the servants, softly attenuating their surprise, brighter upon the whiteness of the table-cloth; then, finally, warm, quivering, divine upon the hands, breast and head of Christ, especially the head —enraptured, affable, still tortured by the anguish of the crucifixion, still pale from the passage through the tomb,—whence it radiates in a golden haze. There is here no thought about decoration, no plastic exaggeration in the attitudes or theatrical excess in the gestures, no artificial brilliancy in the light; it is probability itself in the improbable, the palpable, irresistible reality in the miraculous. Loftier poesy was never produced by less apparent means.

The fine *Portrait of a Young Man* holding a staff in his hand dates from 1651. The master's manner grows more and more stronger and bolder. A widower for many years past, with a young child, somewhat neglected by fashionable amateurs, struggling in the midst of financial embarrassments that are finally to ruin him, shutting himself up more than ever in his studio, Rembrandt has found in an intelligent serving maid, Hendrickie Stoffels, a devoted companion who

Bol (Ferdinand).

A Young Dutch Prince in a Chariot Drawn by Goats.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

will encourage and console him in his afflictions and efforts to his very last day. She was then still young, if not handsome, and acted as the painter's complacent and cherished daily model. Hendrickie is shown the same year at the Louvre under two different aspects : in *The Portrait of a Woman,* in the Grand Square Hall, and as *Bathsheba,* just out of her bath, in the La Caze Collection. In the portrait the expression of the feminine physiognomy, with its sweet and charming features radiant with modest beauty and exquisite tenderness, reaches a degree of serious and penetrating delicacy that had never before been reached, and has never, perhaps, been surpassed ;

in the second painting the scrupulous rendering of the reality, an imperfect and common reality, the study of the nude is pursued to the very end with an implacable frankness that it would be dangerous to imitate. Both of these works are masterpieces that rightly occupy a great place in the history of painting.

Bathsheba is a work of incomparable execution for artists and all others who can thoroughly appreciate in a picture the skilful working-up, the accuracy of the forms, the correctness of their reliefs and movements, the pliant softness and warmth of the atmospheric and luminous surroundings ; in short, all those inexplicable and deep enjoyments given us by the contemplation of living nature, which art elevates in attempting to fix them. We may even add that the meditative expression of Hendrickie, who has been transformed into a Bible heroine that has just received a

letter from David, and who is reflecting without too much reluctance over the amorous proposals of the old king while at the same time having her toe-nails cut by her maid, is sufficiently conformed to the temporary role given to her by the artist. But this is not what touches us; all the very strong attraction of this picture is in the enthusiastic animation, the ardent love of reality and light with which it is modelled and resplendent.

It is quite another impression that strikes and penetrates us when we look at the extraordinary portrait of Hendrickie, in the Grand Square Hall. In no other work has pigment ever been so lovingly mixed to represent a living head and to express a soul; it is a pigment at once solid and soft, robust and supple, dipped in we know not what sun-bath, completely impregnated with gold and flame. What should we most admire in this apparition, at once so palpable and so distant, so real and so ideal? Is it the material beauty of the lustrous splendours of the lithesome and tinted flesh, the silky hair, the wide-open, brilliant eyes, the rich stuffs and glossy furs, so skilfully animated and brightened by the dispersed and harmonious glittering of pearls and gold and silver work? Or is it the moral beauty, wholly of honesty, simplicity and affection, which breathes out from this open brow, straightforward, candid look, and savoury, benevolent mouth? That day the grateful painter, with his artistic genius, certainly placed all his love and his whole heart upon his canvas, and thus it is that the humble serving maid has become the equal before posterity of the proudest ladies and most superb favourites who are her neighbours at the Louvre, Laure Dianti and Monna Lisa. Rembrandt in his closing years is also represented by a series of paintings in which his masterly skill unceasingly shows itself with increasing range. The *Portrait of a Man* and the *Flayed Ox* (1655), the *Portrait of a Young Man* (1658), *Saint Matthew* and *Venus and Cupid* (1661), hold an excellent rank at the French national museum. The most interesting painting of this period is still, however, the *Portrait of the Painter,* by himself, hung in the Grand Square Hall, and concerning which we have already spoken; but none of these pictures can ever make us forget *The Good Samaritan, The Pilgrims of Emmaus, Bathsheba* and the *Portrait of a Woman* (Hendrickie Stoffels).

Scarcely one of the Dutch painters escaped the influence of Hals and Rembrandt from 1620 to 1650. Those who appeared to do so the most were the admirers and imitators of the Italian artists, a considerable group of painters who were very highly appreciated by rich amateurs and the lettered middle-class; these artists continued to paint in a mixed style, with more pretension than charm, unskilful mythologies, cold nudities and artificial landscapes. This group preserved the taste for correct, dry and lifeless execution, thin, smooth and clear painting, which triumphed with the academic school of the eighteenth century. The triumph was illusive and transient, because while all these favourites of fashion are to-day forgotten, there is not a single minor master of the native naturalistic and popular school which, following Hals and Rembrandt, remained calmly and resolutely Dutch, who has not now his proper place in the ranks of glory as well as universal admiration for his frankness, loyalty, healthy spirit and good humour in the simple or learned representations of the plain life around him, of his compatriots, of his country.

The Dutch artists of the preceding generation, of the closing years of the old century and the opening years of the new, who were influenced by the Italian painters and associated with initiative artists such as Baroccio, Michael Angelo da Caravaggio and David Elzheimer had, we must admit, given very useful help in the definitive formation of the school. The fine series of corporation paintings that has been collected during several years past at the Amsterdam Museum shows how much technical process the Dutch portrait-painters had taken from the Italians. In historical and every-day-life painting the borrowing is more apparent and still greater. Bloemaert of

Cuyp (Albert).

Landscape.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

the sacerdotal and classical city of Utrecht (1564-1651), by whom we have a *Circumcision,* notwithstanding his mannerism and discordant colouring, exercised for a long time, as a composer at least, an influence over his compatriots. The small *Abraham's Sacrifice* by Pieter Lastman, the reputed patron of Rembrandt, suffices to show how much the pupil is indebted to the master for the character of the figures, the general arrangement and the choice of the costumes and accessories. Some naturalistic works by Gerard Van Honthorst, commonly called Gherardo della Notte, also of Utrecht (1590-1656), *A Concert, A Man Tuning his Lute,* in Caravaggio's style, remind us that Honthorst was, in fact, a zealous imitator of the Italian realists, the most active propagator of their doctrines in his country, to which he returned in 1622, and where his activity coincides with that

of Frans Hals. With Cornelis Van Poelenburg, of Utrecht (1586-1667), called in Italy Brusco or Satiro, dilettanteism is already diminished and specialised, but the care with which he adjusts his diminutive figures, clothed or not, in the Roman landscapes then in vogue, made him the regular furnisher for the collections of amateurs. Among the several small pictures that bear his name at the Louvre, *Pasturage, A Woman Bathing, Ruins of the Emperors' Palace, Diana's Baths, Nymphs and Satyr,* sufficiently varied in their apparent monotony, may still, to some extent, justify his excessive reputation.

The superior artist of that generation, the one who, with Esaias Van der Velde (not represented at the Louvre), introduced an absolutely new and fertile spirit into historical or familiar every-day-life painting, is Adriaan Van der Venne (1589-1662). Where could we find a more

animated, more carefully observed, better drawn and painted series of little figures than this multitude of gentlemen and vagabonds that throngs in his allegorical picture of the *Fete Given on the Occasion of the Truce Concluded in 1669 Between the Archduke Albert of Austria, Sovereign of the Netherlands, and the Dutch?* The allegory occupies but a small place in the composition and is ingeniously concealed; but what variety, intelligence and life in the least actor in this scene, where the sprightly and delicate painter, in the best vein of Breughel, proves himself the equal of the precise and refined draughtsman whose illustrations of the Dutch poets are soon to render him celebrated! Van der Venne was born at Delft, the city of conscientious and exquisite designers, the city of Mierevelt, of Palamedes (1601-1673), author of a splendid *Portrait of a Young Man;* Delft was also, later on, the city of the Mierises and, exceptionally, of a great harmonist and colourist, Van der Meer. It is at Harlem, however, that the minor painters of Dutch city or country life were more numerous and productive, under the ardent impulsion of Hals. For half a century they formed a joyous and admirable band of painters of portraits, gallant or military incidents, fashionable or rustic scenes and landscapes. We have not, unfortunately, all of them at the Louvre; nevertheless, we have the best among them, Adriaan Brauwer and the Van Ostades. On the other hand, we are insufficiently supplied with the portrait-painters, emulators or rivals of Hals, nearly all of whom, besides, were more reserved and less ardent in their manner, thus conforming to the general taste of that period. If Henri Pot (1585-1657) is really the author of *Archery Officers Going to a Shooting Match,* which is in the Harlem Museum, our small *Portrait of Charles I. of England,* however authentic and precious, life-like and rich in colour it may be, is an inadequate specimen of his great talent. Johannes Cornelis Verspronck (1597-1662), another pupil of Hals, still better shows us his ability by his *Portrait of a Woman* in a black, flowered-silk robe, lace head-dress, collar and cuffs; the execution of the painting is conscientious, sufficiently expressive, though slightly dismal, and secured for him a great success among the rich middle-class and respectable matrons of his native city. Bartholomeus Van der Helst's excellent but very reduced copy of his large painting at Amsterdam, *Awarding Prizes for an Archery Contest,* so simple and dignified in appearance, painted in sober, dark tones, shows a firmness of style that is not common in his work. Still, even in adding to this picture two good half-length portraits of a man and a woman (1655), we cannot help regretting that this important artist, of unequal and sometimes flagging talent, but always so precise and occasionally so animated, so noble, whose success among his contemporaries was equal to or exceeded that of Frans Hals or Rembrandt, should not be represented at Paris by more significant works.

Dirk Hals (1589-1656), a younger brother of Frans, was one of the first to paint in small dimensions those "Conversation Pictures," which were to so rapidly take their place in the collections of connoisseurs: middle-class conversations, military conversations, and more oftener merry conversations around a table with accompaniment of music, dancing or gambling in the reception rooms of high and low lewdness. Dirk has frequently mingled the imitation of his brother to that of the Harlem painters of a previous period with more ease than in his *Rustic Feast* of 1616; but this picture, already characteristic, notwithstanding its inexperiences, is his first known work, and as such becomes an interesting document. *A Lady at her Toilette,* by Pieter Codde, one of the cleverest and most productive artists among the painters of gallant scenes and who had the honour of finishing for the city of Amsterdam a large picture begun by his master, Frans Hals, gives a better idea of this less important artist. However, of all the members of the school, those who do it the greatest honour are the two Van Ostade brothers.

The elder, Adriaan Van Ostade (1610-1685), is a direct pupil of Frans Hals, in whose studio

Cuyp (Albert).

Children's Portraits.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

he had as a fellow-student, Adriaan Brauwer, who was born in Flanders, who died in Flanders and who is consequently classed among the Flemings, but who, in reality, by the natural tendency and technical execution of his work, is a good Dutchman. The fellowship between Van Ostade and Brauwer explains the resemblances of workmanship that strike the eye in some of their pictures. A little later on Adriaan was attracted by Rembrandt's genius, and at the close of his life, like most of his contemporaries, calmed down and became cold under the influence of the academic reaction. Consequently there are three periods in his career, the principal characteristics of which MM. Bode and Brédius have, with their sagacious experience, been able to determine: first, from 1630 to about 1640, youth, rivalry with Brauwer, a free, bold taste for unreserved and joyous rustic scenes, for emphasised types, almost caricatures, a touch slightly dry and cold at the outset, soon warm and strong, in the toning, at first clear and bluish, which likewise became modified, stronger, browner and more ardent; second, from 1640 to 1655, maturity, admiration for Rembrandt, an increasing science, soon superior, of composition, as much by the grouping of figures as by the arrangement of light, a blonder and more fluid colouring, with an excellent comprehension of luminous concordance and clare-obscure; third, from 1665 to 1685, old age, a slow return to the practices of the school, designing by line rather than by form and colour, a progressive weakening of local tones, which get to be gray and dull at the same time that they no longer harmonise and that the signification of reciprocal tones is enfeebled. In these three periods, however, he is always a superior master by the sincerity, good humour, ease and sureness in the presentation of the subject. He can be readily followed at the Louvre in all his evolutions, from some small, faltering works in the La Caze Collection to his full maturity in an *Interior of a Thatched Cottage* (1642), *A Schoolmaster* (1662), and his decline in *A Toper* (1668). His masterpiece at the Louvre would be the delicious domestic scene entitled *The Painter's Family,* representing a father and mother surrounded by a young couple, a grown-up son and five little daughters, if this group of fine and jolly portraits could be attributed to him with certainty. It is somewhat difficult, however, to recognise in the execution, which is more plastic, more severe, less supple and golden, the special handling of the master, or to find his image in that of the father, since Adriaan Van Ostade had only one daughter.

Isaac Van Ostade (1621-1649), Adriaan's brother and also his pupil, is not an artist of lesser value. Although he died at the early age of twenty-eight, he left a good many paintings, all of them denoting a strong individuality. Not only in his small studies of village cottage interiors, rustic dances and animals does he often equal in precision and spirit the work of his brother and that of Paul Potter, but in his more extended compositions, where landscape usually occupies a large place, scenes of travel, taverns, pasturages, he proves himself a very varied and wide-awake observer, with a strong and very amusing taste for the abundance and ingenuity of picturesque details. His painting, particularly in his easel-pieces, often preserves a yellowish appearance, which makes his pictures easily recognisable. In his large canvases he is less monochromatic; the effect, on the other hand, is sometimes separated and scattered. The *Interior Scenes, A Pig-Stye* and *Winter Landscape,* in the La Caze Collection, show him at his best as a painter and harmonist. In the more important pictures, which came from the collection of the old kings, the two *Halt of Huntsmen and Cavaliers* and the two *Frozen Canal in Holland,* we especially appreciate the superior gifts of observation displayed by the artist.

At Leyden, Bailly (1584-1657), by whom we have a fine study, preserved the ancient tradition, but Rembrandt's fellow-student, Jan Lievens (1607-1674), escaped from the city at an early day to metamorphose himself into a Fleming at Antwerp *(The Virgin Visiting Sainte Elizabeth).* Gerard Dow (1613-1675), Rembrandt's first pupil (from 1628 to 1631, the professor being twenty-one and the pupil fifteen), also remained faithful, with rare exceptions throughout his life, to the clear and delicate early manner of his master, whom he did not follow in the powerful liberty of his subsequent evolutions. The extreme conscientiousness and singular skill that Gerard showed in arranging for the timid taste of the middle-class society the luminous effects by exaggerating the minute rendering of the accessories, assured for his innumerable and very highly-finished products an exceedingly advantageous and ready sale. The Louvre possesses no less than eleven paintings by Gerard Dow, all from the ancient collection, among which *A Dropsical Woman* never fails to cause astonishment by the extraordinary patience displayed by the artist in pushing to its extreme limit the dryness of the illusion in the presentation of the figures and objects without entirely losing the unity of light and colour.

The true Leyden masters in the delineation of familiar scenes were, at that period, Jan Steen (1626-1679), Gabriel Metsu (1630-1667), Brekelenkam (1620-1668). They are painters who eternally speak the language of painters, always seizing in the reality the significant attitude, typical physiognomy, expressive light and harmonious movement of the splendid colorations corresponding to the subject. Living in a city where the inhabitants were educated, lettered themselves, these artists often showed in their manner of observing a more keen intelligence than was displayed by their colleagues at Harlem without, however, confounding the literary spirit with the picturesque, or of falling into the notation of simple anecdotes. In this respect Jan Steen remains a special type, almost unique in the history of painting. He was not esteemed in his day, for he led rather a loose life; he kept a tavern, touched glasses with his customers, was jovial, scoffing and sarcastic. He is often a Mathurin Regnier, and sometimes a Molière, by his frank and vigorous comprehension of the comical side of life, by the irreverence with which he treats the doctors and pedants, by the delicate and acute charm that he gives to his young girls and by his candid impudence in conducting us into questionable society. The best one of his three pictures at the Louvre, *Bad Company,* allies him to Regnier. It would not be possible for an artist to show more refinement by the beauty of the colouring, the flexibility of the drawing and the truthfulness of the types in this representation of a mischievous place. The drunken young simpleton who is dozing upon the

Jardin (Karel du)
Pasturage.

lap of a too amiable person, the attractive abigail who relieves him of his watch and confides it to the pointed-nose Shylock muffled in black — a character frequently employed by the painter — the jolly, bantering countenances of the infuriated violinist and the stupefied old smoker, associates

and accomplices of these young women, are exquisite bits, admirably united in the brilliant atmosphere of the painting. Steen's originality as a painter of noisy carousals and joyous guests is no less surprising in his large canvases, *Feasting in a Tavern* and *A Family Repast.* In the first, so full of movement, so well arranged, the amusing vivacity of the gallant and drinking episodes that are there accumulated is as astonishing as their variety; the painting, however,

which has become impaired, is dull and inharmonious, and the handling relatively weak. There is greater animation, more frank, popular, communicative gaiety in the larger and more sprightly brushed figures of the *Family Repast,* which is in the La Caze Collection.

Metsu was the friend of Jan Steen, but he worked for more genteel customers. It sometimes happened that he felt the desire of treating religious and historical subjects, such as *The Adulterous Woman;* but he did not succeed with these compositions any better than his chum, whose freaks of this kind are celebrated and grotesque. When Metsu is content to do what he knows how to do, familiar subjects and interior scenes, he is charming and sometimes exquisite. In *The Herb Market,* beneath the rustling foliage of the tall trees, near the canal bordered by brick houses with their square and bay-windows, we have a view of Amsterdam life in the open air ; it is a mingling of loungers and beggars, animals, vegetables and utensils, with disputes among the tradesmen and flirting of idlers with the housewives. *The Soldier and a Young Lady, A Chemist, A Dutch Cook* and *A Music Lesson* are scenes of intimate, fashionable, gallant and middle-class life, and in each one of them we find the same free, bright and delectable touch, with a quiet, warm harmony. The imitators at Delft of Metsu and Gerard Dow, who succeeded them in the admiration of collectors, the three members of the Van Mieris family, Frans the Elder (1635-1681), Willem, his son (1662-1747), and Frans the Younger (1689-1763), his grandson, applied themselves unfortunately, more to exaggerating Dow's dryness than to following Metsu's simplicity. Their small pictures of amorous scenes, modelled and glossed with extreme care, obtained an enormous success in the eighteenth century; in them we can follow the decrease in this artistic family of the picturesque sentiment to the profit of the literary spirit and anecdotal ingenuity.

As much as Steen and Metsu, and with a more decided originality as painters, Terburg, Albert Cuyp, Pieter de Hooch and Van der Meer introduce us into the privacy of Dutch homes. Gerard Terburg (1617-1681) may be classed in the Harlem School, although he was not born at Harlem, but worked there from the age of sixteen in the studio of Pieter Molyn, one of the innovators. Journeys to London, Italy and Spain gave him a wide culture. He is one of the painters of conversation pictures who is most at ease in good middle-class society and even in aristocratic and diplomatic company. His full-length portraits in small dimensions have a particularly distinguished appearance. Whatever the subject treated, even the most doubtful, he displays the perfect taste of a well-bred man in the choice of the types and in the exhibition of the manners of his personages, the same as he excels in the most delicate refinements of soft tonings in the freshness of the faces, in the lightness of the hair, in the whiteness of the flesh tints, the flexibility of the hangings, the lustres of the silks. He is, moreover, a vigilant observer, an accurate and keen physiognomist, with a notable charm of kindness and tenderness in his analyses. The Louvre presents him in all his glory, in three excellent paintings, *A Military Gallant* offering gold to a young woman, *A Music Lesson* and *A Concert.*

Albert Cuyp (1620-1681) was a native of Dort, and a compatriot of Ferdinand Bol (1616-1681), by whom the Louvre has three good portraits; he was also a countryman of Nicolas Maes (1632-1693), the author of *Saying Grace,* in the La Caze Collection. The son of a good painter, Cuyp did not, like his two comrades, quit his native city to go and study with Rembrandt ; for this reason he has more personality, is freer and more scrutinising, seeking and carrying, in a school that is always luminous, his passion for light to its extreme limits. Cuyp tried his hand at all subjects, and is so varied that no museum in Europe exhibits him under all his aspects. The Louvre, however, is one of the most fortunate, since it can show him as an ingenious and picturesque portrait-painter *(Children's Portraits),* figure, animal and landscape-painter, nearly always combining

Steen (Jan).

Bad Company.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

these divers elements in the same canvas, and as a marine painter. In *Off for a Ride* and *A Horseback Ramble* with what force and warmth does his good friend the sun already throw his calm and caressing light upon the brilliant velvet garments, the shining coats of the horses, the verdure of the foliage and the bluish lines of the horizons! What a soft and profound sensation of well-being and tranquility! How the sun, nevertheless, appears almost dull beside the large falling star which, in *A Twilight Landscape,* encompasses upon the cooled hillock the herd of cows turned towards it in unconscious ecstasy, while the herdsman accompanies upon his reed, doubtless in some melancholy and drawling notes, the triumphal adieu of the divine light! English connoisseurs have long admired and revered Albert Cuyp as well-nigh the equal of Claude Lorraine, and these two artists are, perhaps, the finest poets of twilights.

There is also some appearance of relationship between Albert Cuyp and Pieter de Hooch (1630-1677), as there is between Pieter de Hooch and Van der Meer. While their paintings, alike clear, distinct, luminous, were disdained to the same degree, the artists themselves were readily confounded. Today we more easily distinguish them. If Cuyp is the painter of the bright, free light of the open air, Pieter de Hooch is the painter of imprisoned light, which fades or increases in intensity according to the place and materials upon which it strikes and reposes. No one better than De Hooch has made us feel, by the vivacity or the quietude of the light and shades, the mild warmth of apartments, the silent calm of the home, the happiness of being in our houses, in cool, faintly-lighted rooms while the summer heat rages without. Our two *Dutch Homes,*—in one of which a housewife, seated in a shady corner, is paring vegetables beside a little girl playing, while a lady crosses the small, sunny court-yard; and in the other, where some elegant young ladies and fashionable young men are playing at cards, flirting and drinking in a parlour,—prove to the same extent the master's astonishing sensibility and his skill in communicating it to us in the most difficult places.

The gentle Van der Meer, of Delft (1632-1675), uses still more delicate, subtile, subdued light to make us love these plump and blonde little women pursuing their peaceful occupations, their

snowy bodies covered with light-coloured stuffs. Everything has not yet been said concerning this extraordinary artist, who died so young, who was very celebrated in his day and yet who remained in oblivion during two centuries. His authentic work includes at the same time masterpieces of implacable precision, bold, strong, and almost brutal colouring, as in *A View of Delft* (at The Hague Museum), *A Milkmaid, A Dutch House* (in the Six Collection, at Amsterdam), and masterpieces of thin, light and nearly imperceptible modelling, with the shades well-nigh extinct, voluptuously diaphanous and tender, as in *A Woman Reading* (at Amsterdam), *A Woman at her Toilette* (at Berlin), and in our own *Lace-Worker*. How attentive to her work is this sweet and modest person under the soft, pale ray that caresses her and enlivens with clear and brilliant tints the cushions, books, bobbins, pins, loom, all associates of her labour and meditation!

Around these representative leaders there thronged an innumerable multitude of superior artists, nearly all of whom frequently produced masterpieces and who generally interest us as much by their sincerity as by their skill. We are far from finding all of them at the Louvre. Nevertheless there are some of them who make a good showing in our national museum. Among those who were influenced by the Italian artists are Pieter Van Laar (Bamboccio?-1678), with his rustic scenes; Karl du Jardin (1622-1678), with a numerous series of landscapes and Italian episodes that still bear witness today of his immense reputation in his time; Jan Baptiste Weenix (1621-1684); Lingelbach (1623-1674); the two Netschers, father and son, of German origin the same as Lingelbach, Gaspar (1639-1684), Constantin (1670-1722). They were also fashionable artists, very much admired, in great request and unable to execute all their orders. *A Singing Lesson, A Violoncello Lesson* and the *Portrait of a Young Princess* signify by what research of elegance and exquisite nicety they succeeded in pleasing their opulent customers. With Rembrandt's pupils, as long as they do not forget their master's teaching, we find works of a still higher character: *The Annunciation to the Shepherds* and the *Portrait of a Young Girl,* by Flinck; *Isaac's Blessing* and the *Portrait of a Young Girl* by Fictoor; *Anne Consecrating her Son to the Lord,* by Van der Eeckhout. We ought to add, however, that at the close of the century the grand tradition, ultramontane or national, became singularly weakened and was ready to wholly die out.

During the glorious period which comprises three quarters of the seventeenth century it is not only in the painting of portraits and contemporary manners and customs that the Dutch artists held the highest rank; they were also pre-eminent in landscape and all kinds of painting connected with landscape: views of cities and monuments, sea-pieces, animals, flowers, everything, in fact, of external nature, living or dead. All the Dutch artists, indeed, in love with truth, admiring their country and fond of life, are more or less landscape-painters. Not one of them misses the opportunity of showing a bit of country as a background to his figures, or of accumulating around them as many accessories as possible, all studied and rendered with a joyous and scrupulous enthusiasm. It was one of the original traits of their simplicity and frankness to love to represent the country for itself, without any intervention of literary reminiscences or mythological apparitions. This simplicity, however, was at first badly recompensed, as frankness was considered improper, and displeased nearly everybody! It was not only the superior figure and portrait-painters, such as Hals, Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Pieter de Hooch, who died in abandonment and poverty! The list of martyrs among the special landscape-painters is still longer. Of the three greatest, the first, Van Goyen, was obliged, in order to live, to speculate in houses, pictures and tulips, and yet died insolvent; the second, Jacob Van Ruysdael, after having lived in misery at Amsterdam, returned to agonise in the poor asylum of his native Harlem; the third, Hobbema, was only able to support his family by receiving the appointment of official gauger at Amsterdam; he ended his

Netscher (Constantin).

Portrait of a Young Princess.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

life, with his wife, in poverty, and did not leave money enough for his burial. Ah, what worthy artists, who worked for their own love and pleasure! They did not puff themselves or hold exhibitions of their pictures; they accepted poverty the same as they adored nature, freely and with manliness; they have poured out to us their whole soul without hesitation or reserve, all the strong, true and inexhaustible joys of this soul transported by the simple variations in their land and sky; they have transformed, by the single warmth of their sincerity, these modest and ordinary variations into beauties as eternal, as attractive and as penetrating as those of the sublime altitudes of the grandest panoramas!

All the glory and money of that period went to the admirers and imitators of the Italians, to those who cleverly conciliated the charm of close observation and delicate sensation with the classical style of arrangement given by the first visitors to Italy. Some of these masters, in fact, are excellent artists. Italy has scarcely had any better interpreters; their Dutch comprehension of beings, simple things and universal life by light, rarely ever abandons them, and often displays itself in their works in accents of grave emotion and conscientious fidelity. We cannot consider as contemptible artists such painters as Jan Both (1610-1652), with his large sunset landscape in which a lady mounted on a mule is talking with a peasant; Asselyn (1610-1652), with his ruins in the Roman campaign; Bercham (1620-1683), a splendid draughtsman and composer, with his eleven landscapes with animals; and even Pynacker (1621-1673). Rembrandt, the friend of Asselyn, esteemed and admired these artists and sometimes competed with them. We cannot be more fastidious than Rembrandt, and it would be depriving ourselves of a real pleasure, and at the same time be committing an injustice, not to often recognise in these travelling landscape-painters a sentiment of powerful grandeur in the development of vegetal forms and panoramic aspects, an admirable conscientiousness in the study of grounds, trees, animals, and an impressive knowledge of the great effects of light that repeatedly allies them to our Claude Lorraine.

Nevertheless, they are internationalists. They have the defects as well as the qualities of dilettanteism. If they speak strongly to the imagination, they touch the heart less; to stir our feelings

a popular cry is worth more than an academic oration. A grisaille by Van Goyen of a boat before the quay and tower of Dort, brushed simply and delicately, is more eloquent and refreshing than a decorative forest with smart groups in the foreground. This excellent Dutchman has five paintings at the Louvre, all thoroughly Dutch, all sketched in about the same spot, on the Meuse in front of Dort. That shows what it is to love things entirely, constantly, piously! There are hundreds of views of Dort by Van Goyen which are dispersed throughout all the collections in the world; every one of them has for the passer-by the same appearance, a gloomy, dull, monochromatic aspect, more or less gray, yellow or green, according to the period of the painter's existence. If this passer-by is a lover of nature and painting, of their infinite variety and inexpressible delicacy, he stops, contemplates, admires, is touched, and thanks the old artist for having shown him so many new things where he thought he saw always the same things. The five pictures at the Louvre represent nearly the same site: in the foreground the waters of the Meuse, more or less muddy or limpid, covered by ships and boats; in the distance the city of Dort, with its square, truncated tower, its large church spreading its rectangular mass above the houses among the turnings of the tall, scattered mills. But this familiar site has a different appearance according to the season, the day and the hour, like that of a man whose features contract or brighten up conformably to his impressions; and to express this diversity Van Goyen's light and rapid brush finds delicacies and transparencies of a unique sensibility.

Of Salomon Ruysdael (1600?-1670), probably a pupil of Van Goyen, we have only a small *View of the Meuse,* where the relationship of the two artists in as plain as day; the picture is not sufficient to give a just idea of a very honest and original master whose lessons were not unprofitable to his great-nephew, Jacob Van Ruysdael (1628-1682). Jacob is the greatest painter of the Dutch School because, in his best works he is at once the most sincere and the most touching. Like Rembrandt, among so many genuine landscape-painters he is a poet; like him, without having seen Italy he naively inhaled from its works the generous breath of beauty and antique nobleness; he sees, analyses and admires with the perspicacious eye of a lover all the details of the flat meadows, sandy hills, stunted bushes, ruined cottages, so as to afterwards sing their praises in a broad rhythm and with an inspired voice. The Louvre is one of the places in the world where this voice resounds the best without becoming inflated, without forcing itself, natural and clear, vibrating and penetrating. *A Tempest upon the Dykes, Bushes, A Sunstroke* and *A Forest* rightly count as the most impressive among Ruysdael's masterpieces because they are the simplest and sincerest, especially the first three.

Jan Wynants (1625-1682), a compatriot of the Ruysdaels, and who, like them but with less boldness and more traditional reminiscences, aided in developing in the Harlem School the taste of the native site, and Allart Van Everdingen (1621-1675), a friend of Jacob Ruysdael and who probably furnished him, in his hours of distress, his models of Norwegian landscapes, with broken trees and cascades, for the Amsterdam picture dealers, have each two canvases at the Louvre, but these pictures are not brilliant specimens of the capacity of these two fine landscape-painters. Meindert Hobbema (1638-1709), the uncompromising realist, triumphs more surely with his splendid *Water-Mill.* He has often treated this subject but never with greater effect. He has never before, with so firm a hand and with brush-work so clear and flexible, taken such pleasure in accumulating a still more incredible multiplicity of details in a composition of such solid grouping, where everything, remaining in its proper place under the bright light of a pure sky, shows its highest value without diminishing the importance of the neighbouring objects. This marvel of precision is also a marvel of impression. Like the naive and robust Primitives of the fifteenth century, Mein-

Meer (Jan Van der).

A Lace-Worker.

Negative by Braun, Clément & Cie.

dert Hobbema is a pious adorer of the truth, who wishes the whole truth and does not intend to ask any sacrifice of it; his roughness is sometimes disagreeable, but his frankness is always touching.

There are also other very sincere painters : Cornelis Decker (died in 1678), with his *Thatched Cottage near a River,* and the delicious Aert Van der Meer (1603-1677), a lover of moonlight and soft twilights, who so well describes the deep peace of silent evenings, the slow disappearance of boats upon the sparkling waters, the fresh falling of the shades upon the insecure routes, the returns of the tired, sleepy talkers and dusty flocks, the calm and majestic serenity of the illuminated heavens. His *Banks of a Canal* and *A Village Crossed by a Route,* suffice to make him well known and liked. Egbert Van der Poel (1621-1664), who sometimes imitated Van der Meer, is not less enthusiastic for moonlight effects and particularly for conflagrations. His *Thatched Cottage* at the Louvre is not, however, burning; it is the work of a scrupulous observer who studies seriously and paints carefully, even in ordinary daylight. Van der Hagen (1635-1669) is more timid, but how charming is his little *Harlem Plain,* spacious, interminable, fleeting beneath the immense, vast sky of Holland, filled with still or moving masses of clouds, the sky of Van Goyen and Ruysdael !

The artist who, in his day, was considered as the sincerest of all, was Paul Potter (1625-1654). It seems, even, that he died at the age of twenty-nine while passionately endeavouring to render what he saw, bit by bit, hair by hair, leaf by leaf, the same as an engraver, but to render it as a painter, in its real light, without sacrificing a gleam or a flash any more than a relief or a shade. This is what saved him, for he did not have time to exhaust himself in this obstinately patient labour, and by his precision at certain moments appeared to rise almost to genius. His small studies, *A White Horse with a Stag and Two Roes, The Woods at The Hague,* and above all *A Meadow,* where the caressing light that warms the drowsy cattle is so pure, so calm and everywhere so equally penetrating, show the regular and rapid progression of this great talent. The *Horses* dates from 1647, *A Meadow* from 1652; Paul Potter died two years later. The best animal painter after Paul

Potter was Adriaan Van der Velde (1639-1672), less naively rustic but very intelligent and skilful. He is one of the artists who is best represented at the Louvre under the varied aspects of his diversified talent, as a painter of figures, landscapes and animals, in a series of seven small pictures.

To complete this visit to Holland at the Louvre it is essential to look at the sea-pieces by Simon de Vlieger (1601-1653), and especially those by Backhuisen (1631-1708), and by Willem Van der Velde (1633-1707), the views of cities or interiors of public buildings by Van Delen (1607-1651), Beerstraten (1622-1666), Van der Heyden (1637-1712), Isaac Van Nickelle (1633-1700?), the birds by Hondekoeter (1636-1695), the still-life paintings by Heda (1594-1678), Jan David de Heem (1606-1683), Kalf (1621-1693), Jan Weenix (1640-1719), Jan Van Huysum (1682-1749). The visitor will thus have had a sufficiently clear idea of the extraordinary productiveness and wonderful variety of this original and independent Dutch School which, during scarcely a century, carried the science of painting easel-pictures to a perfection that has not since been surpassed and which, in discovering a new and near source of strong, sound poesy in the sincere representation of daily life, of the life of every one, with its simple joys, duties, sufferings, meanness and nobleness, has opened to the art of the future the perspective of a constant and boundless activity.

GEORGES LAFENESTRE.

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